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OUR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS

BY
FANNY E COE

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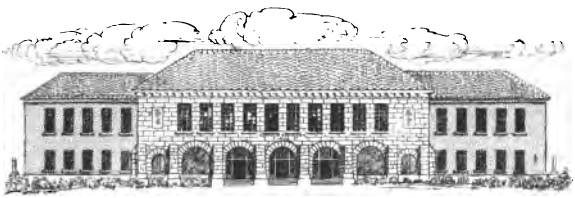

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Book IV.

OUR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS.

BY

FANNY E. COE.

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E. P. Cubberley.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

SILVER, BURDETT & CO., PUBLISHERS,

New York . . . BOSTON . . . Chicago.

1896.

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Norwood Press:
J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith.
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It is now conceded by all educators that school instruction should be supplemented by reading matter suitable for use by the pupil both in the school and in the home. Whoever looks for such reading, however, must be struck at first with the abundance of what is offered to schools and parents, and then with its lack of systematic arrangement, and its consequent ill adaptation to the needs of young people.

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while others will be specially designed to cultivate a taste for good literature. All will serve to develop power in the use of the mother tongue.

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PREFACE.

THIS book is designed to be read, either at school or at home, in connection with the systematic study of America. It may be used as a preparation for such study, as a means of reënforcing the instruction while it is going on, or as a means of creating clearer knowledge of and deeper interest in the countries already studied.

When pupils have become fairly familiar with the geography of the United States, their attention should be directed to the homes of our American neighbors, — Canada, Mexico, Central America, and South America. The study of these countries should constitute the introduction to the study of foreign geography. Even in these countries, the plants, animals, people, and the characteristics of life, both rural and in the city, are all new. Hence, surprise and delight should attend the reading of the first book pertaining to these countries. This, it is hoped, will be the result of reading this little book.

Great pains has been taken to secure accuracy of statement in regard to matters of fact, and, at the same time,

to make the word pictures so vivid as to kindle the imagination of the pupil, and thus to put him into sympathy with the people of whom he reads. The book deals with live men more than with the dead earth.

Teachers and parents are advised to insist upon having the children read with a large wall map or an atlas constantly before them. The pictures of life and places, which are formed, will then be connected with the countries where the life really exists. By this means a beginning will be made in forming a conception of the world as it is.

LARKIN DUNTON.

BOSTON, June 30, 1891.

CONTENTS.

CANADA.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	A Bird's-Eye View of Canada	13
II.	The Fisherman's Life	15
III.	Pictures of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia	25
IV.	The Island City of Canada	35
V.	Winter in Canada	49
VI.	Through the Great Lakes	68
VII.	Down the St. Lawrence	83
VIII.	Quaint Old Quebec	93
IX.	French Canadian Farm Life	108
X.	The Lumberman's Life	120
XI.	The Canadian Prairie	131
XII.	Beyond the Rocky Mountains	143

MEXICO.

XIII.	A Bird's-Eye View of Mexico	151
XIV.	By Rail to the City of Mexico	154
XV.	In the Capital	166
XVI.	Down into the Hot Lands	181

CENTRAL AMERICA.

XVII.	The Tiny Republics of North America	197

SOUTH AMERICA.

XVIII.	A Bird's-Eye View of South America	219
XIX.	The Great Republic of the South	222

CHAPTER		PAGE
XX.	In the Valley of the La Plata	249
XXI.	Beyond the Andes	268
XXII.	Peru and Bolivia	287
XXIII.	In Equador and Columbia	303
XXIV.	Venezuela and Guiana	313

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Niagara	12
Montreal	37
The Ice Palace	52
A Toboggan Spill	65
Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, Canada	87
The City Hall, Winnepeg	135
The Douglas Pine	146
Mount Popocatapetl	150
A Patient Burro	160
The Cathedral of Mexico	168
The National Palace, Mexico	171
The Castle of Chapultepec	175
A Native Residence in the Hot Country	190
The City of Vera Cruz	192
Mahogany Logs	196
The Water Carrier	207
An Adobe House	215
The Royal Palms, Rio Janeiro	218
Landing Steps at Bahia	239
Bay of Rio Janeiro	241
A Railroad Bridge in Chile	274
The Plaza of Valparaiso	283
Street Scene in Lima	295

OUR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS.

CANADA.

VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS.

OUR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS.

CANADA.

CHAPTER I.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CANADA.

North of the United States lies a country very nearly as large as our own. It belongs to Great Britain, and is known as the Dominion of Canada.

It extends from the northern boundary of the United States northward to the Arctic Ocean, and stretches, in an easterly and westerly direction, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific. The Atlantic coast of Canada is so far from the Pacific coast, that when the children in Halifax are rushing out of school at twelve o'clock, the children of New Westminster, in British Columbia, are eating their early seven o'clock breakfast.

The coast of Canada is much indented, and is bordered with many islands. With the exception of the western coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, every coast of Canada is bare and thinly settled. Hudson Bay is the largest indentation, and may be said to divide the country into two regions, — the older and more thickly settled region lying to the east, and the newer and more thinly settled region lying to the west.

The greater part of the Dominion of Canada consists of a vast, level plain, which lies between two bordering ranges of mountains. The Laurentian Mountains, very little more than five thousand feet in height, are on the east. A plateau four thousand feet in height, across which the Rocky Mountains and other parallel ranges run from north to south, is the western boundary of the plain.

The central plain of Canada has two slopes, — one toward the Arctic Ocean and the other toward Hudson Bay. The Arctic slope occupies the northern half of the plain, and the Hudson Bay slope the southern and eastern sections. The Mackenzie River, with its bare and desolate shores, drains the Arctic slope. The Saskatchewan River, with its continuation, the Nelson, is the largest river in the Hudson Bay system.

Down the eastward slopes of the Laurentian Mountains flow the smaller rivers of the St. Lawrence system. West of the Rocky Mountains are the rivers of the Pacific slope.

If we should follow the forty-ninth parallel of latitude from the Atlantic to the Pacific, we should pass through five regions of the country. First, would come the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where fishing smacks ride at anchor in the harbors, and where fish and nets are seen drying along the beaches. This is the great fishing district of the country. Then follows the farming district, along the lower part of the river St. Lawrence.

Thirdly, we enter the great forests of Canada, which extend westerly for a thousand miles. Formerly there

was no sound of human labor to be heard in this vast solitude, but now the perfect hush is broken in all directions by the blows of the lumberman's axe and the buzz of his saw.

Succeeding the forest is the prairie, a great expanse of level and rolling land, stretching fifteen hundred miles away to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Last of all comes a stretch of six hundred miles of mountains and plateaus, which make up the greater part of British Columbia.

The most important cities of Canada are on the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River. They are nearly all situated in the large V-like peninsula which Canada thrusts southward into the United States.

Labrador and that part of the Northwest Territory which lies north of Peace River are cold and dreary regions with scanty vegetation. Fur-bearing animals abound; and the single production is furs, which are collected by the trappers with great toil and patience.

CHAPTER II.

THE FISHERMAN'S LIFE.

Newfoundland may be called the province of the fisherman; because the census showed some years ago that fully one-half of the population was engaged in catching fish, and in salting or otherwise preparing them for the market. The fisheries form a chief source of wealth to

the other provinces of Canada on the Atlantic coast, — to New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton Island, and Prince Edward Island.

The fisheries of these provinces may be divided into the in-shore fisheries and the deep-sea fisheries. The shore fisherman leads a very easy, safe life, when compared with the deep-sea fisherman. He rarely sails his two-masted little schooner more than three miles from shore. He is always within easy reach of the harbors; and if one of those sudden storms should arise, which are very frequent in this part of the Atlantic, he can quickly find a place of safety.

Cod and herring are most abundant in the in-shore waters. Formerly mackerel were plentiful; but fifty years ago they left the Dominion seas, and have not since returned. Probably they found better feeding grounds somewhere else. You see these fish are very intelligent. Where the little fish upon which they feed go, there they follow. Sometimes the cod are most abundant on the east coast of Newfoundland, sometimes on the west. For these great shoals of cod are swayed from east to west by the movements of a beautiful little fish no larger than your hand. This is the caplin.

Early in June shoals of caplin begin to enter the harbors and rivers of Newfoundland and the other provinces. The cod leave the colder waters of the deep sea, and follow the caplin to the shallow, warmer water of the shore. Then for the next five months the fishermen are busy.

During June and July the caplin are used for bait; but when they have returned to the sea, the fishermen

are at no loss, for shoals of squid have come to take the place of the caplin. You remember the squid, do you not? He is an ugly, spotted creature, with many long, squirming arms, and great, horrible, staring eyes. He is a choice morsel to the cod, however, which feasts as greedily upon him as he did a month before upon the graceful little caplin. When the squid fail to supply bait, the herring are used; and then, with their return to the ocean at the end of October, the in-shore cod fishing closes.

The deep-sea fisherman rather despises the shore fisherman. He looks down upon his easy, summer work; for he himself, in the depths of winter, fishes for cod and halibut far away on the Banks of Newfoundland. The Banks, as they are called, are shallow places in the ocean where the bed of the sea rises, in places, to within ninety feet of its surface.

They have been hundreds and probably thousands of years in forming. Two mighty agents, the Arctic Current and the Gulf Stream, have united to construct these Banks, which have really become the treasury of the Canadian fisherman. The Arctic Current flows down from icy Baffin's Bay, past the chilly shores of Labrador and the east coast of Newfoundland. Southeast of Newfoundland it meets the warm Gulf Stream, whose sparkling blue waters come dancing up from the far south, — from the tropical Gulf of Mexico and the shores of balmy Florida.

The Gulf Stream bears along, in solution, innumerable tiny atoms of mud, which the Mississippi River has carried into the Gulf of Mexico. In the chill shock

of meeting the Arctic Current, this fine mud is deposited on the ocean bed; for it is only a warm current which can carry along much matter in solution, and the Gulf Stream is now many degrees colder than when it set out from the sunny Gulf on its northward journey.

Icebergs drift southward on the Arctic Current. An iceberg is a huge mass, consisting not only of ice, but also of fragments of earth and stone. The Gulf Stream melts the icebergs, and the earthy matter sinks into the depth of the sea.

Millions of tiny, shelled animals float in the two currents; and when these little animals die, their shells sink and help to build up the rising bed of the ocean.

Ages and ages of such depositions have raised the ocean bed in this place, until now it is only from one hundred to five hundred feet below the level of the sea.

Then hosts of purple jellyfish, scaly starfish, delicate sea anemones, and clumsy mussels, clams, and oysters come to make their home on the rocks in this shallow part of the sea. Their presence attracts the cod, halibut, and other fish; diving birds are drawn to the spot to feast upon the fish; and finally, Canadian, American, and French fishermen come to contest the ground with the wild birds. Thus the Banks have become what they are at the present day.

They stretch three hundred miles southeasterly into the open Atlantic, and are known by different names. Grand Bank and Georges Bank are perhaps the most important. Others are Sable Island Bank, Green Bank, and Saint Peter's Bank.

The vessel of the deep-sea fisherman, or banker, as

he is called, differs from the vessel of the in-shore fisherman in having a deck. Often the vessel is built in three compartments. The central compartment is called the well, because it is nearly filled with water, which enters through auger-holes in the bottom of the schooner. The fish which are caught and seem likely to live, are placed in this well and remain there swimming about in their dark, cool, watery prison all the time that the vessel is on the Banks.

The little craft is well supplied with ice, bait, and the best provisions the market affords. Many tons of ice are necessary even in winter; for, at the close of the day, all the fish not placed in the well on being taken from the water must be packed in ice in order to preserve them.

Sometimes "salt-trips" are made, and then salt is carried in the place of ice, and the fish are salted down, or cured, as the men say. The usual bait is whelks, or snails. One smack carries about eight hundred gallons of bait. The whelks are kept in nets in the well until wanted. Then they are drawn out, the hard shells are broken, and the hooks baited with the tough, fleshy animals.

You know, on board a man-of-war or a merchantman, the captain is king. He is an absolute monarch, a Czar. He has his cabin in the best part of the ship, and none of the crew dare address him without permission. But it is very different on a fishing vessel. This little floating world is a republic of the kind that the French strove for, when they chose, as their watchwords, liberty, fraternity, and equality. The captain and his crew are

very friendly. They bunk together in the same cabin; they work together at the hand lines or long lines; and they all share in the profits. The crew receive half the price of the fish they catch; the captain, a larger share than any of the crew. Thus a common interest binds them together and forces them to maintain good discipline on board.

Next to the captain or skipper, the most important man is the cook, or doctor, as he is called. He has to prepare the four or five meals required by the men; and, next to the captain, he receives the largest share of the profits. Oftentimes many relations will ship together for the Banks; and, in such circumstances, if the vessel is lost, great sorrow and suffering are brought to the family, as all the strong and able-bodied men have been taken from its support.

When a schooner reaches the Banks, the crew must begin work at once, if the weather is at all suitable. The reason for this haste is that the bait will keep fresh for only ten or twelve days. After that time the fish will refuse it. First the anchors are thrown overboard, and then the crew bait the hooks and play out the hand lines. In hand fishing, each man keeps an account of the number of fish he catches by cutting out the tongues. At the close of the day he presents these tongues to the skipper, who credits him with the proper number of fish.

There is a strong spirit of rivalry among the vessels of the fishing fleet. Each vessel tries to outdo the others by catching the greatest number of fish, and so to win for its captain the title of "high-line." I think

many of those rough men would rather gain that honored title than become governor general of Canada. Some years ago the "high-line" of the haddock fleet, in four months landed eight hundred thousand fish, valued at twenty-four thousand dollars. After all expenses had been paid, his fourteen brave men, who had dared almost untold dangers, received a little over three hundred dollars apiece.

Sometimes many of the fleet are able to weigh anchor for home at the same time. It is a pretty sight to see so many vessels under a freshening breeze ploughing away to the northward. The hearts of the men are glad, both because they have escaped the many perils of the Banks, and because they have been unusually successful, as their plentiful store of cod and halibut in the well bears testimony.

As they enter the harbor, one of the crew descends into the well and begins throwing the cod upon deck. They are very hard to catch. They seem to guess what awaits them on deck, and struggle, and slip, and glide through the man's clutching hands. However, they are all in turn delivered to the executioner, who grasps each cod back of the head, and, by a few well-directed blows with a short club, kills the fish at once.

They are then packed and sent to market, where they bring a high price as "live cod." They are so called, because they are brought home alive; and they are much fresher than the cod which the fishermen themselves pack on ice out on the Banks.

If it only were possible to give you an idea of the perils of this kind of life! The Banks are the part of

the North Atlantic most dangerous to the great ocean steamers. How much more dangerous to the little fishing boat, and to the frail dory!

The two great ocean currents, the warm and the cold, produce fogs by their meeting. These fogs arise suddenly, sometimes with scarcely a moment's warning. Then, for days and weeks, there are violent gales of wind, which cause the high seas for which this part of the ocean is equally famed and dreaded.

One of the vessels of the fleet discovers a large shoal of fish. The other boats anchor close by, although it is not safe for many vessels to be near one another. If a sudden gale arises, each boat plays out more of its hawser, hoping, praying, that the anchor may hold. If not, the result is certain destruction to them, and to the vessels to leeward; as the wind would hurl the drifting vessel against the others near by, and all would sink together.

Perhaps the icy wind blows several of the smacks over on their sides, and the men, clinging in the tattered rigging, ride out the gale. Each wave that breaks over the icy deck carries away a man. With frozen hands, some of the crew feebly cling to the ropes; the next swell of the sea plunges them into the depths of the ocean. A brother, a father, or a son drowns before the faces of his kindred, separated from them by only a few yards. But alas, those yards are made up of white, mountainous billows, and green, yawning gulfs! And there is no hand to save.

One way in which the cod are taken is by the long line, or trawl. The trawl consists of a line from six to

twelve thousand feet in length, with lines hanging from it from three to six feet long and three feet apart. So, as each of these short lines bears a hook, there are, on an average, three thousand hooks which must be baited before the trawl can be set up.

In the cod fishery, six trawls are generally set at once — one at the bow, one at the stern, two on the starboard or right side of the vessel, and two on her port or left side. The trawl is kept in position by buoys.

When the trawl is to be hauled, or brought back to the vessel, two men are sent out in a dory to gather up the line and collect the fish. Dories are sent out in all degrees of bad weather, and, owing to the sudden fogs and storms, often are never heard of again. Yet the men who are detailed for this dangerous service, never refuse nor complain. They realize that they must take their chances for life or death with the rest.

Frequently two men will be hauling in the trawl and rejoicing over the quantity of cod taken, when suddenly the fog shuts down around them, and the familiar schooner, their ocean home, is out of sight. They do not fear, for they have a compass. They know the vessel was east of them, and so, with high hopes, they pull hard to the eastward, each moment expecting to see the tall masts rising through the mist. But, poor men! the harder they pull, the faster they are going away from safety and from all hopes of seeing home and children again; for, unknown to them, the wind and current have changed, and instead of the vessel lying to the east, she is far to the west, and every stroke is taking them farther away from her.

If they could only hear her fog bell! But the cruel wind bears its sound away from them. They would stand more chance of riding out the gale, if they would throw the heavy trawl and fish overboard. But the true Banker rarely does this.

And now a heavy sea overturns the boat; the precious fish and valuable trawl are lost; and the poor fishermen can only cling to the life line on the bottom of the floating dory, and wait for the fog to lift. Sometimes the fogs last for weeks, and then the condition of the men is hopeless. Death is a mercy when it comes.

A third danger to which the fishermen are exposed is that of being run down by ocean ships and steamers. The Banks lie directly in their path, and, although the schooner may have her red port light and her green starboard light trimmed and burning brightly, and may have her mournful fog horn sounding steadily, yet, so dense are the fogs, and so shrill is the whistle of the wind on these terrible Banks, that the little craft may be cut through by the steel prows of a steamer, while those on board the larger vessel are all unconscious of the disaster. Passengers in the steamer sleep quietly, while the crew of the fishing smack are battling with and sinking in the great waves, which only rock the passengers themselves into deeper slumber.

The ocean steamers are required by law to run at half speed during foggy weather; but, owing to the ambition of the captains to cross the Atlantic in the fewest number of days possible, this law is not always obeyed. Often the ship pauses in her course and sends out a boat to pick up the struggling men; but sometimes she speeds away, leaving them to their fate.

These dangers have made the Bankers what they are —brave, hardy, and daring. And yet the spirit of the men is wonderfully cheerful and patient. They do not regard the sea as a dreadful foe; she is, in their minds, a friend, who furnishes them with a source of livelihood, and who, in all her aspects, is marvellously fascinating and beautiful. They love their hard life and would not exchange it for an "easy berth ashore." Thousands of them are lost every year. An aged fisherman is a rare sight; the majority die before reaching middle age; but still, so attractive is the sea, that the ranks of the fisherman never lack recruits.

CHAPTER III.

PICTURES OF NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

New Brunswick, one of the provinces of the Dominion of Canada, is smaller than either Quebec or Ontario, and larger than either Nova Scotia or the little province of Prince Edward Island. It is shaped like the state of Maine, and has the same rocky, indented coast. The northern and northwestern part of New Brunswick is quite mountainous, and many rivers, taking their start amongst these mountains, flow in a southerly or southeasterly direction.

The largest river is the St. John, which empties into the Bay of Fundy. At its mouth is the city of St. John, which is five times as large as any other city in the province. Just at this point our series of pictures begins.

I want first to show you St. John Harbor. On our right hand, as we sail slowly up the river St. John, we see low, steep hills. On these hills is built the city of St. John. The houses are of gray stone, red brick, or wood painted a dark brown. Often a thick, gray mist hangs over the town, blotting houses and streets from sight; but to-day the sunshine has burned away the mist, and you can plainly see the colors of the houses, the straight streets running up and down the hills, the jingling street cars, and the busy people.

Down by the wharves the city is busiest. Great steamers from all parts of the world lie near the wharves to take in their cargoes of lumber. The opposite bank of the river is bordered with sawmills, whose shrill sound can be plainly heard.

The harbor is filled with craft of every description. Sailing vessels are on all sides of us; some moored, with their masts rising naked and bare; others, under clouds of white or yellow canvas, scudding hither and thither. Here is a graceful yacht racing before the breeze, there a clumsy wood boat pushing obstinately on its way. Noisy red and white tugs rush madly about, pulling great steamers or heavy black scows after them.

Drawing nearer to the wharves, we see that they are covered with open cars laden with fragrant planks. Bundles of these are raised on derricks, and swung down into the hold of a great red steamer lying close at hand. You look at the name of the vessel: "The Cadiz." Black-haired, swarthy men are busy on her deck. She has come all the way from distant Spain, where the woods have been ruthlessly destroyed, to the rich forest

lands of New Brunswick. Two scows, clinging to the side of a neighboring steamer, are shooting the lumber in with great rapidity.

With this scene before you, and with a remembrance of the line of sawmills on the north shore of the harbor, you can readily tell what two of the chief industries of St. John are. They are the sawing and the shipping of lumber. The lumber comes by river from the forests of the upper St. John.

When the tide goes out, the vessels in the slip, as the space between the wharves is called, are aground on thick, black mud. They appear very dejected as they lean far to one side, their ropes hanging dark and wet, and their canvas drooping in a melancholy way. Under any circumstances, the slip is a very picturesque place at low tide; but if a mist has arisen, the scene is even ghostly. The black hulks of the vessels rise dimly through the cloud, and the rigging is very indistinct and shadowy. The noisy streets above are hidden in fog, and a deep silence rests upon the slip.

Much time in St. John is passed in going up and down hill. There are two or three streets that may be called level, but most of them rise at quite an angle from the water's edge. The horse cars toil perseveringly up these streets, and the citizens patiently submit to their daily joltings. It is said that one sure mark of the citizen of St. John is his excellent digestion. For this, people say, he has to thank the horse cars.

The sail up the St. John River will take us through the centre of the province, and show us something of the farms of New Brunswick.

The steamer leaves St. John in the early dawn, in order to pass the falls above the city at a certain point in the tide. These falls are remarkable for being reversible; that is, the water flows in one direction one-half the day, and in the opposite direction during the remainder of the day. When the tide ebbs, the river comes over the falls. When flood tide comes, the ocean rises, covers the falls, and flows up stream. Just between the two tides is the time that vessels seize to go up and down the river.

The falls safely passed, we enter that part of St. John River called the Narrows, because, as you might suppose from the name, the precipitous banks draw close to each other, making the stream very narrow. Far up on both sides of the cliffs miners are at work. A sudden puff of smoke is seen, a dull boom is heard, and then fragments of rock begin to rattle down into the river. The men are blasting.

Presently the hills retreat, and the river valley broadens during the rest of the way to Fredericton. The land is very fertile, because the river floods all the low lands in the spring. The farmer sets his nets in the meadows; and when the river returns to its bed, it leaves behind large quantities of silvery fish, which fill the nets to bursting.

A few weeks later, the fields, over which but recently the waters rolled, are being ploughed and planted.

So the farmer's field on the St. John yields two crops —one crop of fish, the other crop of grain and vegetables. When such are the advantages of farm life on the river, it is no wonder that every hillock is crowned

with a white farm-house, nestled amid gnarled old apple-trees, with the sweeping boughs of an elm shading the roof.

Further up the river, we notice that the shores are edged with willows. Their roots protect the soft banks of the river, and prevent the current from washing them away.

Here the spring freshets are so strong that the region is flooded. It becomes a Canadian Venice. Farmers go from their houses to their barns in rowboats. Teachers and children row to school across the meadows. It is gay times then for the little folks, as they float about over the water. Sundays, also, are enlivened by a watery pilgrimage to church.

And now, gazing across the breezy waters, we catch sight of a few church-spires rising tall above the many elms surrounding them. Fredericton, the capital of the province, is at hand. The water-front is lined with beautiful elms. Most of the principal buildings of the city do not face the river, but we can, from our boat, form a general idea of their appearance and surroundings. The Normal School building is very fine; and so is the new Parliament House, of freestone and gray granite.

Fredericton is a very ambitious city. Although one-fifth as large as St. John, she longs to rival her big neighbor in commercial importance. She is the centre of the lumbering district, and is anxious to be the centre of the agricultural, fishing, and mining regions on the north shore. But as yet her latest ambitions have not been accomplished.

About one hundred and forty miles above Fredericton are the Grand Falls. Although only half as high as Niagara, they are quite as overwhelming. This is because their surroundings are so dark and gloomy that Niagara, by contrast, appears bright and joyous. The St. John River narrows at this point from one quarter of a mile to three hundred feet, and then plunges eighty feet into a dark gorge. A suspension bridge hangs above the river a few feet below the cataract, and there on moonlight nights the view is beautiful.

Many legends cluster round the Grand Falls; but the most interesting story of all has an Indian girl for the heroine. She was of the tribe of the Melicites, who lived in the region of the upper St. John. From a child she had known all the windings of the river, and its falls and cataracts, as well as you know your way home from school. She could steer and paddle a canoe almost as well as a young Indian brave.

The Mohawks were the deadly enemies of the Melicites. The two tribes hated each other with strong, undying, Indian hatred. Once our Indian girl was with a small party on the upper St. John. They had left her home, the chief village of the Melicites, had carried their canoes around the Grand Falls, and were well on their way up the river, when they were captured by a party of fierce Mohawks.

All the Melicites were put to death except our heroine. She was placed in the first canoe and ordered to conduct the captors to a safe landing-place above Grand Falls. In the morning they would carry the canoes round the falls and continue their journey.

That was all they told her, but she could guess the rest. They were dressed as warriors on the warpath, and their destination was her native village. There they would give no quarter. Her nearest kin would be surprised and butchered by the wily enemies of their tribe.

What sad thoughts passed through her mind, as she bent to her work! How fast the river banks flew by! Soon they would be at the falls! The falls! Ah! there lay the way by which she could save her tribe from massacre. But herself? She would be lost too. Well, what mattered it, if the others were saved. And so the dauntless girl steered straight for the Grand Falls.

The Mohawks were half asleep, trusting implicitly in the girl whose life was in their power. They were awakened by the roar of the cataract, just too late to save themselves. The paddles were seized and plied desperately for a moment, and then they gave themselves up to their dreadful fate with the grim silence of the Indian brave. Mohawks, canoes, and Melicite girl, all were dashed to pieces over the falls; but never again was there a Mohawk invasion into Melicite territory.

By means of tributaries we can pass from the headwaters of the St. John to the head waters of the Restigouche, a river which forms part of the northern boundary of New Brunswick. The natural charm of the river is great, but to a fisherman the Restigouche is most dear, because of the large salmon that throng its waters. Spearing salmon by torchlight is a very exciting night's fishing.

A windless night is best for this sport, as then the

water is unruffled and clear. The fisherman stands in the bow of the boat gazing earnestly down upon the river-bed. If he sees a fish, he thrusts his forked spear into it, and lands it in the boat. The work is silent but intensely exciting. Every object on the shore is illuminated by the torch; that night bird, the owl, hoots dismally overhead; the paddle dips silently into the water; and the fisherman, his spear poised carefully, keenly watches the gleaming river bed.

Suddenly there is a dart, and a glittering salmon is fixed and held tightly by the cruel jaws of the spear. He weighs at least eight pounds, and when cooked will make a delicious meal.

Half an hour's inaction on the part of the fisherman follows; then comes a quick dart, succeeded by an impatient exclamation. The fish has taken alarm. A few more moments of silence, and then a fine whitefish is brought up. So the sport goes on, and, after the return to the camp, the fisherman finds it almost impossible to sleep, the still excitement of the fishing was so great.

Perhaps, far away in the forests, is heard a low, melancholy cry, repeated again and again. No one knows what it is; but the Indians say that the hunting dogs of their beloved hero, Cote Scaurp, are wandering round the world hunting for their master. He was once ruler over men and beasts in the happy past. But they began to grow quarrelsome, and at last Cote Scaurp could bear it no longer. He sailed away over the great lake toward the setting sun. And then, as the Indians say, "a very strange thing came to pass. The beasts, which until now had spoken one tongue, were no more

able to understand one another. And they fled apart, each his own way, and never again have they met together in council."

Having returned to St. John, let us, in imagination, cross the bay to the opposite blue line which marks the Nova Scotia coast.

The Bay of Fundy stretches two great arms into Nova Scotia. One is Annapolis Basin, and the other is Minas Basin. Annapolis Basin is a wonderfully sunny, cheerful spot.

Here is the paradise of cherries. People come from far and near, from St. John, from Portland, and even from Boston, to gather and enjoy the blackhearts and the whitehearts. Both the cherry and the apple orchards are beautiful in spring; and the cottages, embowered in the orchards, must be lovely homes in June, when the delicately tinted, sweet blossoms are nodding at the eaves and peeping in at the windows. There is a growing trade in apples. Nova Scotia apples are in great demand in England; and red, green, and golden fruit are exported from here in English ships.

Minas Basin is remarkable for its high tides. It is one of the forks or throats at the upper end of the Bay of Fundy, into which is driven all the water that enters at the wide mouth of the bay. The waters pile up as the tide rushes in, and here in Minas Basin the tide often rises to the height of sixty feet. At Halifax, on the opposite coast of Nova Scotia, the tide rises only seven or eight feet.

It is a curious and interesting sight to watch the rise and fall of the tides. At ebb tide the great ships lie

high and dry at the wharves near the mouth of some river. The river itself is a mere trickling stream. Suddenly a roaring sound is heard; the tide turns and rushes with mighty impulse towards the shore. The foaming water hurries around a bend and enters the harbor. Soon the great ships begin to rise, and presently they are afloat; while the strong sea breeze rocks them to and fro, and whistles through their rigging.

The ebb of the tide is just as sudden. In a few moments after the turn takes place, a great bare spot of sand appears in the harbor, which constantly grows larger. Many cattle have been drowned in this region, and boys who were guarding them have been swept away by the relentless sea.

Fifty miles south of Minas Basin, on the Atlantic coast, is Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia. The harbor can shelter a thousand ships, and is well defended by forts. They frown down from the heights on the shores of the harbor, and from many of the islands. If a war-ship could, by hook or by crook, slip past the forts up to the city, she could be instantly blown to pieces by cannon from Fort St. George on Citadel Hill.

The hill, a low one, only about two hundred and fifty feet in height, rises back of the city. It is crowned by a high, rectangular, grassy mound on whose summit floats the red and blue flag of England, with the Union Jack. It is after you have entered the fort that its true strength becomes known to you. Beneath the grass work are the real walls of the fort, built of stone and masonry, and exceedingly thick. The fort contains many lofty, echoing passages and spacious chambers.

Have you ever seen an ant's nest in the pasture? It is a great, grassy mound, on the surface, but within, if you should open it by means of a walking stick, you would find innumerable, galleried chambers, the scene of much busy life. It is just so with these forts. They are great, silent mounds; but within are many chambers, through which echo and re-echo the busy steps and voices of active soldiers.

Halifax is the chief English naval station on the Atlantic seacoast of North America. As we have seen, it is well defended by forts, and men-of-war are continually hovering about the harbor. It is to Halifax that vessels turn if any accident befalls them on the passage between the New and the Old World.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ISLAND CITY OF CANADA.

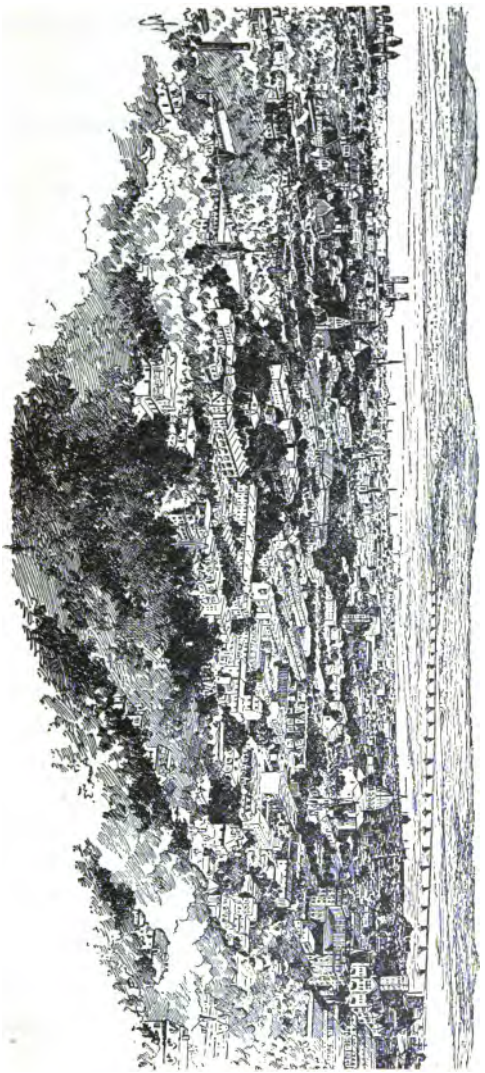
Montreal, the largest city of the province of Quebec, is finely situated. It is built on an island in the St. Lawrence, thirty miles long by seven miles wide; and is the point at which ocean navigation ceases, and river and lake navigation begins. The large ocean steamers puff their way up the St. Lawrence River a thousand miles to unload their goods at Montreal; while numerous small sailing vessels and steamers, on their way down the great river, stop at Montreal. It is not surprising then that Montreal, owing to its fine natural

position, should have become the largest city of all British America.

A beautiful view of Montreal is obtained by descending the St. Lawrence in a steamboat. There are numerous rapids above the city which steamboats are obliged to "shoot." This is dangerous work. White, foaming waves strike the bows, and whirl away to the stern. The vessel swerves sharply from the dangerous rocks. The thunder of the rapids mingles with the laughter and glee of the passengers. They know no danger; but the captain looks sober and anxious.

The Lachine Rapids are the most perilous to pass. As the boat approaches them, an Indian pilot, from the village on shore, is taken on board. The captain orders every one to remain in his place, in order that the boat may be perfectly balanced while running this last and most terrible gauntlet. The pilot grasps the wheel strongly; and down the narrow, shallow channel she flies, sharply turning from the dark, jagged rocks. The lips and cheeks of many a stalwart passenger are white, but the pilot, in whose hands are so many lives, stands unmoved, with his eyes fixed upon the curves of the shore. If he should once turn his eyes away, and look at the rapids themselves, he would lose his bearings, and the steamer would be destroyed. In a few moments the rapids are passed. There is now nothing to disturb one's enjoyment of the beautiful approach to Montreal.

Far away from our entrance to the bay, is the Victoria Bridge, which linked the shores of the St. Lawrence together thirty years ago. The river is a mile and three-quarters wide where it is spanned by this bridge. On



VIEW OF MONTREAL.

account of its great length the bridge appears so low, that travelers often ask if the funnel of the steamboat is not to be lowered on passing under. Drawing nearer, and seeing the great height of the structure, they smile at their error in judgment.

Entering the harbor, the city lies spread out before us, with its fine docks and warehouses, and the spires of its many churches; and, in the background, is pine-clad Mount Royal, the stately mountain that gives its name to the noble city at its feet. The twin towers of Notre Dame Cathedral rise conspicuous above the lesser landmarks.

Other beautiful views of the city can be obtained from the towers of Notre Dame, and from the summit of Mount Royal.

This mountain, which forms the western boundary of the town, is seven hundred feet high. There are two ways of ascent. One is the road which starts at the southeastern side, and winds upward in a corkscrew fashion to the summit. The other way is by means of numerous flights of very steep, wooden steps. Those who take this climb arrive at the top with panting breath and shaking knees. But the view fully repays them.

On all sides stretches an immense plain, through which the majestic St. Lawrence rolls its blue flood. Many green islands lie, like fallen leaves, upon its watery surface. To the southwest is the valley of the Ottawa, whose yellow, turbid stream joins the St. Lawrence several miles above Montreal.

Far away are blue ranges of mountains. The Laurentian Mountains skirt the northern horizon; the Green

Mountains, shadowy and cloudlike, lie to the south. Lake Champlain is visible in the distance. Fleecy clouds float in the sky; the fresh wind fans your cheek; and, looking downward, you see the city at your feet, lying between the mountain and the river. It extends five miles along the shore, and two miles inland to the foot of Mount Royal, and occupies a space of about eight square miles. It is built upon terraces, which mark the former channels of the river.

The northern and southern ends of the city are the poorer quarters. Here are factories, mills, workshops, and the houses of the working men, mostly built of wood or brick. In the centre, near the river, stand the stately blocks of warehouses, business houses, and public buildings. The homes of the wealthy men are in the western part of the city, on the lower spurs of Mount Royal.

The top of the mountain is laid out in a fine park, which cost the city three millions of dollars. Mountain Park, as it is called, abounds in beautiful trees and shady drives, which are a favorite afternoon resort. The park is still incomplete. It is intended to lay out some of the grounds as gardens, and leave the rest in its natural wild state. There are to be preserves for game and wild animals.

On the northern side of the mountain are quarries of limestone, the building stone of the city. Public buildings, warehouses, and private residences, all are built of this beautiful gray stone, which resists the attacks of the weather wonderfully.

About one-third of the way up the mountain, on the

eastern side, is the reservoir. Water is brought in an open canal from the St. Lawrence, five miles above the city, to this great artificial pond, which has been cut from the solid rock at considerable pains and cost.

The Catholic and Protestant cemeteries occupy the western slopes of Mount Royal. The Catholic cemetery is a very interesting place to visit. Here and there, throughout the grounds of the cemetery, are small chapels or little grottos, that, followed in a definite order, lead to a small hill on which are placed three crosses. Hence they form what is known as the Way of the Crosses.

On certain feast days the chapels are open, and the black-robed priest leads the people from one to another. On the inner wall of each chapel is a raised carving, which is brightly colored, and which represents some scene from the Bible. The priest explains each picture to the listening throng, and at last leads them to the little hill of the three crosses, before which they prostrate themselves.

The graves of the dead are tenderly cared for. Here and there may be seen, on a green, turfy mound, a plaster cast of a saint, a photograph of the dead friend, or an altar with tiny candles under a glass shade.

Have you a clear picture of Mount Royal in your mind? Think once more of the green hill, with the shady park on its summit; the limestone quarry on its northern slope; the graveyards on its western slope; the reservoir of clear, pure water on its eastern slope; the city at its feet. If it is all plain before you, we will next seek the shore of the river.

Generally that is the most disagreeable part of a city. Narrow, filthy streets lead between dilapidated warehouses to the decaying wooden piers of the harbor, and these regions are frequented by the roughest class of people. But it is not so in Montreal. She stands, as one writer has said, "clean to her very feet." Her wharves, extending three miles along the river, are next to the wharves of Liverpool in size. They are built of limestone, and in their general plan and solidity they resemble the beautiful quays of Paris.

A truck railroad runs along the edge of the wharves, and Montreal is able to load and unload a vessel in less time than any other city in the country. The street bordering the river is separated from the wharves by a stone wall, which protects it during the spring freshets. One side of the street is lined with solid limestone warehouses and business blocks. Bonsecours Church, Bonsecours Market, and the Custom House stand on this street.

The harbor is a forest of masts and funnels. Here are seen great, black ocean steamers; smaller lake steamers, painted white; and foreign ships with tall and tapering masts. The most picturesque vessel is that of the Canadian farmer. This is a somewhat clumsy barge for carrying hay and wood to market. It is a flat-bottomed boat with a square bow and stern. It has but one mast, and is rigged with large square sails.

The farmer unloads a part of his cargo on the wharves, and stands patiently by until a customer is attracted, who takes either the whole load or such a portion as he may point out. A few years ago these barges were found

unloading at the central wharves of the harbor, but increasing business has now pushed them farther down the river.

The people of Montreal are justly proud of Victoria Bridge. It is one of the longest bridges in the world, and, on that account, has been called the eighth wonder of the world. It consists of a tube or square box of iron twenty-two feet high, sixteen feet wide, and a mile and three-quarters long. The tube is supported on twenty-four piers of solid masonry. On the side of each pier facing up the river, is a projection of stone shaped like a wedge.

When the ice breaks up in the spring, the cakes of ice from the Great Lakes as well as from the upper St. Lawrence pass this bridge. The river bed is very steep at Montreal, and the downward rush of the numerous cakes of ice causes them to press with enormous force against any obstacle in their path. On this account, the Victoria Bridge was built with strong wedges to the buttresses. The object of the wedges is to protect the piers, by meeting the first shock of the descending ice, and by dividing the cakes.

The bridge is designed only for railway trains, which pass through the long, black tube in six minutes. The passage is so dull and cheerless that it seems to the traveller to occupy a much longer time.

The season of the spring floods is a period of great anxiety to the people of Montreal. The sun and rain melt the ice, which has long kept the river silent from shore to shore. The cakes of ice are carried down stream until they run aground on some island. More

cakes are carried down and piled above the first, until what is known as an ice shove is formed. This is nothing more than a jumble of blocks of ice, forming a huge embankment. The water, being dammed by the ice shove, floods the lower part of the city, often causing considerable loss to the merchants of Montreal.

It is on account of these spring freshets that the wharves are of such solid construction, that the river street is fortified on one side by a stone wall, and that the freight sheds and other buildings upon the wharves are all movable.

Sometimes, during the freshets, venturesome men cross the St. Lawrence with a boat. In the open portions of the river they row, but in crossing the shove, they spring from the boat, and draw it over the mass of ice. If the ice gives way beneath them, they save themselves by springing into the boat.

Bonsecours Market looks out on the river street. It is a great parallelogram two stories high, built of cut stone, and surmounted with a noticeable dome and cupola. The provision dealers have their stalls on the first floor; and in the basement, kitchen utensils, hardware, tin, wooden and glass wares can be found. Tuesdays and Fridays are the best days for paying a visit to the market, for then the square is thronged with country peasants bringing their wares to the city for sale.

On the sidewalk, beneath the shadow of the market building itself, are small booths and stalls, supported by its stone walls. On the outer edge of the walk is an apparently endless line of wagons, laden with farm produce. Such very queer wagons as they are! Heavy,

unwieldy, and with an enormous quantity of woodwork about them, they resemble the ancient hay cart. The horses, with their noses in the heaps of hay spread before them for their refreshment, munch drowsily, while their owners quietly scan the passing people for a customer.

Chickens, butter, and eggs are temptingly displayed on this brightly painted cart at our right. Opposite, sits a fat old country woman in a broad-brimmed straw hat. She has a store of scarfs, kerchiefs, and colored yarns on her small counter. Here is a handsome girl with dark hair and eyes, selling cherries. Close beside her is a withered old crone, with a cartload of onions, radishes, beets, and potatoes. A whole family preside over another battered old wagon, wherein are displayed stacks of brown bread and curiously carved cakes of maple sugar.

Although the market place is the scene of so much life and action, it is very quiet. Here is seen the French gesture and the French shrug, but the high-pitched French voice is wanting. The French Canadian peasants murmur softly over their bargaining. The owners have no fixed price for anything. They generally begin by asking just twice the sum they expect to receive for the article to be sold, while the purchaser as regularly offers one-half the owner's first price. So they haggle in their soft, dreamy voices, each party seeking advantage over the other, and each enjoying the bargaining without thinking of the loss of time. Instead of the rush of an American place of business, the market has an air of repose and cheerful friendliness, delightful to see.

Close by Bonsecours Market is Bonsecours Church, into which the peasant often steals during market hours, to pray before the shrine of some saint. It is a very plain little structure, and is over two hundred years old. A number of small, shabby booths and restaurants are bolstered up by the walls of the church. They cling to the venerable building as barnacles to a ship. The interior of the church, with its colored bas-reliefs, sculptures, altar, and quaint pulpit, is like the interior of the ancient churches in Northern France.

One or two facts of history must now be given that you may understand the state of society in the province of Quebec. This region was first settled by the French, who built many churches, monasteries, and convents, and lived here undisturbed for over one hundred years. Then, in a great war between France and England, the English colonists living in the region which is now the United States, came against Canada, and conquered it for the English crown. After peace was declared, the whole of Canada was open to English settlers, who came flocking in from the British Isles. So it has come to pass that, at the present day, there are living side by side in Montreal, Protestant Englishmen and Catholic Frenchmen.

The city is divided into the French and English quarters, the east and the west ends. There is a spirit of rivalry between the two races, which is shown very plainly in the erection of churches and buildings for charitable purposes. The French endow a school for Catholics, the English one for Protestants; the French establish a Catholic hospital, the English follow

with its rival. All over the city rise the domes of Catholic cathedrals and the spires of English churches; so that Montreal comes fairly by its name of the "City of Churches."

Notre Dame, with the exception of the cathedral in Mexico, is the largest church of America. It can seat ten thousand; and, on unusual occasions, when chairs are placed in the aisles, fifteen thousand can be accommodated. The church resembles its great namesake, the Notre Dame of Paris, and its tall twin towers are one of the notable landmarks of the city. They are over two hundred feet high, and contain a peal of eleven bells, the most sweet-toned chimes on this continent. The largest bell weighs over twelve tons, and is, in weight, the fifth bell in the world. Any day, on going into the vast cathedral, you may see peasant girls and women kneeling before the high altar or before some shrine. An Indian worshiper telling his beads is no rare sight.

The Catholics of Montreal are not wealthy, yet they undertake and accomplish very ambitious feats in architecture. Not quite forty years ago, an architect was sent to Rome to take the measurements of the church of St. Peter's, the largest church in the world.

He was commissioned to erect, on Dominion Square in Montreal, a church one-third the size of St. Peter's. With the single exception of the roof, which must be pointed to shed the snow easily, it was to be an exact copy of the great original. With its mighty dome and elegant front, the Canadian St. Peter's is a great ornament to Montreal.

Christ Church Cathedral, the chief Protestant church, is built of gray stone, with trimmings of fine, cream-colored sandstone. It is very much like an English church, with its pointed spire, its tablets set in the walls, and its gorgeous pew for the chief official of the city. The tablets bear the honored names and in some cases the titled names of Englishmen who have served their Queen faithfully in the government of her great American province of Canada. In one part of the church is conspicuously displayed a tattered banner which was borne through the Crimean War with honor by Her Majesty's Canadian Volunteers. It was hung in the church on the occasion of the Prince of Wales presenting a new banner to the regiment.

Massive monasteries and the high walls of convents are seen on nearly every street. Perhaps the most noted convent is that of the Gray Sisters, who are aided in their good work by both Catholics and Protestants. They care for the orphans, the aged, and the infirm, and take charge of various asylums and schools in different parts of the city.

It is customary for the traveler to visit their hospital at noon, when he sees the sisters at midday mass in the chapel. This is a somewhat bare, cheerless room, with whitened walls. The usual pictures and statues of saints form the sole adornment of the place.

At the stroke of twelve the sisters enter two by two, the lady superior bringing up the rear. The nuns are dressed in gray, coarse material, blue-checked aprons, and black crape caps faced with white. The first two nuns are young girls whose pale faces wear a look of

perfect peace. The lady superior holds a hymn book with which she leads them in their devotions. The clapping together of the covers of the book is the signal for them to kneel and to rise.

The French of Montreal are the class which cling most closely to the ways of the past. The English are the enterprising class who are bent on developing all the possibilities of the city. They constitute the commercial and manufacturing element. They widen the streets, plan the squares, and lay out the public parks; and, with the exception of the churches, erect most of the public buildings. There are, in the western part of the city, fine broad streets, shaded with large trees, and lined with handsome stone dwelling houses. Many of these houses stand in the midst of fine grounds.

In the French quarter there are narrow little streets, in which often nothing is seen to remind one that he is in an American city belonging to England. All is purely French in appearance.

The house is one story or one story and a half high, and opens directly upon the street pavement. Within is disclosed the living room, scrupulously neat, with brilliantly colored prints of the Pope, or of some favorite saint, upon the wall. Madame, large, tall, and fat, bends over the cooking stove. Monsieur, thin and gray, reads his paper in the sunny window, while the black-eyed babies toddle and creep over the spotless floor.

Every aspect of the city bears testimony to the two-fold nature of its inhabitants. The hotels, kept in the English style, have French waiters and French cooks. The goods in the shops are English, but they are sold

by French clerks. Through the quaint streets, which have been piously named for some old saints, tinkle the American horse cars. In and out amongst the motley crowd of prosperous English merchants, curious Yankee tourists, and pushing Irish cabmen, glide the sombre priest and the gray nun with her pale and downcast face. There is plainly an un-American, not to say foreign, air about Montreal.

Like many of the towns of Normandy and Brittany, Montreal was asleep for over one hundred years. But the middle of this century witnessed the late awakening of this city of the North. A place must be indeed dead, in which no hidden life could be aroused by such events as the opening of the St. Lawrence system of canals, the erection of the Victoria Bridge, the building of the Grand Trunk Railroad, and the establishment of a line of ocean steamers between Montreal and Europe. Montreal has taken immense strides forward commercially in the last twenty-five years, and the future alone can show to what vast importance she may attain.

CHAPTER V.

WINTER IN CANADA.

Canada is so far north of our country that you might think of the winter as exceedingly cold and severe, and picture the Canadians shivering before great logs blazing in their open fireplaces. But such is not the case.

It is true the weather is at times intensely cold; the thermometer falls to points so far below zero, as almost to frighten a citizen of the United States. But the skies are clear and blue; the air is dry; and the cold is so bracing that one is inspired to unusual outdoor exertions.

Here there are no fogs, sleet, slush, or east winds, such as make winter in some regions of the United States very unpleasant. There are rarely any sudden changes of weather. When the snow comes, it comes to stay; and the Canadian boy, looking out at the first shining snowstorm of the season, realizes that three delightful months of uninterrupted pleasure lie before him.

Winter in Canada begins in December. Christmas Day always finds the earth clad in its mantle of snow. The most intense winter days come in January. By the end of March, the winter is over in Ontario, and spring ploughing and planting begin with the coming of the warm April days. Spring is three weeks later in the more northern province of Quebec.

The Canadian rejoices in his winter. He would not change it for the sunny, flower-scented winters of Florida or of Spain. These three months are the crown of the year to him, for they are filled with most delightful and healthful pastimes, — with skating, sleighing, snowshoeing, tobogganing, and ice boating. Young and old are wild with excitement at the first snowstorm. The grandfather becomes as youthful as the grandchild, and joins as eagerly as any one in the sports of the hour.

Canada is the land where King Winter holds high court. In 1883 the first winter Carnival was held in

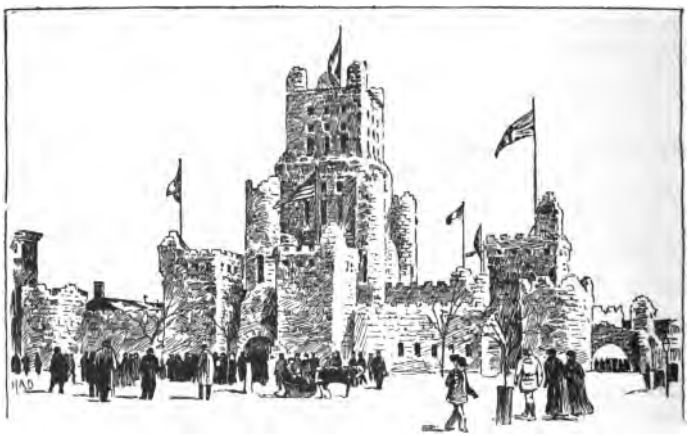
Montreal, and it was such a success that almost every year since, a similar Carnival has taken place.

We will suppose that you are a bright, intelligent schoolboy from the United States, who is spending Carnival week in Montreal. What are some of the interesting sights you would see, and what are some of the pleasant sports you would enjoy? You, like many of your countrymen, have imagined that life in Canada during winter was a dead-and-alive sort of existence. So you are very much surprised by the glimpses of the city of Montreal that you catch on driving to your hotel.

Every one seems to be outdoors and enjoying himself. Skaters are on the river, gliding to and fro; graceful sleighs, furnished with buffalo robes, and carrying bright, rosy faces, speed past you; jingling bells and snatches of song and laughter are the sounds that greet your ears. Every one seems to be having a thoroughly jolly time.

On Monday evening, the first night of the Carnival, the whole city goes to Dominion Square to see the illumination of the Ice Palace. This is a great building which is made entirely of ice and snow. The blocks of ice used in making it are four feet long by two wide. They are cemented together by snow, and then water is pumped over the whole, so that the palace is frozen into a firm, compact structure. If any one wished to separate the ice into blocks again, he would have to saw them apart. The palace is square, with square towers at each corner, and a larger tower, one hundred feet high, in the centre.

In the sunlight or the moonlight, the Ice Palace is a wonderfully dazzling sight. And now, on this inauguration night, illuminated by electricity, it is marvelously beautiful. It seems to you like a fairy palace, which the wand of some powerful magician has called into being. Purple, green, crimson, and gold lights are burned within, and in their radiance the palace looks like glass. It is like a brilliant bubble or a rain-



THE ICE PALACE.

bow; and, almost unconsciously, you hold your breath for fear the slightest motion of the air will cause the magic structure to vanish.

The snow begins to fall, but the crowd still linger in front of the Ice Palace, as if expecting something. You decide to wait, too, and soon from far away you hear the tramp, tramp, tramp, of human feet. The steady sound is like the march of an army. Presently

fifteen hundred men on snowshoes march into the square, each carrying a torch in one hand and a Roman candle, shooting off brilliant lights, in the other. It is a procession of snowshoe clubs.

Each company has a differently colored dress, which forms the badge of the club. First, marches the oldest club of all, the Montreal, known by the blue cap. The St. George follows; then come the Emerald, St. Andrews, Prince of Wales Rifles, Mount Royal, and the representatives of the snowshoe clubs at Ottawa and Quebec.

The costume of the snowshoers consists of a blanket coat, reaching halfway to the knees, and short blanket trousers. The blankets are white, bordered with stripes of various bright colors. They are made up with the stripes edging the coat. A sash is wound around the waist many times and knotted over the hips. A hood, very much like the hoods worn by the monks of the Middle Ages, hangs midway down the back of the coat. That is merely for ornament, as the real covering for the head is a conical, knit cap, ornamented with a tassel at the top. It is worn low over the ears, and is allowed to droop on one side. Thick gloves or mittens, long stockings, and moccasins, together with the snowshoes, complete the suit.

The costumes of the various clubs differ from one another merely in the colors chosen. The dress is always of the same material and make.

The purple and white costume of the St. George Club is very pretty. The stripes on the coat and hood, the sash, stockings, and mittens are purple. The remainder

of the suit is white. The cap has wide purple and white stripes, with a purple tassel. A purple St. George's cross adorns the chest.

The snowshoer's costume is very warm and convenient, and is the dress worn by tobogganers as well. Ladies are often members of these clubs. Their dress is like that of the men, except that their coat is a long ulster reaching to the ankles.

All this time the procession has been winding around and through the palace, which, by the light of torches and fireworks, appears more splendid than ever. Now, followed by a portion of the crowd, it leaves the city, and winds away through dark, quiet roads to pine-clad Mount Royal. The procession resembles a fiery serpent, as it curves in and out among the trees; now pausing to wait for the stragglers, and now pressing on again sturdily. At last it reaches the summit, and, waving its lights to signal good by to those watching far below, it vanishes on the other side of the mountain.

You gaze upward fascinated, long after the lights have gone. You still hear the hoo-oo-oo of the snowshoers, and the crunch of the wet snow under the feet of the sturdy Canadians. What fine, strong, athletic fellows they are! You admire them with your whole soul, and resolve that, if you can, you will learn to use snowshoes, and will join them on their next tramp over the country.

You obtain a pair of snowshoes, and wisely spend an hour in studying them before attempting to use them. Roughly speaking, their shape is like that of a tennis racket. They are about four feet long.

A strip of tough ash, about three-quarters of an inch thick, is bent to form an oval, and the ends are strongly bound together. These ends form the heel of the snowshoe. The shape of the shoe is kept by means of two crosspieces, one near the front of the shoe, the other near the heel. The whole interior is then covered by a strong network of raw hide. Just back of the first crosspiece is an open space about three or four inches square. This is where the toes come when the shoe is on, and, owing to the absence of the network, they can move up and down as freely as in ordinary walking. The shoe is fastened to the foot by straps of deerskin.

The snow most common in the United States is very moist. It is the kind useful in making snowballs and snow forts, and is called by schoolboys, sticky snow. Although this kind of snow sometimes does fall in Canada, yet the kind with which the people are most familiar differs very much from this.

It is dry, hard, and gritty. Roll in it, and, on rising, it can be shaken off as easily as grains of sand. When your mother sweeps a room, she sometimes sprinkles wet tea leaves on the carpet. The dust clings to the leaves, and both are brushed up together. In Canada, they use snow instead of tea leaves, when sweeping rooms. It can be brushed up as easily as sand.

However convenient this kind of snow may be at times, it is very difficult to walk upon, as it rarely forms a crust. It is so very mealy and yielding that it cannot support the weight of a man. The Indians, forced to hunt for food in all seasons, invented the snowshoe, by means of which the weight is thrown

upon and supported by a larger surface than it is in the ordinary walking boot. The Canadians have adopted it, and it now makes walking after a heavy snowstorm a delightful possibility.

In attempting to use snowshoes you make the usual mistake of keeping the feet too far apart, and of walking with unnatural movements. But after several tumbles into snowdrifts, you learn to move the feet just as in ordinary walking, merely lifting one snowshoe up and over the other.

A few hours' practice enables you to feel fairly confident in your powers, and arouses an eager longing for the day of the tramp of the St. George Club, which you have been asked to join.

At three o'clock on the appointed day, you find a throng of eager fellows in the McGill College grounds. Some are chatting gaily, some are examining the straps of their snowshoes, others are studying the weather, and consulting about the prospects of a storm before night. At length the captain gives the signal, and they march out of the city.

When they have arrived at the crossroads, where the deeper snow is found, a halt is ordered. Here the snowshoes, which have been slung on the backs, are put on, and in single file the procession moves on again. And now, with shouts and halloos, the club breaks into a wild run across the country.

You and a few others, who are taking a first run today, are left far in the rear. An officer called the "whipper-in," whose duty it is to assist the laggards, keeps near by to encourage you.

There are scores of fences to be climbed in the course of the tramp. The freshest of the club vault the fence at a run; some climb pantingly over; while a few catch their shoes in the bars and fall headlong into the deep drifts. Then what shouts of good-natured laughter arise, as the poor fellows are drawn out by the heels!

The course is now over a level plain. The captain orders the company to charge it; and with a wild hurrah, away they go, as fleet as the wind. They seem to be beside themselves with excitement and delight in the snow. Gray-haired men leap fences like boys, while others attempt a race with a locomotive. The horses on the road are frightened by their shouts, but the snowshoers are lost to everything but their own pleasure.

At last, in the gray January twilight, they arrive at the little inn where they are to rest and take supper, before returning.

Snowshoes are thrown off; snowy coats and caps are beaten and piled in corners; the icicles hanging from beards and mustaches are melted; and all due preparation for supper is made. What an appetite every one has! The hot joints of meat are soon disposed of, and the weary snowshoers throw themselves down to rest — a few on sofas and chairs, but the majority on the floor before the blazing fire.

Then a curious entertainment begins. The whole party sing one of their choruses, and then different members of the club are called upon to sing, dance, and tell stories.

And now they proceed to "bounce" you and the other newcomers. Two lines are formed, and those at

the top take a firm grip of your clothes, telling you to "hold yourself as rigid as possible." You are a little frightened, and close your eyes, as you find yourself jerked down the line, and caught in the arms of those at the end. Then you are sent back in the same manner; and when, very much bewildered, you are set upon your feet again, you conclude that, after all, "bouncing" was pretty good fun.

Finally there is a consultation of watches, and all rise to sing "God save the Queen," the national song which always closes an evening's entertainment. Coats and snowshoes are slipped on; and, with a ringing cheer to the little inn and its hospitable keeper, the club troop homeward under the clear, blue sky and brilliant stars.

However popular snowshoeing may be, skating is truly the national sport of Canada. This will not seem strange to any one who thinks of the great frozen surfaces of the country, — the St. Lawrence and its five Great Lakes.

During the Carnival, races and skating contests take place on the river. The spectators stand about on the ice, just beyond the course marked for the skaters. First comes a two-mile race on skates, followed by a quarter-mile backward race; then a hurdle race; and then a barrel race.

A hurdle is something like a barred gate, with all the bars except the top one removed. The hurdles are placed along the course, and the skaters are obliged to leap them in the race. You would suppose that, with skates upon their feet, they could never be successful,

or, if they cleared the hurdle at all, they would fall in a heap upon the other side. But many of the skaters are wonderfully proficient in this art. They skate along at full speed, leap the hurdle, alight on their skates, and move along as swiftly as before. Many of them look very funny as they jump. Some double up with their head and knees together, while others lean so far to one side as to seem to have lost their balance.

The barrel race for boys is still more amusing. Common barrels with the heads removed are placed on the ice, at certain distances apart, along the race course, for a quarter of a mile. Then, at a given signal, all the boys skate for the first barrel. Many reach it together, and there is considerable of a scramble to get through the barrel. A skater has to pass through every barrel on the ice to win the race. Sometimes a barrel turns around while a boy is working his way through it. The boy is confused on coming out, and skates away in just the wrong direction, until, through the laughter of the spectators, he discovers his blunder. How the boys and the barrels bob about while the race is going on!

There are two kinds of skating rinks, — the covered and the open. The open skating rink has no roof. On clear, bright nights it is much more thronged than the covered rink. How beautiful the sight as you look up and see the dark blue sky and the bright, twinkling stars overhead! The skating rinks inclose acres of clear, level ice, and are illuminated with electric lights. Seats are arranged for spectators around the sides of the building, fountains sparkle here and there, and the changing throng of skaters is a fascinating picture.

The Victoria Skating Rink in Montreal is the largest covered skating rink in Canada. On the evening after the inauguration of the Ice Palace, you and your friends attend the masquerade given there.

On entering the rink you are dazzled by the great expanse of smooth, carefully scraped ice. Several acres of ice are inclosed by the great walls of the rink. In the centre is built a small copy of the Ice Palace in Dominion Square. It is lit by electric and colored lights, and fountains play within its walls. The spectators' seats are crowded, and it is with difficulty that you secure a place.

Presently the band begins to play, and throngs of skaters glide from the cosey dressing rooms out upon the ice. Every one wears a mask, and is arrayed in some fancy dress, grotesque, interesting, or beautiful.

Here are characters illustrating the early history of Canada, — Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Montcalm, and many others. Steel-clad warriors, countesses in silk and satin, and Indians in paint and wampum, mingle with delicate fairies, fiends clad in red jerseys and armed with frightful horns, and animals from fairyland. Here is our friend Bruin in shaggy fur, skating away as if that were the usual means by which bears journeyed across the country. Here is Red Riding-Hood hand in hand with the wolf. See that child in quaint Highland dress. The plaid stockings are as becoming to the sturdy legs as is the Scotch cap and feather to the curly hair. Queen Elizabeth passes, arm in arm with a humble shepherdess.

Fascinated by the pretty sight, you gaze long at the

shifting scene, which is rendered more beautiful by its perfect reflection in the mirror of ice below. What is it that comes lumbering this way? It is an elephant. It is the immortal Jumbo! Two fine skaters are representing him. Their disguise is capital; for Jumbo appears as natural as life, and seems quite at home on the ice.

Now the music changes to a lively waltz, and the skaters take part in the dance with perfect ease and grace. A square dance follows. Some of the skaters give an exhibition of fancy skating in a less crowded corner of the rink.

While watching them, you wonder if anywhere in the world there are their equals. You doubt it. A maypole, decked with colored ribbons, is set up on the ice. A dozen of the best skaters seize the ends of the ribbons, and waltz about the pole to the sound of music, until all the ribbons have been wound around it.

At nine o'clock the masks are removed, and the merry, laughing faces of the skaters are revealed. Prizes are then awarded to those wearing the most historically correct or most ideally beautiful costumes. When the band plays "God save the Queen," at the close of the entertainment, you realize that one of the most enjoyable of the Carnival evenings is at an end.

But there are plenty of other joys remaining, among them the sleighing. The Russians are the people most devoted to sleighing in the Old World, and the Canadians in the New. The Canadian roads are hard and perfectly adapted to sleighing throughout the winter. There are no sudden changes of weather, which make runners necessary one day and wheels the

next. The ordinary sleigh, or cutter, is a very pretty vehicle. It has slender, delicately curved runners, and a beautifully shaped, yet commodious body.

An afternoon ride in Great St. James Street, during Carnival time, is thoroughly enjoyable. All the fine equipages are out, and everywhere are seen handsome sleighs, prancing horses, and fine liveries.

There are sleighing clubs in Montreal and other cities of Canada. These clubs, like the snowshoeing clubs, have their meeting places, their excursions into the open country, their jolly suppers or dinners at some distant little inn, and their gay moonlight returns to the city. The Tandem Club is one of the most noted of the sleighing clubs of Montreal.

The Canadian is indebted to the Indian, not only for the snowshoe, but also for the toboggan. On snowshoes the Indian is able to follow the deer into its deepest forest retreats, and, after he has brought down his prey, to draw it home on his toboggan. This is a kind of sled, built so that it can move over the lightest and most powdery snow without sinking.

In making the toboggan, two pieces of basswood six feet long and two feet wide are planed down to one-quarter of an inch in thickness; they are steamed to make them flexible; and then they are fastened together by four or five bars of wood. One end is curved upward and backward like the dashboard of a sleigh, and is held in this position by wires. Two thin strips of wood are fastened along the sides, and the toboggan is complete, so far as its Indian maker is concerned. The Canadian purchaser adds a cushion.

The toboggan can be used on any hillside; but as there are apt to be inequalities in the surface of a hill, artificial slides are also built.

The toboggan slide on Mount Royal, which is thronged during Carnival time, is artificial. It consists of a steep inclined plane, built of logs and planks and covered with ice. Up one side of the slide, steps are cut for the tobogganers to climb while drawing their toboggans after them. There is a small platform at the top, where one can place his toboggan in position, and seat himself before taking the desperate plunge.

A Canadian boy has asked you to go tobogganing this evening. The slide is a cheerful sight. Torches are stuck in the snow on each side of the slide; while here and there are huge bonfires, about which gather gay groups of young men and women. Most of them are attired in the blanket suits of the snowshoers.

As you climb upward, and see the toboggans dashing down the perilous incline, you almost repent of your promise to your friend. It seems as if every one was going to destruction. Here and there are seen the pale, frightened faces of visitors who are taking their first slide; and you are sure that they will never be seen or heard of again. But in a few moments they appear, climbing up to the top, eager to try it again.

This encourages you. Your friend invites you to take the front seat, carefully looks to see that there is no dragging end of a coat or sash, gives the toboggan a short, strong push, leaps on, and you are off.

Now you are falling into space! Your breath is whisked from your body! Fragments of snow and ice

dash themselves against you; you are forced to hide your face behind your knees. Then you look up. What are those black objects flying by like rockets on one side? They must be tobogganers climbing up to the top of the slide. Then you are still on the slide after all. No, not on the slide, but at the bottom; for, in another second, with a long, slow, creeking glide, the toboggan comes to a standstill. You catch your breath, rise, and look about you.

Far away up in the air stand tiny, black figures. They are the people at the top of the slide, whom you left just half a minute ago. Your friend still holds the two small "steering sticks." By sticking their metal points into the snow from time to time, he has directed your mad flight. He turns, and asks if you are ready for one more ride.

You give a relieved smile. "One more! A dozen, if you please," you say, and, seizing the toboggan rope, you hurry up the hill, only too eager, now that the first desperate plunge has been taken safely, to enjoy the delightful sport for hours.

"Oh, yes! it is very fair fun," says your friend, in answer to your enthusiastic praises of the sport. "Very fair indeed! But you should try a real hill to know what tobogganing is! Here there are no hollows in the slide to give the toboggan desperate jounces and leaps into the air. Those we find on the Côte St. Antoine Slide. That has a descent of two thousand feet, and then a glide across the lowlands at the foot of the hill of several hundred yards.

"But after all, the very finest toboggan slide I ever

saw was at Montmorency Falls, near Quebec. You see, the spray, dashing upward from the foot of the

A TOBOGGAN SPILL.

falls, freezes in winter into a perfect cone over eighty feet high. Then the slide is not only down the cone,

but across the St. Lawrence as well. That is toboggan ing indeed."

The newest of the sports of Canada is ice boating. But if you wish to see this in its perfection, you must leave Montreal and its gay Carnival doings, and journey to one of the towns of Southern or Western Ontario.

The frosts in this region are very sharp and keen. The ice formed on lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario stretches outward from the shore for some miles. On this shore ice, and on the frozen rivers, ice boating is pursued.

The ice boat consists of a triangular framework of wood, held in shape by several crosspieces. A small box, constituting a kind of cabin to this novel yacht, is fastened upon the framework. A mast, for the support of a few sails, is set well forward. Each of the three points of the triangular ice boat is set upon a steel runner, something like the blade of a skate; and, propelled by the winds that blow against its canvas, the ice boat skates along over its glassy way. There is a small metal rudder for steering, which acts upon the ice something like a brake.

Next to a balloon or a railroad train, the ice boat is the swiftest means of traveling. Indeed, under favorable circumstances it can hold its own for a short time with a railroad train. Its average rate of speed is from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour.

Whirled along at this speed, you feel yourself grow colder and colder. You are curled up in the little box, with warm fur robes piled above you; but they afford slight protection. The keen wind cuts through every

wrap like a knife. The boat speeds on. It is charming to watch her as she moves, first with one blade in the air, and then with two. Rarely are all three blades moving upon the ice at once.

Under any but very skilful pilotage, the boat would come to grief. An incautious movement of the rudder, the spreading of an unnecessary sail, or the catching of a runner in a rough bit of ice, would be apt to wreck the unstable little craft. It needs a quick eye and a steady hand to pilot her safely on her course. But it is with ice boating as it is with tobogganing, the very dangers which are involved in it are its chief recommendation.

These sports are pursued by young and old all through the keen, but profoundly enjoyed winter. As a result of all these hardy exercises, the Canadians are a robust, happy, healthful people. Care does not seem to make the fathers of families grow old as early in life as in our own country. Boys who take prizes in the snowshoeing or skating contests often please their parents quite as much as if they had won a prize for good scholarship.

The girls are strong, healthy creatures, quite as much interested in outdoor sports as the boys. They steer toboggans, skate, and go on long snowshoe tramps with a right good will.

Nervous invalids from our country and Europe find themselves cured on passing an active winter in Canada. And, in short, all who have been there in Carnival time will say that Canada is the winter paradise of the world.

CHAPTER VI.

THROUGH THE GREAT LAKES.

The largest and best known river of Canada is the St. Lawrence, which bears down to the sea volumes of fresh water poured into it by five lakes, — the largest fresh water lakes in the world. They are Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario. We can go on a steamer from Lake Superior, the most western of the lakes, down through the other lakes and the rivers which drain them, to the sea. Fifty years ago such a journey would have been impossible, because there were then impassable rapids in the way. But the rapids are now passed by canals, and a water way of two thousand one hundred miles has been thrown open to commerce and to travel.

We will begin our journey by starting from Duluth, a flourishing city of the United States, situated at the western end of Lake Superior. It is a beautiful day for a sail. Fleecy clouds pass swiftly overhead and draw dark purple shadows in the blue waters of the lake. The water is churned by the paddle wheel of the steamer into a creamy, yellow froth, tinged here and there with emerald or turquoise. The fresh breeze fans our cheeks, and, as we come more into the open stretch of the lake, the waves mount higher and higher, until they are almost equal to ocean billows.

The motion of the steamer is so great that many of the passengers have retired to their staterooms, where

they will remain until calmer waters are reached. The passengers who are on deck at about dinner time, notice flocks of gulls following the steamer. They seem to know by instinct when meal-time approaches, and follow the vessel closely to pick up the crumbs thrown to them by the steward.

The captain produces a gun, takes careful aim at one gull, and shoots. The bird, with a sudden movement, dexterously avoids the shot, and follows the steamer as persistently as ever. These birds, on account of their sudden, quick movements, are difficult to shoot.

The ladies on board beg crumbs of the steward, and throw them to the great white-winged birds. It is a pretty sight to watch a gull flying down in a swift curve, catching the floating bits of bread while in rapid flight, and speeding on in his uninterrupted course.

We are coasting along the northern or Canadian shore of Lake Superior. This shore is bold and rocky, and is bordered by many steep cliffs and gloomy precipices. The valleys of the small streams which flow into the lake have high and narrow walls, and indeed form small canyons, or gorges. The northern shore presents a strong contrast to the southern or American shore, which is low and sandy.

Many islands skirt the edge of the lake. Some are mere crags rising from the water like the battlemented walls of a castle; others are low, with white, sandy beaches, and a scanty crop of evergreen shrubs. On many of these islands thousands of birds lay their eggs, and, at any time in the summer, enough may be gathered to make a delicious meal.

We are now at the entrance of Thunder Bay. The Marquis of Lorne, late governor of Canada, gave this bay the pretty name of "The Silver Gate of Lake Superior." It was so called because silver was found in great quantities on the eastern side of the bay. The "Silver Gate" is guarded eternally by two mighty wardens, — Thunder Cape and McKay's Mountain.

If we should sail into Thunder Bay, we should find two flourishing towns on its western shore. One is Fort William, and the other Prince Arthur's Landing.

Fort William is the older of the two. It was once the busy headquarters of a large company of fur traders, known as the Northwest Company. Once a year the chief men of the company would proceed from Montreal and Quebec to the remote little post of Fort William to meet their officers who had been stationed in the West.

The progress of the leaders of the company was almost like a triumphal march. They brought with them canoes laden with rich foods and choice wines. French cooks and bakers accompanied them; and Canadian oarsmen, as obedient as galley slaves, rowed their canoes. Imagine their slow, stately progress across wild Lake Superior and through the noble gateway of Thunder Bay, with Thunder Cape and McKay's Mountain waving their giant pines in salute.

At Fort William the partners of the company who came from the trading posts in the far West also assembled. These were men who had spent their lives in the back woods, and who, for their faithful services, had been made partners in the company. How proud they

were to receive a summons to the council chamber and the sumptuous board at Fort William! Many of them were Scotchmen, who decked themselves and the admiring retainers who accompanied them, as bravely as if they were going to a gathering of the clans in the Scotch Highlands.

The meeting took place in an enormous chamber, whose rough walls were hung with Indian tomahawks and clubs, and with the skins of fur-bearing animals.

First was held the great council, which was conducted with all the pomp and seriousness of a true parliament. The accounts of the year just closed were made up; the officers from the remote posts made their reports; and new plans for the coming year were discussed.

Then came the banquet, the great occasion of the year. The tables groaned under the good cheer. Here were venison from the forest, and fish from the lake, with the unusual luxuries of buffaloes' tongues and beavers' tails. Then it was that the grand seigniors from Montreal unbent, and joked and laughed with a right good will. Such thrilling stories of adventure as were told around that festive board! The rousing songs and resounding cheers that arose seemed almost to crack the rafters.

What a picture the flickering fire light shone upon, as it lighted the grizzly, sunburnt countenances of the rough hunters, and the pale, refined faces of the traders from Montreal! The muscular, brown hands of the forests raised the bumpers together with delicate, white hands from the city. All was brightness, warmth, and hearty good cheer, as those old fellows told their wonderful stories and roared over their jokes like boys.

But the palmy days of the old fur traders are gone from the town of Fort William. As for the fort itself, it is now crumbling to decay, while weeds flourish in the silent and deserted courtyard.

Copper is found in great quantities on an island in the eastern part of Lake Superior. The mines are now worked by an English company, but centuries ago they were mined by an ancient people of whom very little is known. They built large, earthen mounds, shaped like serpents, beasts, and men; and on this account are known as the Mound Builders. Their shaft, in which a large mass of copper hangs suspended, and their rude mining tools, can still be seen on the island. Rich mines of copper and iron are found in the United States on the shore of Lake Superior.

The bed of the lake is inlaid with many precious stones, which the waves are continually bringing to the shore. Imagine yourself walking along one of Lake Superior's white beaches and seeing a retreating wave leave an opal at your feet, — a lovely, clear stone, with red, blue, green, and violet lights shooting through it.

A party in a canoe will often go hunting for amethysts, just as a New England party might start off on a search for checkerberries. Green jasper, many-colored carnelian, and agate can be found. The stones are small, but sometimes a large one rewards patient search.

The water of Lake Superior is as clear as crystal. On calm days, an anchor painted white can be seen at a depth of ninety fathoms. The water is also intensely cold. If a vessel were wrecked very far from land, the stoutest swimmer could hardly save himself. The cold

of the water would, in time, benumb him so that he would become unable to take a single stroke.

This lake comes justly by its name, for it is superior to all the other Great Lakes in its size, in the clearness and coldness of its water, in the healthfulness of its climate, and in its mineral wealth.

Violent storms have often occurred on Lake Superior, in which many lives have been lost. The waves of the lake, under a sweeping wind, can be raised into tremendous billows; and there are certain walls of cliffs on the north shore, which a canoe never ventures past in uncertain weather.

Lake Superior flows into Lake Huron by the St. Mary's River, at the head of which are the St. Mary's Rapids. The rapids can be descended in a canoe, but steamers and other vessels pass through the canal. There is no steep fall in any part of the rapids, but instead, a gradual flow of the river over a descent of eighteen feet in three-quarters of a mile.

Many small islands lie in the midst of the stream, making numerous channels among the rapids. Descending the rapids in a canoe is called "dancing among the waters." Many tourists, among them ladies, enjoy this somewhat dangerous pastime exceedingly.

Indians in canoes may be seen fishing at all hours. Fine whitefish are caught at the foot of the rapids. Two Indians take their canoe into the most turbulent part of the channel below the rapids. One sits in the stern, and, with his single oar, holds the canoe in place for hours, as steadily as if it were anchored.

The other is the fisherman. He stands in the bow

with a large scoop net over three feet in diameter. As a whitefish attempts to swim up the rapids, he throws the net over his nose, and, with a dexterous turn of the wrist, the net is closed and the prize hauled on board. This kind of fishing is very exciting and pays well.

Now we enter Lake Huron. This is the third of the Great Lakes in size, — Lake Michigan, which belongs wholly to the United States, being the next largest to Superior.

The southwestern shores of Lake Huron are rich in mines of salt and brine. They were discovered by a man who was boring for oil. He had pierced to the depth of one thousand feet, when he came to an underground pool of brine, which is salt dissolved in water.

Examining further, he discovered many more pools of brine, separated by beds of salt crystals. The pools of brine had once been beds of crystals; but rain water had penetrated to the layers of salt crystals, had melted them, and had thus formed brine.

There are many salt factories in this region, where the salt is mined, partially purified, packed, and shipped to distant places. The tall, tapering chimneys, which cover the openings into the mines, are common sights on the shores of Lake Huron.

Many of the Canadian villages and towns have a fleet of fishing boats, or wherries, which sail, in the early dawn, to the fishing grounds, twenty miles away. The crew of the wherry consists of four men, often grim and silent Scotchmen.

The ordinary catch is from one thousand to two

thousand pounds, mostly obtained by net. The fish usually caught are the salmon trout, often as large and heavy as a child of three years; the whitefish, which is delicious eating; and the lake herring, somewhat like the salt water herring. The fish are cleaned on board, as the wherry is returning to the shore, which it reaches about noon. The cargo is then bought by a firm of fish dealers, who either pickle the fish or send them, packed in ice, to the markets in Canada and the United States.

The waters of Lake Huron vary in color. Near the shore they are of a brownish yellow; then the yellow shades into green; next is a patch of pure green; and in the centre, the lake is a bright blue. Under the sunset, bands of purple, violet, and all the colors of the rainbow blend with the blue of the lake.

The three links that bind Lake Huron to Lake Erie are the St. Clair River, Lake St. Clair, and the Detroit River. All these are on the same level, and navigation can be easily carried on through them. No canals are necessary. The only obstacle in the past was the shallowness of Lake St. Clair. But lately a deep channel has been dredged through the middle of the lake at considerable cost. The largest steamers can now pass through the channel, which is bordered on each side by broad dikes, on whose tops lighthouses and cottages may be seen.

The St. Clair River in past ages brought down so much fine mud that a delta of forty acres was formed at its mouth. The delta contains many small lakes and grassy islands, and is known as the St. Clair Flats.

Rushes and sedges grow from the water, and in some places choke up the small channels so that it is difficult to push a boat through the dense growth. Game is very plentiful on the St. Clair Flats. Some acres have been hired by sportsmen, who have erected clubhouses, and who come to the flats about the twelfth of August for a few days' shooting.

There are innumerable stories that might be told of the Detroit River, — Indian stories, and stories of the Jesuits, the devoted men who braved the dangers of the sea and the forest, hoping to teach the Indians Christianity. One story we will listen to, which has for a hero an old French priest, Père Galinée. He and his followers had started to explore the Detroit River and to establish there a mission to the Indians.

The journey was one chapter of accidents. It seemed to the priests as if Satan had control of the weather, the winds, and the waves, and was using all his power to prevent them from reaching their journey's end.

They had found Lake Erie in its stormiest mood. Once a high surf arose and carried off their canoe; again, as they were thoroughly wearied out by a tramp of sixty miles and were sleeping on its shores, a violent wind sprang up and the rising waters of the lake swept away their baggage, provisions, and, worst loss of all, the altar service, which was to them the most important sign of the faith for which they were working. This was a great blow.

Proceeding to the Detroit River, they found on its shore a camp ground, sacred to the Indian god who ruled the waters of Lake Erie. The god, a great stone

idol with rudely painted features, stood in the centre of the camp ground, surrounded by a circle of lodges. Whenever the Indians ventured in their canoes upon stormy Lake Erie, they were accustomed to offer up sacrifices of furs and game to this god, praying him to guide them safely on their way.

The Indians advised the missionaries to do this also. Père Galinée was filled with indignation by this advice. Seizing an axe, he attacked the idol, and, in sight of the awe-struck Indians, hewed it into many pieces. The largest fragment he placed upon a canoe, rowed into the middle of Detroit River, and hurled it overboard. For all we know, it is resting in the depths of the river at the present day.

Lake Erie is the shallowest of the Great Lakes, and, on this account, is the most stormy. A strong wind can, at any time, whip up large waves on the lake; and if it comes from the southwest, the waves become foamy billows, racing in upon the beach as great breakers. Sometimes peninsulas, stretching out into the lake, are cut through by the force of the waves and carried away.

Great danger always calls forth heroes, and the heroes of Lake Erie are legion. Every one has heard of John Maynard, the pilot who steered the burning steamer safe to shore, while he himself was slowly burning to death at his post. As the vessel touched the land, and a glad cry of thankfulness arose from the passengers whose lives he had saved, Maynard's blackened corpse fell into the quiet bosom of the lake.

The heroine of Lake Erie is a Mrs. Becker. She lived with her husband and little children on a low

sandy island, whose only other inhabitant was the light-house keeper. One night there came on a terrible storm, which shook the small shanty and awoke Mrs. Becker from sound sleep. Her husband was away selling furs on the mainland, and there was no one to comfort her frightened little ones but herself.

On looking out at daybreak, she found fragments of the boat of a vessel at her door. Hastening instantly to the shore, she peered into the gray gloom. At length she distinguished the masts of a schooner, and, clinging to them, dark objects that must be the crew. Back to her cottage she rushed for matches and a teakettle, and then hurried barefooted through the pitiless winter storm for two miles along the shore. Soon a fire of driftwood was blazing high. This was a beacon to the shipwrecked sailors; and, to cheer them with the sight of the presence of some human being, Mrs. Becker spent all day upon the shore, pacing up and down before the fire. She had hoped that the sailors might attempt to swim to land; but the gray winter twilight was coming on, and no one had ventured.

The wind arose. Evidently another dreadful night was at hand. The case was desperate.

Mrs. Becker waded into the icy water until it was up to her arms; then, as near to the drowning men as she could go, she flung her arms above her head, and with wild, desperate gestures strove to make them understand that there was no boat to send out and that their only hope was to swim to shore.

The captain decided to make the dangerous attempt. If he reached land in safety, the crew would follow.

He was a strong, expert swimmer; but just as he rose on his feet close to the shore, the treacherous undertow flung him down and was hurrying him back to death. But no! Mrs. Becker rushed into the surf, seized him, and dragged him upon the shore.

One of the crew followed. The captain plunged into the surf to aid his failing strength; and once more the undertow clutched them both, and would have drowned them if Mrs. Becker had not again rushed to the rescue.

At last all the men from the wreck were safe on shore. They warmed their half-frozen bodies at the driftwood fire, and were filled with new vigor by draughts from the teakettle.

The next day a passing vessel took them away. But they did not forget Mrs. Becker. Everywhere, throughout both Canada and the United States, the story of her brave action is still told.

The Canadian Government gave her a farm of one hundred acres looking out upon the scene of the rescue. The merchants and shipowners of Buffalo contributed one thousand dollars towards stocking her farm. The Life-Saving Association of New York sent her a gold medal. The simple-minded woman was overcome by all these blessings, and constantly declared that "she did no more 'n she 'd ought to, no more 'n she 'd do again."

Leaving Lake Erie, we pass into the Niagara River, and approach the most celebrated spot in our whole trip through the Great Lakes, —Niagara Falls, renowned throughout the world.

Long ago, some Indian hunters, traveling through the pathless forests, heard a muffled, swelling murmur.

Turning toward it, they came upon a sight of unutterable grandeur. The falls then were in the midst of forests, and pines and cedars balanced their slender stems on the very verge of the gulf. With the sight nearly blinding them, and the sound deafening them, what wonder that to the Indians Niagara seemed to be a powerful god whose favor must be humbly sought.

Every year they offered a sacrifice to the spirit of the falls. A beautiful young girl was bound in a canoe and set adrift above the cataract. Music was played to drown her cries, while she passed over the edge of the falls to her frightful death below. Though such horrible customs are past now, yet it is said that Niagara still claims its annual sacrifice, and that some one is dashed over the falls each year.

The French explorers and priests gazed with awe and admiration on this wonder of the New World. They greatly exaggerated its height, stating in their records that it was six hundred or seven hundred feet high. In reality it is one hundred and fifty feet.

Near the middle of the upper edge of the falls is a wooded island. This is Goat Island, which separates the American from the Canadian side, — the Horseshoe Fall from the American Fall.

Perhaps the best idea of Niagara can be gained by the view from Table Island, a small ledge of rock near the edge of the Horseshoe Fall. Here the rush of the rapids above the falls, the falls themselves, and the abyss below, into which the water flings itself, can all be seen.

Half a mile above the cataract, the river bed slopes

steeply, and here the Grand Rapids begin their wild course. The river is a seething mass of tossing, foaming water. Here is the rushing of water over sunken rocks; there the dangerous eddy of a whirlpool. Great curves of clear green water and crescents of glittering white foam all rush wildly on in apparent confusion, but in real order and succession, down to the terrible verge over which they madly plunge.

The Horseshoe is the larger fall. It is twice as wide as the American Fall, and a much larger volume of water passes over it. The volume of water passing over the Horseshoe Fall is so immense that it is not immediately broken into spray while descending, but for some distance down the fall retains its perfect smoothness.

In great knots and masses of crystalline green, it roars into the gulf beneath, where it lies smothered by its own weight, with only a quivering motion upon the surface to tell of the mighty currents wrestling beneath. The cauldron at the foot of the falls is a mass of foam, with jets of water and spurts of spray steaming upward from the very centre of the conflicting undercurrents.

The American Fall is not so grand and majestic as its neighbor, but it possesses a beauty of its own. The falling water is dashed at once into spray, which bathes the whole cataract. A light veil of mist hangs continually about it, and, in the sunshine, rainbow colors are reflected from thousands of bright, falling waterdrops.

A fine view of Niagara could once be had from the Suspension Bridge, which is a slender arch of iron, spanning the river below the falls. But recently this

view has been cut off by a railroad bridge which has been built across the river above the Suspension Bridge.

The Indian name of Niagara, which means "thunder of waters," was a happy choice. The noise of the falling water is so full, so complete, that one is hardly aware of its volume, until he sees the moving lips of his companions and realizes that he can hear no sound save the deep thunder of the cataract. In fact, both the sense of sight and the sense of hearing are overpowered. They refuse to act at the same time. When one sees, he cannot hear. When he hears, he cannot see. It is a rest and a relief at last to turn away from the tremendous roar of Niagara.

In winter Niagara is a fairy scene. Every fence, tree, shrub, and blade of grass upon which its spray falls, is covered with a thin crust which sparkles and glistens in the sunshine like mother-of-pearl. From the tips of the branches of the evergreen trees hang ice balls, which the children call ice apples. The brow of every cliff is crowned with snowy wreaths, and many-tinted icicles hang from its face.

A thin, silvery sheet of water pours over the American Fall, but half way down it is frozen into a thick mist. The wave of the Horseshoe Fall, contrasted with its snow-white surroundings, looks greener than ever, as it crashes its way through the frost and ice that would strive to bind it. The most beautiful rainbows span the fall from top to bottom. They never remain the same, but break and again form their graceful curves.

With the roar of Niagara dying in our ears, we de-

scend the Niagara River and enter Ontario, the smallest of the Great Lakes.

Its shores are low and fertile, and many farms slope gently downward to its quiet waters. The scenes on either hand are very peaceful and restful, as we plough our way across the lake to Kingston, a great grain-shipping centre at the entrance to the St. Lawrence River. Here our trip through the Great Lakes ceases, and our river journey begins.

CHAPTER VII.

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Are you thoroughly rested after your journey through the Lakes? Do you want another long sail? This time we will follow the course of the river St. Lawrence from Lake Ontario to the sea, perhaps stopping here and there for a glance up one or two of its larger tributaries.

Taking the beautiful white steamer at Kingston, we steam away eastwardly over as blue waters and under as fair a sky as heart could desire. Presently we enter the Lake of the Thousand Islands. That is the name given to the river for the first forty miles of its course after leaving Lake Ontario.

It is so called because its surface is studded everywhere with islands, — some a mere bit of rock or tuft of grass, others much larger. They are called the

Thousand Islands; but in reality there are sixteen hundred of them.

They are very beautiful in the clear sunshine. Some of the islands have high, rocky faces, covered with the pale green and gray of clinging lichens, and crowned with plumy masses of evergreens. Others are lower, with small, white, sandy beaches, and with maples and birches trailing their lowest branches in the calm waters, upon which float great white and gold pond lilies. The steamer follows its winding course, avoiding those islands from which beds of rushes and sedges spread out toward the middle of the stream. Every turn in the course reveals some charming vista.

It occurs to you that these narrow channels, winding among myriads of islands, all so much alike, would be a capital place for a game of hide-and-seek. With a boat, a man who knew this region could hide himself from any one. So thought Bill Johnson, who, with other outlaws, had burned the ship "Sir Robert Peel." He was rowed in a canoe from island to island by his daughter Kate, a brave girl who kept her father hidden and supplied with food for some time.

Leaving the Thousand Islands, the St. Lawrence broadens and forms Lake St. Francis, the first of a series of lakes named for the old French saints by the early explorers. The shores of Lake St. Francis are covered with woods and farms. The very quiet and peaceful view is bounded by a distant range of blue mountains, which are the Adirondacks of New York.

The St. Lawrence now contracts into two distinct series of rapids, — the Cedar Rapids and the Cascade.

After the excitement of shooting these rapids is over, we find ourselves on another expansion of the St. Lawrence, called Lake St. Louis. The island of Montreal lies to the northeast and the Ottawa River to the west.

This river is the largest tributary of the St. Lawrence. It flows from the great forest regions in Northern Ontario and bears downward to the St. Lawrence the logs, cribs, and large rafts which are prepared by the lumbermen. Its yellowish brown current hardly seems to mingle with the blue waters of the St. Lawrence.

Just at this point a cross has been erected upon a high mound on the eastern shore. It has been placed there for mariners to look to in times of peril, and reminds one that, before mooring in safety in the harbor of Montreal, the Lachine Rapids are to be passed.

As we pass a bend in the river, a mass of breakers come in sight, bathing with flying spray two small islands in their midst. The rush of the river bears us onward, and now we are in the breakers, turning in one direction, reeling in the opposite direction, and being generally tossed and rocked about. The Indian pilot, firm as a rock, stands at the wheel with his eyes fixed upon the shore.

Soon calmer water is reached; and at length we enter the fine harbor of Montreal, recognizing with a thrill of pleasure the old landmarks, Bonsecours Church and Notre Dame.

One night is to be passed in the city, and, while we travelers are resting, I shall improve the opportunity by telling you something of the capital of the Dominion of Canada.

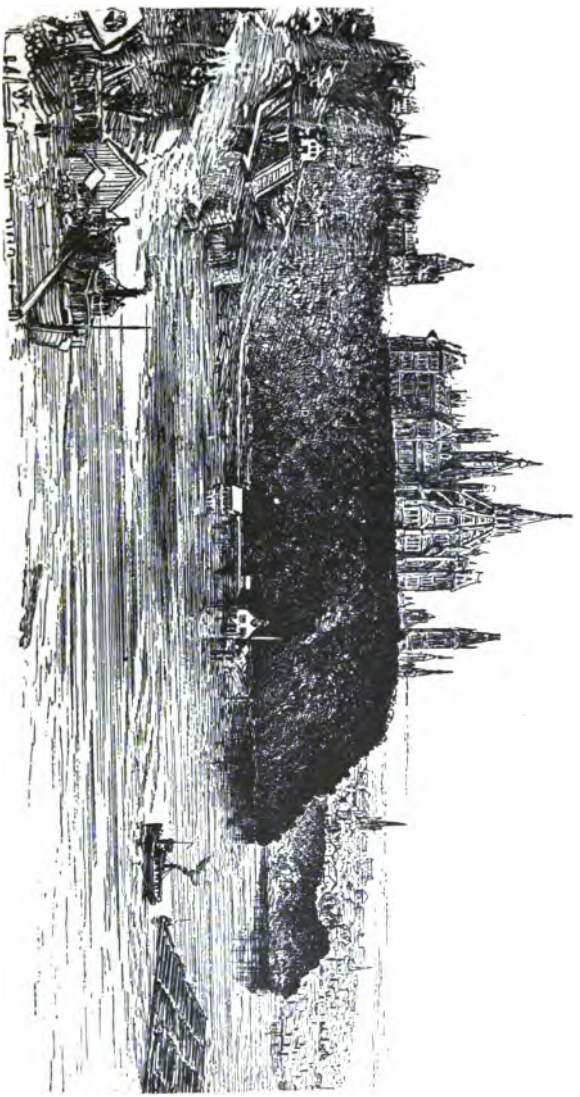
If we had followed that brown river, the Ottawa, from where it joined the blue St. Lawrence up among the hills and forests, we should have come to a city perched on the river bluffs close by two large falls. This is Ottawa, the capital of Canada.

About thirty years ago Kingston, Toronto, and Quebec were all quarreling as to which of them should be the capital of the new government. Finally the queen was appealed to; and, passing over all the older, prouder cities, she selected a small, half savage place called Bytown and named it Ottawa.

Ottawa is the centre of the lumber region, and its wonderful water power is used to turn innumerable mills. There are mills for making pails and matches, and sawmills where the buzz and hiss of saws cutting through logs is heard day and night. But however proud Ottawa may be of her wealth in lumber, she is proudest of all of the two buildings which mark her as the first city in the land, — the Parliament House and Rideau Hall.

The Parliament buildings are situated on a hill, and their towers can be seen from all parts of the city. With their extensive grounds they cover four acres and have cost five millions of dollars. They form three sides of a huge square, which is covered with beautifully kept grass crossed by broad gravel walks. The buildings are of cream-colored sandstone, with trimmings of warm red sandstone. The combination of the cream and the red is very pleasing to the eye.

The chambers for the senate and for the commons are in the central building, at the head of the square. The



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA, CANADA.

halls are alike in their shape and in the general arrangement of the furniture. The speaker's desk is at one side of the lower house; a narrow aisle leads to it, on either side of which the desks of the members rise in tiers.

The library is in the central building, back of the two chambers. It is a great, beautiful room, well planned for reading purposes. The woodwork is elegantly carved, and the room is further adorned by a marble statue of Queen Victoria, and marble busts of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The governor general of Canada is appointed by the queen. He is often a nobleman. Canada has been very fortunate in her governors, for they have been singularly able men, thoroughly alive to all that would promote the growth of the country under their rule. Kindly Lord Dufferin was dearly loved by the Canadians, and the late governor general of Canada, the Marquis of Lorne, and his gracious wife, the Princess Louise, daughter of the queen, have left behind them very pleasant memories. Rideau Hall was a gay and lively place both in summer and winter, under their sway.

The house itself, a large, rambling building of plaster, brick, and stone, is unpretentious, and, if the truth must be told, extremely ugly when viewed from the outside. But within, Rideau Hall is charming. There have been many additions to the building from time to time, and a house that has grown in this way always has nooks and corners, stairs here and stairs there, that are thoroughly delightful.

Then, too, it is situated in the midst of beautiful grounds covering ninety acres in extent. At one point in the driveway leading to the house, a circular opening has been cut through the trees, giving a beautiful outlook upon the Ottawa River. This is called the Princess' Vista, because the leaf-bordered window was opened at the request of the Princess Louise.

The sail from Montreal to Quebec is somewhat monotonous. On each side are narrow, fertile strips of farms, white, dusty roads, and cottages clustering about some high-shouldered, steep-roofed church with its glittering tin spire.

Presently lofty Cape Diamond, crowned with the gray walls of Quebec, appears, and we glide slowly by the city, getting many a glimpse of the busy life in the market place and on the wharves. That white streak on the left, in the midst of purple shadows and dense trees, is Montmorency Falls. The Isle of Orleans with its green and fertile farms is just ahead.

At this point the river suddenly broadens, and flows steadily onward to the sea. It is here that the first swell of the ocean tides is felt; but the salt taste of sea water is not found in the St. Lawrence for one hundred miles more.

The mountains now approach the north shore, where they tower up dark and lonely, clothed with evergreens and with oaks, poplars, and birches. Here and there they are parted by a swift stream or river, and a glimpse into the heart of the hills is obtained that is really depressing; such a bleak, desolate, awfully grand region does it disclose.

The mountains on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence do not approach as near to the river bank as do those on the northern shore. The rivers rising here are slow and winding, and dark with the rich soil which they carry along. The shore is thickly settled. Farmhouses, villages, and now and then a populous town, succeed one another in an endless procession.

Here are the popular summer resorts of the Canadians, — St. Paul Bay and Murray Bay on the northern shore, and Cacouna on the southern.

On the north shore, opposite Cacouna, is the mouth of the Saguenay River. This is a great, deep river, that rises among dark and lonesome hills, and, flowing through most grand and awful scenery, silently pours its inky waters into the sparkling St. Lawrence.

The steamer pauses for a few hours at Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, and there is time for a stroll about the town. It is built on wooded heights sloping down to a semicircular bay, which is so small that only ten or twelve ships at a time can anchor there in safety. From the hills covered with spruces, back of the town, a magnificent view is obtained.

The full breadth of the St. Lawrence lies before you, smooth as glass; and, gazing past the numerous islands lying peacefully on its calm surface, you can faintly distinguish a light blue line. It is the south shore twenty-five miles away, which can be seen only on clear, bright days.

Lord Dufferin used to spend his vacations at Tadoussac. It had many advantages for a summer residence. Steamers passed there daily, so the governor

could keep posted as to the daily news; then the natural attractions of Tadoussac were great. It was in the midst of beautiful scenery, and still grander scenery could be easily reached by taking a steamer up the Saguenay. There was also fine fishing and hunting in the neighborhood.

Tadoussac is connected with the past by no less than three interesting relics. Here can be seen the battery of Jacques Cartier, the early explorer of Canada; the old, weather-worn hut that once belonged to the Hudson Bay Company; and last and greatest attraction of all, a little Jesuit church, which is two hundred and fifty years old. Next to the church in St. Augustine, in Florida, it is the oldest in America.

Once more the steamer is sailing up the Saguenay. On each side it is walled in by cliffs over a thousand feet high, which rise directly from the water's edge. Beneath them the dark river flows sluggishly along. The further any one sails on this strange river, the more awful and impressive does it become.

The loneliness of the scene is overwhelming. The gleam of the white fins of a porpoise, the whirl of a gull overhead, and the distant flash of a sail only make one realize more fully the great silence and the absence of human life. The scream of the loon is startling.

The story that a party of early French explorers sailed up the Saguenay and were never seen again, seems quite in harmony with the impression the river has left upon the mind. A vessel might sink in these mysterious, dark waters, and the cliffs might echo and reëcho with the despairing cries of drowning men, and

the great, busy world be never the wiser. The Saguenay keeps its own counsel.

The passengers are now arranging themselves on one side of the steamer so as best to see Cape Eternity. This is a perpendicular shaft of rock rising from the river. The eye follows the clear reflection down into the water, and then, returning to the cliff itself, moves up and up its towering heights of fifteen hundred feet to the very clouds. The top of the cliff, crowned with bushy pines, leans forward and seems about to totter and fall.

As the steamer moves beneath its shadow, many a passenger feels the same dizzy sensation that often overtakes one while standing on the edge of a precipice. The water at the base of Cape Eternity is of unknown depth. The face of the cliff is weather-stained, and here and there a spring of water trickles down.

Cape Trinity is a little farther up the river on the same side. Though three hundred feet higher than its sister cliff, Cape Trinity does not seem so terrible as Cape Eternity. It slopes gently backward from the river, and is clothed to the summit with dense ranks of tall pines. The cliff has been rent by the mighty force of fire or earthquake into three divisions, and so has been named Trinity.

Sixty miles more of bleak and rugged hills bring us to Ha Ha Bay. This bay was first entered by a gay party of French explorers who thought they were following the river. Discovering their blunder, they burst into peals of laughter, and named the bay that had so deceived them, Ha Ha.

It is a great relief to find this cheerful little nook nestled among the solemn hills. People are cutting down trees, running mills, and picking berries. The common everyday matters of life are going on, even though the place is near the gloomy and awful Saguenay.

But we must tarry no longer on this tributary of the St. Lawrence, however beautiful it may be, but hasten back to the main stream. Past the Saguenay River, the shores of the St. Lawrence recede very rapidly from each other. Presently the farther shore seems but a faint mist on the horizon line. And now the salt breeze blows in our faces; the swell of the river becomes that of the sea; and finally the St. Lawrence, its long task of draining a continent over, joyously leaps into the sea.

CHAPTER VIII.

QUAINT OLD QUEBEC.

Over three hundred years ago the King of France gave three vessels to a brave and good navigator named Jacques Cartier. He was instructed to follow the river St. Lawrence, whose entrance he had discovered a year before, and see if he could not reach India.

Even the wisest men in those days did not know so much geography as a boy of ten does to-day. But the mistaken idea was a good one on some accounts, for it led to the thorough exploration of many of our large

rivers on the Atlantic coast. The James and Hudson were taken for routes to India, as well as the St. Lawrence.

Cartier was to take possession of all the land for fair France, and to bring back to his gracious sovereign yellow gold and fine pearls from India. His stanch little vessels breasted the Atlantic surges, and came fluttering up the river, looking to the astonished Indians like great, white-winged waterfowl from some unknown country across the sea.

They sailed on and on up this mighty river, which was almost broad enough for a sea. After they had followed its course for three hundred miles, they saw before them a great red rock projecting into the stream. A green bluff on the opposite shore stretched towards the rock; and thus the bed of the river was narrowed at this point to only three-quarters of a mile.

Cartier landed, climbed the rock, and looked around him. Over three hundred feet below rolled the great river. He could have dropped a stone into its waters as they lapped the foot of the rock. From both shores vast plains stretched away. The green turf and ancient forests bore testimony to the fertility of the soil. Blue mountain peaks forty miles distant formed an appropriate setting for this beautiful view.

Did Cartier see in a vision the city that was to be? Did he see the river, so clearly marked out as one of the great water ways of the world, alive with craft of every description? Did he picture great ships from all over the world riding at anchor in the harbor?

Something of this he undoubtedly saw; for a man

of his experience could but realize that this was the commanding point of the river, the key of the country. His heart swelled with hope and trust in what was to be. All this beautiful region he gave to God, to France, and to his king.

Fifty years afterward, Champlain founded the city of Quebec. The name which he gave it means narrowing, and refers to the narrowing of the St. Lawrence at this point. Champlain was a great explorer. He discovered the Richelieu River and Lake Champlain. He sailed up the Ottawa, visited Lake Ontario for the first time, and founded Montreal.

Champlain was devoted to the interests of his little colony. Twenty times he crossed the ocean to intercede, in her behalf, with the home government. And crossing the ocean in those days was a much longer and a much more dangerous undertaking than it is now.

His treaties with the Indians were never broken. With the single exception of the Iroquois, he won all the Indians for his firm friends; and the influence of the French over them was still more increased by the arrival of Jesuit priests.

Champlain was an ardently religious man. He first gave Quebec that strong religious bent which it has kept to the present day. There are now five times the number of churches needed for the population, and it was relatively so in the seventeenth century.

One of the chief objects of the French in settling Quebec was to Christianize the Indians; and early in the history of the settlement a band of Jesuits arrived for this purpose. They were brave, devoted men who

were willing to suffer all manner of privations to accomplish their ends. Many of them lived for years in the wigwams of Indian families, wandering where they wandered, hunting, bearing burdens, suffering from cold and hunger — all to gain the love of the savage people.

So it naturally came to pass that the Indians were devoted to the French and their interests. This fact was a sad one for the English. In the eighteenth century there were a number of wars between the two nations, in which the Indians were most terrible foes to the English. Many an outlying settlement was burned in the dead of night and the people brutally massacred.

Winter stopped the action of the French and English armies; but on their snowshoes the red men could easily and quickly make their way to any region, and the settlers never felt safe from their stealthy assaults.

The old citadel of Quebec, on the summit of the rock, has been besieged five times. Sir William Pepperell, governor of Massachusetts, and his besieging army were once triumphantly driven away. The citizens, to celebrate this victory, built a little church called Our Lady of the Victory.

At the time of its erection a nun prophesied that this church was to be burned by the English, who would conquer the city at some future date. The prophecy came true. In 1759, in the last and most terrible of the Indian wars, Quebec was taken by the English under Wolfe.

Every schoolboy knows the story of the capture: how Wolfe and his men floated silently down the St. Lawrence to a sheltered little cove; how they climbed the

steep ascent to the Heights of Abraham, dragging their single cannon after them; how Montcalm, the gallant French commander, came from the city to meet his equally gallant foe; and how the French were defeated, and both leaders slain.

The dying words of both captains have often been repeated by schoolboys whose hearts swell with emotion at the noble deaths of these brave men. Wolfe, dying on the battlefield, when told that the French were flying, said, "God be praised; I die happy." Montcalm, dying in the quiet shelter of the Ursuline Convent, when told that he should only live a few hours, answered, "So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

With the fall of Quebec Canada passed into the hands of the English, and ever since it has been the most valued foreign possession of Great Britain.

Although belonging to the English, the city is thoroughly French in its appearance. It resembles the French cities of the seventeenth century, and its principal charm is that, although situated so near the bustling life of our nineteenth century, it yet maintains a spirit of remoteness and antiquity. It is the constant delight of tourists who love to awaken in themselves reminiscences of the castles and cathedrals of Europe.

Travelers by boat often reach Quebec early in the morning, and the first glimpse of the city is a sight never to be forgotten. The great rock towers above the river. Its base is enveloped by mist; but the purple and red lights of its crown are brought out clearly by the morning sunshine.

At its feet flows the river, covered with craft of every description, — great foreign-looking ships, white and black steamers, and noisy little tug boats plying their busy way from shore to shore. At the foot of the crag and along its slopes are the houses of the lower town. The summit is edged with the famous gray wall, and topped by the citadel. Over all floats the scarlet flag of England with the St. George's cross.

The rock on which the citadel is built is called Cape Diamond, because of the crystals of quartz which have been found there. Cape Diamond is very abrupt on the southeastern or river side, but towards the northwest it slopes downward into the table-lands which line the St. Lawrence for eight miles.

All the elevated land is surrounded by a wall which closely skirts the bluff for some distance, and then cuts across the table-lands a mile back of the citadel. The land inclosed by the wall forms the upper town, which contains most of the public buildings, dwelling houses, and small stores.

The lower town skirts the foot of Cape Diamond, extends up the slopes to the gray walls, and stretches away over the plains to the north and west. Here are found the wholesale stores and the business and commercial blocks.

The upper town is reached from the lower town in three ways, — by a zigzag road leading up Mountain Street, by such a very steep flight of steps that they are known as Breakneck Stairs, and by an elevator which is not used in winter.

If we climb Breakneck Stairs, we come to Dufferin

Terrace. This is a magnificent promenade laid out on the edge of the cliff two hundred feet above the water. The platform, as we might call it, is two hundred feet wide. The people who have been cramped in the narrow, crooked streets all day, come in the evening to this wide, free, breezy space, and walk, talk, and gaze upon the view to their heart's content.

Here and there on the edge of the terrace summer-houses or pavilions have been erected wherever the prospect is finest. And indeed the outlook is a magnificent one.

The last rays of the setting sun linger on the steep tin roofs of the houses of the lower town, making them appear like molten gold. The river rolls on its tranquil way between the green shores and the narrow, regular farms which run like ribbons from the river to the road.

As the evening wears on, the promenaders increase. There are a few young Englishmen, and some American travelers; but the majority of the people are French of the middle class. Here is the grave lawyer, tall and thin, with his profession unmistakably carved in the severe lines on his face. Many groups of young people are seen. The girls are pretty, and are dressed in old-fashioned style. The young men are dressed more gayly. They wear bright-colored ties and gay scarfs, with perhaps a few superfluous rings.

Now it is deep twilight. The huge bulk of the citadel rises to the right. The streets of the lower town begin to be defined by dotted lines of light, as the lamplighter goes on his rounds. Lights swarm up the oppo-

site slope of Point Levi, and cluster thickly in the harbor where the shipping lies.

Suddenly a strange, new brightness appears in the heavens. A glowing arch spans the northern sky, and quivering darts of pale violet and delicate crimson shoot from it to the zenith. It is the aurora borealis, the wonder of the north!

Only too soon the sky is dark again, and, warned of the lateness of the hour by a deep boom from the citadel gun, we leave the terrace, carrying with us as one of the richest of our Quebec experiences, this vision from Dufferin Terrace.

By day the terrace is almost deserted. Only a few nursemaids with their charges visit the quiet, sunny spot. The children play around the old gun carriages and the piles of cannon-balls which are stacked on the terrace.

Back of Dufferin Terrace is the Governor's Garden. This was a much frequented spot in earlier days, but now it is somewhat neglected. Very few persons are seen walking down the shady paths, where formerly thronged the nobility and wealth of the city.

Its chief attraction is a stately monument to Montcalm and Wolfe. The obelisk, sixty-five feet high, bears a Latin inscription to the two heroes. It was a happy thought to unite by a common monument "the memory of those who fell in fight against each other, as closely as if they had both died for the same cause."

From the western end of Dufferin Terrace a flight of several hundred steps leads to the top of the grassy

bank on which the fortifications are built. By following the narrow pathway, we reach the entrance to the citadel.

We pass through the chain gates and stand in the parade ground. Opposite is the dark, heavy structure of Dalhousie Gate. But notwithstanding its grim aspect, the scene is one of peace. The top of the walls and ramparts are overgrown with grass, upon which several goats are tranquilly feeding.

Passing Dalhousie Gate we are fairly within the citadel, and a bewildering array of walls, ramparts, and ditches stretches away in all directions. As we follow the zigzag lines with our eyes, we can well believe that the fortress covers forty acres. The strongest fort in the Old World is on the Rock of Gibraltar. When Quebec was first built, its walls were so thick and strong that it was called "The Gibraltar of America."

The ramparts overgrown with grass form delightful promenades and command beautiful views in all directions. Here may be seen the guns taken from the Americans at Bunker Hill. At one place in the fortifications a feather is carved in the stone wall. The red-coated soldier explains that once, as the Prince of Wales was reviewing the citadel, the feather fell from his cap upon this very stone. An officer, anxious to preserve the memory of this little incident of the prince's visit, afterwards carved this feather. Whether the story is true or not, it shows very clearly the devoted, almost touching, loyalty of Canada to England.

The married soldiers have rooms built in the interior of the massive earthwork. Light and air are supplied

by deep windows. It would seem strange to us to eat and sleep with the solid earth banked above and around us. But the home of the soldier seems a very natural and dear place to him.

The Basilica, the Catholic cathedral, is one of the noted landmarks of the city. Although not as magnificent as the cathedral of Notre Dame in Montreal, still it is a very handsome building of cut stone. The front of the church is massive, with a tower in one corner and a spire on the other.

Entering the church, you are impressed with the brilliancy of the interior. The coloring is white and gold, and there is much rich ornamentation. Many fine paintings, which were sent to Canada for safe keeping at the time of the French Revolution, adorn the walls. One by one the worshipers enter the church and dip their fingers in the holy water placed near the door; then they prostrate themselves before the glittering high altar or before some modest shrine. Solemn officers, decorated with gold lace, move softly about. The swinging censers waft fragrant incense toward you.

As you stand there in the shadowy church, you realize that now you are close to the real heart and life of Quebec. This church and the convents, schools, and hospitals which have sprung up beneath its shadow, have really been the guiding influences in the history of the city from the earliest times.

In front of the cathedral is a stand for drivers of calèches and other carriages. The calèche, or one-horse chaise, is seen in the streets of Quebec as often as the gondola is seen at Venice, or the emigrants' wagon on

the plain. The body of the calèche is shaped like the bowl of a large spoon; it is supported upon two strong, leather straps which take the place of springs. These straps can be loosened or tightened so as to give the occupant of the carriage every kind of a jolt, from a rather agreeable rocking motion to an upset. There are two seats, — one for two passengers, and another on the dashboard for the driver. Wings extend from both sides over the wheels, and prevent the mud from splashing the occupants.

When the calèche drivers see a person with the air of a tourist wandering through the cathedral square, they rush toward him in a body, each one urging the victim to hire his carriage. The horses meanwhile calmly munch corn from their head bags.

There are scores of convents in Quebec. Each street has one and sometimes two or three of these buildings, whose high stone walls often adjoin one another. The convents and the monasteries are gigantic when compared with the ordinary Canadian dwelling house.

One of the oldest and most famous is the Ursuline Convent. This was founded by Madame de la Peltrie in the early days of the colony. Madame de la Peltrie was a beautiful and good young widow who was anxious to use her wealth in educating Indian girls. So she came to this wild country and founded the Ursuline Convent in Quebec.

The original building is standing yet, although two centuries ago everything but the walls was burnt. The ancient walls of gray stone are surmounted by a steep roof covered with tin. The pretty chapel stands at the

right. While you are gazing at the building, a door opens and a crowd of brown-eyed little girls hasten into the street. Sidonie, Marie, Therese, — these are the names they are calling to one another. They are the modern little maidens who have succeeded the dark Huron girls in the convent.

The efforts of the Ursuline nuns to convert the daughters of the Indians were not very successful, and as there are now very few Hurons alive, the nuns teach the Catholic girls of Quebec.

Back of the convent, surrounded by a high stone wall, is a large and beautiful garden. A large ash, under which Madame de la Peltrie was accustomed to teach the Indian girls, stood in the centre of the garden until, a few years ago, it was blown down in a storm. Now the spot is marked by a large black cross. Around the cross a number of paths wind and turn in all directions between clumps of fragrant lilacs and rows of slender hollyhocks. Here the nuns often walk with their pupils; and their sweet voices and the joyous laughter of the girls are sometimes faintly heard in the neighboring street.

The dress of the Ursuline nuns is black, with a black veil falling down from the back of the head. The face is surrounded with white linen, and a kind of kerchief of the same material covers the shoulders and reaches to the waist.

Montcalm died in this convent, and was buried in the garden where a cannon ball struck. On the walls of the chapel is a tablet to his memory, on which is written in French, "Honor to Montcalm! Destiny

in depriving him of victory, requited him with a glorious death!" They have his skull in the convent, and are very willing to show it to visitors. It is kept in a small glass box, bound with black and covered with a bit of white lace drapery.

The houses of Quebec are mostly very small and quaint. They are only one story or one story and a half high, and are built either of stone or of plastered brick. The high roofs are sheathed in glittering tin, and have one or two rows of dormer windows. The Canadians are very fond of bright flowers, and their windows are often crowded with scarlet geraniums. The doors are generally painted a bright color, different from that of the house itself. They are further ornamented by shining brass knockers and by large plates bearing the owner's name and possibly his title. "Monsieur Blanc, avocat," we read from one bright green door. This means in English, "Mr. White, Lawyer." The doorsteps are covered with bright, clean oil cloth.

The wooden sidewalks and roughly paved, narrow streets are very clean. The streets are winding and steep, and in the upper town are frequently terminated by a breadth of the city wall pierced with loopholes for muskets. Sometimes a cannon will be resting near the wall.

There were formerly five gates to the town. But they were found too small and narrow for the increasing business of the city, and within a score of years they have all disappeared. Three fine new entrances have been erected, but their newness does not harmonize

with the ancient historic wall of which they form a part. Tourists regret the absence of the old gates.

One can spend hours looking out of the window at the passers-by, they are so varied in appearance and in dress. Here are stout, broad-featured country women in plain skirts and wide straw hats, either walking into town with the basket containing the small wares they offer for sale, or driving in small, brightly painted wooden carts. Handsome young officers in their scarlet uniforms mingle with the grave priests, who continually lift their broad-brimmed hats in passing. Here and there is visible a trim, blue-coated French policeman. Down the narrow wooden sidewalk comes a bevy of French schoolgirls, with dark eyes and smoothly braided hair. A pale, sweet-faced nun glides swiftly by with downcast eyes. A butcher's boy with his tray upon his shoulder passes with a run and a whoop. He is the only noisy one in the quiet throng.

There is another monument to Wolfe which we must see before leaving the city. This is on the Plains of Abraham, where the battle was fought that gave Quebec to the English. These plains do not seem like a battle-field. The sun shines warmly upon the green turf, and the birds sing sweetly. It does not seem possible that this quiet, rural spot was the scene of slaughter, or that this grass was ever stained with blood.

The column raised to Wolfe's memory is erected on the spot where he died. It is surmounted by a bronze helmet and sword, and bears the simple but eloquent inscription, "Here fell Wolfe, victorious."

There are many beautiful drives about Quebec. But

perhaps the most attractive one is that to Montmorency Falls, through the village of Beauport. When we are at some little distance from Quebec, the driver points backward with his whip, saying, "Behold the silver city!" We hastily turn and see what appears indeed a silver city. The afternoon sun shines brightly on the steep, tin roofs and causes them to appear like molten silver.

The tin roofs throughout Canada have really a charming effect. Exposure to the weather changes them to tints of steel gray and grayish green, with patches of dark brown wherever the rust gathers. Under the strong sunlight, the roofs at a distance have the effect of gold or silver.

And now, after passing a stretch of fields and woodlands, we draw near the fall of Montmorency. It is two hundred and fifty feet high, and, on account of its extreme narrowness, it seems even higher. It is not so grand as Niagara, because it does not compare with it in size; but it is much more beautiful. A bright, foamy cloud, that glints and gleams in the sunlight, and appears of a lovely cream tint, — this is Montmorency. Firs and spruces stand on the summit of the cliff. Wild flowers border the banks. The whole effect of the fall is so beautiful that the idea of its great power hardly enters the mind; but it is a fact that the water power generated here is used to create the electric current which lights the city of Quebec eight miles away.

CHAPTER IX.

FRENCH CANADIAN FARM LIFE.

The province of Quebec is exceedingly fertile, and the chief occupation of the people living outside the cities is farming. Nearly all the farmers are the descendants of the early French settlers, and they retain, in a remarkable degree, the ancient customs of working and living.

The farmers south of the St. Lawrence River are near the United States, and, influenced by that country, have adopted some of the modern improvements in farming. But the settlers north of the St. Lawrence receive no such favorable influence, and plod along in their slow and patient way, exactly as their ancestors did two hundred years ago.

From Montreal down to the sea, with the single exception of the large towns, French is spoken. English is almost an unknown tongue. Passing through the country one sees and hears only the legends, songs, superstitions, and customs of the Norman peasant of the time of Louis XIV., the great monarch of France in the seventeenth century.

French Canada might be described as two continuous villages, extending along the northern and southern shores of the St. Lawrence, in belts from two to ten miles wide. The farms near the river were once very large, but, owing to the custom of dividing the land for each generation, they have dwindled considerably. The

Canadian farm of to-day is but a small fraction of the ample acres of former times.

As each son wished to have the land which fell to him border on both the road and the river, the original farms have been divided lengthwise. So the present Canadian farm is a very narrow strip of land, consisting of marsh, meadow, pasture, and forest land, with the river and the road at opposite ends.

In the early days of the colony the river was the chief means of communication between the straggling settlements. For boats in summer, and for sleighs or skates in winter, the St. Lawrence formed at every season an easy highway from place to place. Even now, in this nineteenth century, the ice on the river is the best of roads in winter.

The houses are situated near the road, several hundred feet apart. In shape and general appearance, the Canadian farmhouse resembles the houses in the city of Quebec. It has low walls of stone or wood, and high, steep roofs projecting over the walls in gentle, upward curves. There are dormer windows in the roofs, and a huge chimney at each end of the house. Sometimes there is a winding staircase outside the house, which, more than anything else, gives a foreign look to the building.

The house is rarely without a broad piazza, which is shaded by vines, and forms a delightfully cool place, where the farmer can rest after his day's work. The only disadvantage to this vine-covered piazza is that it darkens the rooms within. Heavy shutters hang at the windows, and are always closed at night. This makes

traveling at night very difficult, for there are no guiding rays of light thrown from the cottages upon the dark road.

The rooms are very low. The rough board floors are uncarpeted, except in the parlor. There a carpet of colored rags gives a picturesque look to the homely interior.

The parlor is furnished with two large beds curtained with blue and white checked linen. A few chairs and a bureau stand against the wall, which is adorned with brightly colored pictures of the Pope and the Holy Family. A bottle of holy water, with a sprig of spruce, hangs against the wall. The farmer's wife sprinkles the sheets with holy water before the family go to bed.

The living room is also used for a bedroom, for one shadowy corner of the room is filled by the tall, curtained French bed. A wooden bench for a sofa, rush-bottomed chairs, and a plain pine table complete the furnishing of the living room. A black cross on the wall is its only ornament. A highly polished cooking stove, situated in a partition between the parlor and the living room, heats them both.

In most cases the barns are low buildings with overhanging, thatched eaves. In these barns are stored all the produce of the farm, and the cattle and horses are housed here during the winter. The French Canadians are very proud of their horses and take great care of them; but they pay very little attention to their cattle, which are often so miserably housed and so poorly fed during the winter that many of them die.

The French Canadian farmer is a short, sturdy, mus-

cular fellow. He is as tough as iron, and can stand any amount of exposure to rain and frost, heat and cold. The expression of his face is dull, but good-natured. The farmer's wife is also short and plain, and appears dull. The young girls are neither pretty nor bright, but they are healthy, quiet, and contented. The children alone are pretty. They are like little cherubs, with their beautiful dark brown eyes and their plump, rosy cheeks.

The families of the French Canadians are large. Generally the dear, old, wrinkled, toothless grandfather and grandmother live with their son and his wife and ten children. Fourteen people are stowed away in the three rooms of the farmhouse.

The farmer is dressed in blue or gray homespun, with a sash around his waist. He wears moccasins of cowhide on his feet, and, until very recently, his head was covered by the pointed, tasseled cap that the tobogganers have adopted as part of their club dress.

The farmer's wife also wears homespun. Her outside garment is a long, old-fashioned cloak, which reaches down to her feet. When she works in the field or goes to market, she wears a wide-brimmed hat of coarse, braided straw, and a pair of wooden shoes. The shoes are exactly like those worn by the Normandy peasants of the present day.

The spring's work of the Canadian farmer begins in May. From the tenth to the fifteenth of the month all hands on the farm are busily engaged in ploughing and harrowing the soil.

The plough is a very ancient-looking object. It con-

sists of a heavy beam with one end supported on a pair of wheels, and is drawn by a yoke of oxen. The oxen creep over the ground so slowly that often a horse is hitched before them to give them greater speed. To an observer it appears as if the oxen drew the plough, and the horse the oxen.

After the land is ploughed it is still more broken up by the harrow, which is often nothing but a great spruce bough that is dragged over the ground by oxen.

Then comes the planting. But before any seeds can be laid in the ground they must be blessed by the village priest. On St. Mark's day the farmers bring handfuls of grain to church. The grain is poured into the font and sprinkled with holy water and blessed. As each peasant leaves the church, he takes a handful of the seed from the font and reverently mixes it with the grain at home. He believes that his harvest will be the larger and richer for this early blessing of the grain.

The chief event in July is the haying. This takes place in the middle or last part of the month. The whole family work in the field, the women and children toiling side by side with the men. Mowing machines and horserakes are unknown north of the St. Lawrence. All the hard, laborious work must be done by the brown hands of the peasants. The grass is cut with the scythe. The women spread the mown grass out to dry, and turn it, when partly dried, from one side to the other. The hay is at length piled upon the heavy, ponderous, wooden carts and wheeled away into the barns.

In harvest time the women and children are again in the fields. The women take their share in the reaping,

and with their short, blue, homespun skirts and broad shade hats, they are picturesque sights as they wield the sickles. Some kneel to their work; others crouch or bend low. Aided by the children, they spread the grain over the ground to dry, turn it, and finally bind it into sheaves. They are so careful and economical that not a head of grain is left upon the ground at the close of the harvesting.

In some regions of Canada this busiest of seasons is closed by a merrymaking called the "Festival of the Big Sheaf." On the last load of grain is laid one sheaf of unusual size, known as the Big Sheaf. This is an emblem of abundance. The youths and maidens, decorated with heads of grain, walk on each side of the cart, singing national airs.

When they arrive at the owner's house, the eldest son, followed by the rest of the merrymakers, enters the chief room, where the farmer himself sits in his large armchair. In one hand the son carries a sheaf decorated with ribbons; in the other, a decanter and a glass. He advances to his father, congratulates him on his good harvest, wishes him as successful a one each year, and offers him a glass of brandy. The rest of the company are then served with brandy, after which they pass into an adjoining room, where a bountiful supper of mutton, milk, and pancakes with maple syrup, is served.

The old-fashioned flail is generally used for thrashing. Some farmers, with a little tolerance for modern improvements, use a thrashing machine, driven either by a rough water mill or by a patient little pony. The pony toils away while his master sits idly by on the fence.

The winnowing of the grain, by which the kernels are separated from the chaff, is done with a large fan, on which the grain is tossed up and down until the chaff, which is the light husk covering the kernel, is blown away. One twenty-sixth of the pure grain is given to the priest. This is the way the peasants pay their church dues.

The grain is next ground into flour. When bread is being made from the flour, the farmer's wife prays that the yeast may rise, and, last of all, upon the loaf she marks a cross. Thus the Canadian peasants are continually reminded, in the midst of their toil for food, that after all it is God who gives them their daily bread.

In the winter time many of the farmers join the lumbermen in their work. Lumbering is paid for in ready money, which is very welcome to the farmer. Winter is the slack season on the farm; and, as the yoke of oxen or span of horses he may take with him to the lumbering camp is well paid for, three months in the woods are always profitable.

It is said that, hard as a farmer is obliged to work in the United States, his wife always works harder. And this is equally true in Canada. The women toil from four o'clock in the morning till eight at night.

The care of their houses gives them very little trouble. The houses are so small and simply furnished that sweeping and dusting are very easy matters. The broom is a bunch of cedar boughs, and the scrubbing brush a bunch of spruce. The meals, too, are simply prepared, and very few dishes are used.

The women, when they are not in the fields haying

or harvesting, are occupied in spinning wool, weaving cloth, and making clothes for their large families. They knit stockings, make the homespun suits worn by the men and women, cobble rough but serviceable shoes from hides, and braid hats of the straw which they themselves have chosen and prepared. All the articles that are not needed by the family they carry to market.

The garret is the workroom of the farmer's wife. Every material and tool that she needs in performing her difficult tasks of tailor, shoemaker, and hatter is found here. Skeins of yarn, sides of leather, and bundles of straw lie about in dusky corners. Both linen and woollen sheets are piled away in a few old chests. Some of the sheets are fully one hundred years old. Two or three spinning wheels and a loom complete the furnishings. The room is lighted by one small window in the roof; and with the rich brown shadows lurking in the corners and playing upon its quaint furnishings, it is a charming place.

Let us watch a French Canadian family at supper. Twelve persons gather about a table small enough for four. A square of oil cloth serves for a tablecloth, and in the centre of the table stands a tin pan filled with pea soup and small pieces of bread. Each member of the family sits sideways at the table, with one arm and shoulder free to move above it. Spoons are distributed, and then the meal begins.

Each one fills his spoon from the central dish, draws it across the edge of the pan, and carries it to his mouth. It is a curious sight to see the advance and retreat of those dozen arms around the pan. After the soup has

been finished, a pan of bread and milk is brought to the table. The spoons are wiped by the mother upon a towel laid across her knees. They are then distributed again, and the meal continues. If a guest is present, a separate dish is given to him.

After supper the women gather about a tiny lamp and sew or knit. The men retire to chairs along the side of the room, where they smoke and discuss harvest prospects, village gossip, or politics. Just before retiring for the night, the family kneel about the room, facing the large cross on the wall. The mother repeats the prayers in a rapid, chanting tone, and the others answer as rapidly. Afterward each tells his beads silently and then goes to bed.

It is wonderful, in so small a house, to see the ease with which beds are summoned from hitherto unexpected retreats. Trundle-beds are drawn out from beneath large beds; the cover of a chest is thrown back, and bedding is spread upon it; a bench opens, and another bed stands revealed. In ease and comfort the family of twelve dispose themselves about the two rooms and enjoy dreamless sleep, until the slow gray dawning of light in the eastern horizon arouses them at four in the morning to another day of contented toil.

Their food is very simple and has little variety. Pork, pease, beans, maple syrup, and milk form the chief articles of diet. Occasionally the Canadian peasant will catch fish in the river, or shoot wild fowl. The garden may yield a few vegetables, or the field some berries; but these luxuries are rarely enjoyed by the family. They are carried, instead, to the nearest city and sold.

On Sunday morning the roads leading to the village church are alive with all kinds of vehicles. There is the old-fashioned hayrack, drawn by one lean horse, with chairs set in it for passengers; there is the familiar calèche; and last, and by no means least, the buckboard. This vehicle consists of a long, elastic plank, supported by a pair of wheels at each end, and is well adapted to carrying a heavy load over the rough hills of Quebec.

It is considered impolite for carriages to pass on the road, and each farmer drives at a rapid pace in order not to block the way for his neighbors. Thus, unconsciously quickening their pace, the result, as they draw near the church, is a run. In contrast to the staid, sleepy progress to church of the Yankee farmers, the French Canadians appear to be running a steeple chase. Their horses race madly up and down the hills, furiously jolting the people in the carriages behind.

When the farmer reaches the church door, he becomes his usual quiet self again. The women immediately enter the church to pray before the service begins, but the men stand in groups about the door. This is the time when most of the village news is exchanged, and business arrangements made.

At length the pleasant chat is interrupted by the constable, a pompous officer in a red scarf, who comes out upon the church steps and addresses the crowd. "Come in," he says, "the mass begins." The men obey at once, for the constable could arrest any one who was absent from mass.

The church is a substantial structure, and within is

plainly finished in pine. In some cases the musical instrument is a hand organ, and the same tunes succeed one another in regular order.

The scene after church is livelier than the one before church. The town-crier, a man of huge lungs and ready tongue, collects a crowd about him, and proceeds to make the weekly announcements. First come the new county or village laws, the road master's notices, and the sheriff's sales; then follow more private announcements. Lost articles, places of auctions, and the opening of new stores are cried.

Sometimes a pig or cow is sold for some one who wishes to give money to the church. On rare occasions, the crier closes his speech by saying that the parish has an insurance policy to pay to Monsieur So-and-so.

The men of the parish insure themselves against fire, by each one agreeing to provide a few logs and an afternoon's labor to any one who loses his house by fire. They obtain the priest's permission to work Sunday afternoon, and by nightfall, are generally able to raise a rude log house and barn in the place of the charred remains of the former home.

The French Canadian peasants are one of the most economical classes of people in the world. The farmer and his wife and children generally do all the work themselves, although help can be hired very cheaply indeed. The wages of a man are from eighty to one hundred dollars a year, — for a woman just one-fourth as much.

Most of the necessities of life are obtained by barter. A farmer who has more maple sugar than he needs,

exchanges a part of it for a leg of his neighbor's mutton or a peck of his potatoes. Traffic in which goods themselves are exchanged is called barter.

A farmer in Canada can bring up a large family of children with an annual expense of but one hundred dollars. If he is able to lay by a yearly profit of one hundred dollars, he is considered to be very prosperous. One peasant woman raised a family of sixteen children with only one paper of pins and a catechism. How careful they were of that paper of pins! The scanty rows were eked out with thorns, and with pins left by visitors. After the sixteen had arrived at years of discretion, the catechism was found clean enough to be sold.

The wedding trousseau of a grandmother, consisting of a pair of cotton stockings, a pair of "store shoes," and a calico frock, often figures in the wedding outfit of a granddaughter. The original garments have been most carefully cherished through the fifty years between the two weddings.

The days of the French Canadians are spent in toiling for the bare necessities of food and clothing. They have no interesting books, no beautiful pictures, nothing rich or lovely among their surroundings. They are not interested in the people of other countries, in the events of the day, or in any of the great ideas of this century.

They think merely of the objects that they use in daily life, — the plough, the spade, the spinning wheel. And so their lives must be narrow and poor. Still they are a worthy people. They are kindly and contented, and perform their humdrum tasks with much patient faithfulness.

CHAPTER X.

THE LUMBERMAN'S LIFE.

We have read of the life of the Canadian fisherman, of his toilsome days, and the many dangers of the deep by which his life is threatened; now let us look at the life of the Canadian lumberman. His life, like the fisherman's, is filled with weary, toilsome days, scanty joys, and dangers nearly as perilous as those of the sea.

The Ottawa River which, as you remember, is a northern tributary of the St. Lawrence, rises among forests. These forests of pine, fir, and other trees, stretch away westward for a thousand miles. They constitute the great forest region of Canada, which extends from the foamy waters of the upper Ottawa to clear Lake Winnipeg in Manitoba.

These forests are very old. A mere glance at the height and size of the trees makes it plain that for hundreds and hundreds of years they have continued their silent, steady growth.

It is only within the last forty years that this region has been explored. For generations the forest life was undisturbed. The trees leafed out in the spring and blossomed in the summer. In the autumn there were miles and miles of unseen beauty in the red leaves of the oak, the rich yellow of the maple, and the delicate lemon of the birch; in the winter the heavy snow weighed down the plumy branches of the many evergreen trees, — the pine, hemlock, spruce, and fir.

Mountain streams roared past the roots of the giant pines on their banks. Lakes mirrored the slender birches in their unruffled waters. Pines rising tier above tier marshalled their ranks about mountains which no man's foot had ever crossed. The woodland silence was only occasionally broken by the stealthy tread of the black bear and the scream of the eagle.

But to-day these woods are the scene of busy, active life, and are the means by which large sums of gold are brought into the coffers of the nation. The forests in the Northeast and Northwest Territories are controlled by the Dominion government; those in the provinces by the provincial governments.

The forests are divided into what are called timber limits. Each of these is ten miles square. The owners of sawmills and speculators hire timber limits for the season. They pay the government, whether general or provincial, a certain sum of money, and agree, in addition, to pay duty on every log that is cut.

After the timber limit is secured, a band of five or six men are sent to ascertain the amount and value of the timber of the limit, to choose the place for the camp, and to explore the whole limit, particularly noting the position and availability of the lakes and streams. Such a task is called prospecting.

The explorers pass through the timber limit, blazing the trees to mark out the future roads. They indicate the places for the future camps and rollways, and, in short, lay out the plan for the winter campaign. Their work is exceedingly important, and they are well paid for their services. They carry guns, and the rough

picnic life with its opportunities for hunting is thoroughly enjoyed.

The difficult part of their enterprise is to find spots whence an extensive observation may be obtained. Whenever it is possible, one of the party climbs a tall pine on a hillside and surveys the country.

In the fall the lumbermen, with their horses, oxen, sleighs, wagons, and provisions, set out for the timber limit. The depots and various stations on the route are thoroughly alive.

Everywhere is seen the sun-browned young lumberman, tall and graceful as an Indian, and gay and talkative as a Frenchman. He has usually several bright touches to his costume, and is very fond of red. Now he wears a red scarf, now a red vest, and now boots with red tops, which with a white kerchief tied about his sunburned throat, gives him a very gallant appearance.

The first thing to be done after reaching the timber limit is to erect the shanty, or camp, for the men and the stable for the horses. The shanty is a large, oblong building with walls and low-pitched roof made of logs. In one side a doorway is cut, and a door of heavy timber is hung in place. All crevices are carefully stuffed with moss or hay, to make the shanty tight against the cold winds of winter.

The floor is of boards. Near the centre of the shanty are four posts which support the roof. On the ground between these posts, the great camp fire is built. There is no chimney, but the smoke passes out through a large, square opening cut in the roof directly over the fireplace, which is compactly built of earth and stones.

The furniture is of the scantiest. On three sides of the room the bunks are arranged in rows, one above the other; on the fourth side is the cook's table. Two strong wooden cranes from which are suspended the pots and kettles of the camp, stand at two corners of the fireplace.

Next a rollway is prepared. Some hillside close by a river or lake is selected. Its surface is thoroughly examined, and all obstacles or obstructions which might prevent any object from rolling easily down the slope are removed. Here the logs are to be stored until the time of the spring freshet, when the river carries them down to the sawmill.

When these preliminaries are settled, the actual work begins. Before dawn the men, anywhere in number from twenty to eighty, are called by the foreman. They feed the cattle, and, after a warm breakfast, harness the horses and yoke the oxen, and set off for the scene of the day's labor.

Here stands a giant pine. Two men attack it with their axes on opposite sides, and the great chips begin to fly. The accuracy of the men is wonderful. Rarely does each successive stroke vary a hair's breadth from the first. Sharp and clear sounds every death-blow dealt to the patriarch of the forest.

The trunk is nearly severed; the tree bends and rocks; the axmen spring aside; and now, with a mighty crash, carrying with it in its fall quantities of lesser growth which for years it has sheltered under its branches, the monarch tree is down. The life of centuries is destroyed in an hour.

The branches are removed, and then the trunk is cut into logs by the sawyers. Next it is hauled to the rollway.

Generally one log is enough for a sled, but sometimes two or three are chained to it. A very large piece is drawn by eight or ten horses fastened to a double sled. Sometimes only one sled is used, and then part of the log is dragged on the snow.

Often the road to the landing is far from level. In this case what is called a gallery road is constructed. Logs are driven firmly into the hillside, and are covered solidly with earth and stones. Thus an artificial road is made over which the teamster drives, in easy curves, securely down the slope, although the steep hill rises upon one side, and the precipice yawns on the other.

When the road is exceedingly abrupt in its descent, another method is resorted to. A strong rope is fastened to the sled, and also to a sturdy tree on the summit of the hill. As the team descends the hillside, the rope is let out from above until horses, log, and driver reach the bottom in safety.

When the logs are unloaded at the rollway, they receive two marks,— one, the mark of the owner, the other, the mark of their value.

The logs which are to become square timber go through a further process in the woods. After the sawyers have finished their task, the logs are handed over to the hewers, who, with their broadaxes, square the huge sticks. Beams for building purposes are made in this way. The square timber is not carried to the rollway.

The work of the day is broken by the noon meal, which is carried to the spot where the men are at work. A large fire is built, over which the tea is made. The lumbermen care for neither sugar nor milk with tea. All that they desire is that this, their sole beverage, should be very strong and hot.

After the meal a little time is allowed for smoking, and then the men resume their work with renewed energy. Their guns are near at hand, and often a stray deer is brought down to give variety to their monotonous bill of fare.

At sundown the men return to the shanty. That rough hut is a welcome sight to the weary laborers. They quicken their steps on coming in sight of its rugged walls. The snow is piled deep about the shanty, and the wind howls around its corners. Dark mountain pines stand grimly in the background, but the house itself looks light and warm, while a column of smoke rises from the roof. Plainly a hot supper is being prepared.

After a hasty wash the men enter the hut to behold a sight which gladdens every hungry heart. A huge boiler filled with tea, and a large pan of fried fat pork are placed close to the fire. On the cook's table stands a dish of cold pork, a freshly baked loaf of bread, and a pile of basins.

Each man helps himself to a basin, which is promptly filled with tea; and then, seated on a rude bench by the fire, he forgets cold and hunger in the delightful present.

After supper, some sharpen their axes, while others

tell stories of adventure, sing, or dance. Meanwhile the moccasins and mittens, hung up to dry by the fire, cast curious shadows on the walls of the hut.

The outdoor exercise, followed by the hearty supper and the warmth of the campfire, causes sleepiness. The group around the fire breaks up, and, dressed as they are, the men seek their bunks. Each wraps a blanket about him and lies down, with head to the wall and feet to the fire, to lose himself in dreamless sleep on his soft, elastic bed of pine boughs. Truly "the sleep of the laboring man is sweet."

Such is the daily routine, only varied by the visits of the bush superintendent and of the Catholic priest. With the coming of spring the teamsters return to their homes. The logs, the result of their winter's labor, are henceforth in charge of that class of lumbermen known as river drivers.

The ice breaks up, the water of the rivers is free, and the spring freshets begin. In some cases the logs have been piled upon the frozen river, and, with the breaking up of the ice, they fall at once into the swift current, and are carried rapidly downstream. But oftener they are piled upon a rollway.

When the rollway is erected upon a hillside, the drivers slowly and cautiously impel the logs at the foot of the rollway toward the river. The upper logs presently partake of the motion, and soon an avalanche takes place.

Carefully prepared as the rollway may be, oftentimes some unforeseen obstruction prevents a great number of the logs from rolling into the river. A stump or a

single log may prevent the desired movement. Then comes the danger; for one of the river drivers must undertake the hazardous enterprise of cutting away the obstacle. When it is removed, the logs rush down, and the man has a chance for his life only by diving into the depths of the stream.

After the logs are launched, the drivers must follow them; for their responsibility is not over until the timber is delivered at its final destination, the sawmill. Sometimes they follow the river banks, pushing off with their long poles the logs which may have stranded on the banks or in the middle of the stream.

But oftener the men follow in light, flat-bottomed boats. A number of small boats are accompanied, when practicable, by a large, covered, floating scow, which serves all the purposes of the shanty.

The greatest danger in this phase of lumbering is from the logs lodging in the middle of the stream and forming a jam. Under such circumstances, the drivers show wonderful skill in selecting and removing the log which has caused the jam, and in avoiding the downward rush of the logs. They spring like deer from log to log, and balance themselves as accurately as circus riders.

In shallow streams a system of dams is constructed with piles driven deep into the bed of the stream, and with gates arranged so as to regulate the amount of water passing through. The dam accumulates water sufficient to float logs down to it, and then, by means of the gate, or sluice, the logs are suffered to pass, together with water enough to carry them with a rush some distance on their course.

If the stream is very quick and dangerous, the logs are launched upon it and carried over the rapids. A few are broken into fragments; others are stranded, and have to be left until some stronger spring freshet may bear them down; but most of them pass all the dangers without injury, and float down to the sawmill.

This is a large wooden structure close to the river. The logs are collected above the mill. When the mill is working, a car, running up and down a plane inclined to the edge of the stream, carries the logs two by two into the mill. They are placed under rows of saws, which cut quickly through them from end to end.

If the mill is run by steam, the sawdust is used to feed the furnaces in the engine room. Thus every fragment of the log is of use.

The square timber is too valuable to be carried in this rough way to its final destination, the city of Quebec. Wherever there are cataracts on the rivers down which the square timbers are to be brought, slides, leading from the river above to the waters below, have been constructed. At the side of the fall is an artificial channel with smooth timber walls and a floor of wood and stone, into which the water is admitted by a gate, and down which the square timber is passed, either in single pieces or in cribs.

The crib is a kind of raft, twenty-four feet wide, with its length varying with the length of the timber used in its construction. Its base consists of twenty pieces bound together by shorter pieces called transverses. Above these are secured four broad pieces of timber, forming the floor of the improvised raft. A frame

house is built upon the crib for the raftsmen. The crib is propelled by long oars and by sail.

Oftentimes travelers are taken down a slide by the raftsmen. The sensation is a new one, and very exciting. It is a kind of water tobogganing.

The guests are bidden to seat themselves on the highest bit of timber in the rear, and to hold to a pole driven into the lowest timbers of the raft. The ladies — for ladies enjoy making this descent — draw their dresses closely around them. The sluice gates are opened; and before them appears a narrow channel a quarter of a mile in length, down which a shallow stream is sweeping. Here and there the boarded bed of the channel has a fall, or drop, of from five to eight feet.

The crib is carefully guided through the gateway, but hesitates on the brink. Soon the waters rise around it; it floats; and then, with a sudden rush, plunges down the incline. As the crib goes over the drops, jets of water spurt up between the timbers. And now the foaming, tossing water just ahead shows that the crib will soon be on the rough river again. There is one more drop; and then the moving crib is neatly caught by a floating raft of timber, which prevents the quick impetus it has acquired from sending it to the bottom of the stream.

Every one is well splashed, but he does not care. The excitement of the swift rush fully compensates for wet and clinging clothes.

The single cribs proceed to the "banding ground." There they are fastened, or banded together, into rafts by pieces of twisted sapling. One raft contains

from ninety to one hundred cribs. The method by which they are fastened allows each crib some freedom of motion up and down, and so lessens the strain on the raft as a whole.

When a raft arrives at a rapid or a waterfall, it is separated into cribs. These pass down the slide in turn, and are made into a raft again below.

The raft looks like a floating village. On nearly every crib is a tiny hut in which the raftsman lives, and sometimes his wife and children. Such a raft is a very picturesque sight, with its many fires blazing brightly, its many sails swelling in the breeze, and its oars plied by muscular, brown-armed raftsmen.

On arriving at Quebec, the raft is broken up and its timber dispersed among the acres of timber floating in the coves near the harbor.

From these mighty stores of lumber many of the outgoing ships are filled. Men dart about over the loose timbers, selecting the cargo with their pike poles. The beams are raised by chains and passed into the great receiving ports in the bows of the ships.

As a vessel becomes more heavily laden, the lowest porthole, through which the loading has been carried on, sinks to the water's edge. This porthole is then closed, and the loading continues through one above.

Nearly one-half of the timber exported goes to Great Britain. The United States also imports large stores. The products of the forest exports during the last ten years have averaged twenty million dollars a year.

Her forests form part of the present capital of Canada, and, properly cared for, would be a permanent source of

wealth; but of late years they have been so recklessly consumed that there is danger of the supply becoming exhausted. When houses, bridges, and fences are built of wood, when country roads are laid over logs of wood, and when cities are paved with wood, it seems as if the waste of wood was wrong.

The forests are also being thinned by fires. Picnic parties neglect to extinguish the fires they build, and farmers, while clearing land, often start fires which get beyond their control and destroy large tracts of forest land.

The lumberman is the great pioneer of civilization. His shanty is the centre from which may grow a town or city spreading over a large area. Farmers, finding a market for their produce in the lumbering camp, clear farms near by. Blacksmiths and wheelwrights follow the farmer; and then, if a sawmill is established on the nearest stream, the settlement of the place is secured.

In this way Canada owes more than she can estimate to the simple, hard-working lumberman living his toilsome yet happy life.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CANADIAN PRAIRIE.

Canada is rich in forests, rich in mines, but richest of all in her prairie land. The Canadian Pacific Railroad, which binds with its steel links the Great Lakes to the Pacific coast, passes through a thousand miles of forests and a thousand miles of prairie. We have gone together

into the forests; have gazed at the handsome pines and oaks; and have seen the strong lumbermen cutting, hewing, and hauling logs. Now let us visit the prairies, and see what kind of life is found upon them.

Perhaps you may remember your first sight of the sea, when you stood silent with parted lips and with eyes fixed intently on the blue wonder of the tossing waves. You have long treasured the feeling of awe and delight which the scene called into your mind. The first sight of the prairie is just as wonderful as the first view of the ocean. There is the same wide outlook, the same sweeping breeze, and the same rounded billows. But the billows in the case of the prairie are always motionless.

The prairie looks like a frozen sea. Grassy hillocks, precisely like the green waves of the ocean, roll away in long, wavy lines a thousand miles westward to the Rocky Mountains and seven hundred miles northward to the Peace River. All of this land, except the tiny square of Manitoba, is the Northwest Territory of the Dominion of Canada.

One cannot say in which season the prairies are most beautiful. After the first mild days have come in spring, the prairie anemone, a small flower of a delicate blue, is found half-hidden by the withered and whitened leaves of the previous year. Sometimes the anemone is white, and then again it is purple; but the flower, like the Plymouth mayflower, blossoms before the leaves unfold, and is the first sign of spring.

In the month of June the prairies are smothered with wild roses. The horse of the traveler crushes them

beneath his feet by day, and at night the traveler's blanket is spread above their tender pink and white blossoms.

In early summer the grass is a bright green, but the autumn frosts turn the sedges and grasses to many colors, — to pale lemon yellow, blue, dark red, saffron, and brown. These, with purple asters and golden coreopsis, make the prairies a glory of splendid color in the fall. As the frosts grow keener, the grasses are bleached to a yellow so pale as to seem almost white.

Then, just as the first snow flurry of the year might be expected, the sun appears to rise higher in the sky; a yellow haze settles over the horizon; and it seems as if summer had returned, the days are so warm and beautiful. It has returned indeed, for this is the Indian summer.

After six weeks, the soft yellow smoke fades away, and then a kind of melancholy waiting seems to settle over the pale prairie. It is waiting for the blizzard from the northwest.

Terrible and destructive as the blizzards, or snow squalls, are in the cities, they are more to be dreaded on the prairie. The farmer is working in some field remote from his house. He is so much interested in his work that he does not notice the sky, which a few hours ago was fair. But great clouds have rolled upward from the west, and suddenly the blizzard is upon him.

He flies for protection to the nearest bluff or grove. The keen wind drives the snowflakes squarely into his face. They blind his eyes and cut his cheeks. At

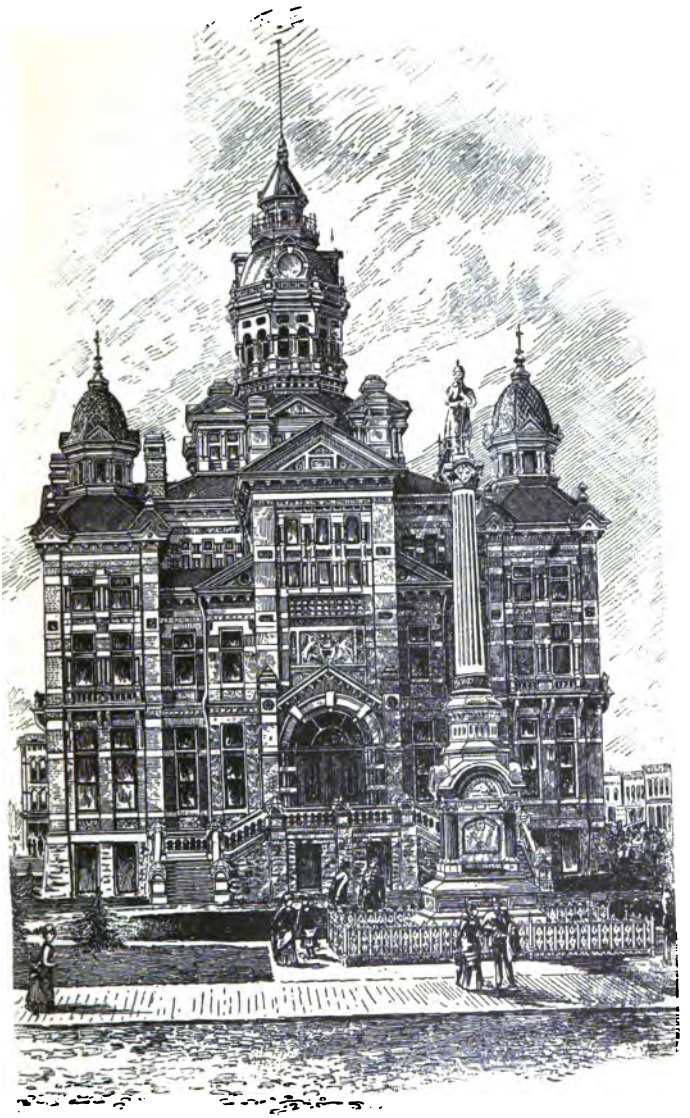
length he gains the shelter of the wood, and gives one backward glance over his shoulder. Houses, barns, fences, fields are blotted from his sight. Prairie and sky are lost, and all that is left is a white sheet of whistling, driving snow.

The cold is intense; but a roaring fire of branches is soon built, and the farmer seats himself near by to wait for the storm to pass. The usual duration of a blizzard is twelve hours, but one sometimes lasts for days. In that case our farmer is lost. If hunger drives him to attempt to reach his home, he will probably lose his way and perish with cold on the open prairie.

In the cities the blocks of houses afford some protection. But in the streets open to the wind, nothing is seen but a wild, white whirl in which shingles, boards, and bricks fly about, and through which men fight their way. The lighted windows of the stores and houses cause the dark fury of the tempest to appear all the stronger and more terrible.

Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, is a purely western town. A few years ago a lot in the centre of Winnipeg could be bought for a trifle, but now it would cost more than a similar lot in Toronto. People from all parts of the world are thronging into this new city. Ask a man the way to a street, and very likely he will say that he has only arrived in the city that day.

Winnipeg presents strong contrasts of magnificence and poverty. Fine stone blocks stand opposite wretched shanties; spirited horses and elegant carriages dash by lumbering ox carts; graduates from the eastern universities pass Icelanders and Indians on the streets.



THE CITY HALL, WINNIPEG.

Winnipeg is a good starting point for expeditions to the north and to the west. By means of boat or canoe one can reach Hudson Bay by following the valley of the Nelson. The two great rivers flowing into Hudson Bay from the west are the Churchill and the Nelson.

The Churchill is a beautiful river, larger than the Rhine. Its water, which is clearer than the St. Lawrence, flows between low, rolling banks. The Churchill, although a wide river, is swift and deep, and can be navigated for some distance from its mouth.

The upper course of the Nelson, like the upper course of the Churchill, consists of a chain of small lakes, connected by short streams. The Nelson, on account of falls, is not navigable as far as the Churchill, and the harbor at its mouth is not so good. Its valley is as large as that of the St. Lawrence, and it carries four times as much water to Hudson Bay as the Ottawa pours into the St. Lawrence. So you see that here in the backwoods of Canada is one of the great rivers of the world.

York Factory, at the mouth of the Nelson, is a depot for collecting and shipping furs. Once a year a ship from England brings the people their stores, and returns with a cargo of furs. The ship is eagerly watched for; and when, at last, her sails appear upon the cold gray waters of Hudson Bay, tears rise in the eyes of English and Scotch emigrants at thoughts of home. As the ship sails into the harbor, the battery of Fort York salutes the Union Jack, and just before the vessel drops her anchor, she answers the fort.

Then there are busy times. Every one owning a boat

pushes out to the ship to see the new comers and to help unload. Indians in their canoes paddle about as eagerly as their white neighbors. The vessel is rapidly unloaded, and with the next high tide she is off on her return trip.

Those on the shore watch her till she is out of sight, and then turn sadly away, realizing that a dreary winter lies before them. It takes a sailing vessel about one month to make the voyage between York Factory and Liverpool.

It may surprise you to learn that this little town of York Factory is no farther from England than is Montreal. Some day, when the prairies are thickly settled, and when railroads connect the valleys of the Peace and the Saskatchewan Rivers with Hudson Bay, York Factory may become a large and important commercial port.

There is talk about having a line of steamers running between the British Isles and Hudson Bay. When that day comes, this region will draw much trade from Montreal; populous cities will arise at the mouths of the Churchill and the Hudson Rivers, and Hudson Bay, ceasing to be the remote, unfamiliar sea that it now is, will become a busy highway for ships and steamers. The little child may see all these wonderful changes before he grows gray-haired.

The life of the Indian trapper is a hard one. Three Indians will perhaps hunt together. Leaving Fort York, to which they have just carried a hard-earned stock of furs, they set out for their hunting ground.

A walk of a hundred and fifty miles lies before them.

It is in the dead of winter. Deep snows cover the ground, and a frost is in the air so keen and cold that even the hardy warrior draws his blanket closer about him.

Each Indian carries upon his back a bundle containing dried meat, tea, tobacco, and the blanket in which he wraps himself at night. They take turns in drawing a sled, upon which are strapped the camp kettles, traps, and furs which they have taken. After a walk of fifty miles, they scoop out, with their snowshoes, a hollow in the snow, in which they spend the night.

On arriving at the hunting grounds, the first care of the trapper is to pitch the wigwam. He next turns his attention to setting the traps.

Each Indian starts in a different direction, blazing his path through the woods as he goes. He makes a large circuit, or loop, which takes him several days to complete, and which ends in the camp. Near this line he sets his traps; and every few days he goes over the circuit to see that the traps are set and in order, and to collect the bodies of the animals caught.

If a hunting ground proves to be unprofitable, they pack up their goods and patiently trudge one hundred or two hundred miles further on. The trapper toils early and late, with very little pay for his labor.

Now let us turn our faces westward from Winnipeg. Perhaps the best way to cross the prairies is on horseback, with tent and provisions packed in a light cart.

The only road is the trail, which stretches like a hard, black line across the level, green plain. It is delightful to ride over in fine weather. But let the rain fall for a

few moments, and the trail becomes exceedingly muddy and disagreeable. One is forced to turn aside and seek a new trail for himself.

How delightful is life on the prairie in summer! Nowhere else is the sky so high and so blue. Nowhere else are the clouds so purely white. The breeze that fans the cheek is fresh, cool, and invigorating. The air seems newly created, and, in its turn, seems to awaken us to new life.

Hunger is no word for the intense sensation with which, after our dash over the prairies, we dismount at our first resting place for the night. Hot coffee! Never before was its aroma so fragrant, nor its taste so grateful.

The full moon rises slowly, and casts a silvery tinge over the grassy waves of the prairie. The stars shine out brightly. Rolling yourself in a blanket, you gaze upward for hours, as one by one the constellations wheel slowly toward the western horizon, and vanish out of sight.

The light of dawn awakens you to another beautiful day. The rising sun throws a rosy light over the plain, and is dazzlingly reflected from millions of crystal drops on the grass.

The prairie at all hours presents an ever changing scene of beauty. At noon, mirages are often seen. A mirage is a picture of some object, greatly magnified and thrown upon the sky. For example, there might be a willow tree so far away that a traveler could not see it. The noon light might cause this willow to appear as a grove of trees to him. In this same way, a clump of

trees seems to be a forest, and a few bushes on the banks of a brook become tall, overshadowing trees.

Sometimes at night, a brilliant coppery red light glows in the northern horizon, while forked flames shoot into the sky. It is caused by a prairie fire forty, sixty, or even eighty miles away. Owing to the carelessness of Indians and emigrants, camp fires are often left smouldering. A light breeze springs up; the fire spreads, and miles of prairie are left blackened and desolate.

The country through which we are now passing is being rapidly settled. Dark ploughed fields and thin columns of rising smoke show that the wilderness is peopled.

The story told by one settler is that of nearly all. He and his family started westward in the early spring, hoping that they might raise their house and harvest their crops before winter. Finding a fertile tract of land near a small stream, they decided that here should be their home.

For the first few weeks they slept upon rubber blankets spread upon the ground, and led a gypsy life. Then, with the help of neighbors, the house was built.

It was of poplar logs laid on a foundation of oak logs. The poplar logs are never laid upon the ground, as they do not resist dampness as the oak logs do. The chinks between the logs were filled in with bits of board, and then the walls were covered with clay which hardened into a firm, compact coat. The roof was of shingles, covered with hardened mud. There were but two rooms within, one in each story, and a ladder led from one floor to the other.

Next, the farmer proceeded to plough, working from peep of dawn till nine in the morning, and then again from four in the afternoon to sunset. Twenty or thirty acres of land were thus prepared for planting.

Then rude barns were built; fences were raised; and the tender green of the potato plants appeared near the house. A small crop of oats and barley was harvested the first year.

The next spring wheat was sown; a dairy was built; more cattle were added; better furniture appeared in the house. In a few years the farmer who came west a very poor man with only a few hundred dollars, is very comfortably off.

All this western region is wonderfully adapted to the growing of wheat. The valleys of the Peace and the Saskatchewan Rivers might be called the granaries of the world.

The trappers used to tell marvellous stories of the cold of these districts. They said that the ground remained frozen all summer, that the mercury froze in the thermometers, and that the axes of wood cutters broke against the frozen trees. The object of these stories was to keep the country free from settlers, and so preserve the fur-bearing animals in plenty. Even now, many find it difficult to believe that the winters here are no severer than those of Eastern Canada.

Did you ever have a garden of your own? Perhaps then you have found that it is well not to place the same kind of plants in the same spot year after year. Each plant has its own favorite food, which it draws from the earth. After growing a year or two in the

same place, it has taken most of its own food from the soil, and so becomes small and withered. Transplant it, and immediately it begins to grow and to thrive. This is because it has found fresh food in the new place.

The farmer has to change his crops in the same way, planting corn where the year before he had pease, growing beans in the asparagus bed, and so on. It is quite a chemical puzzle to the farmer, how he shall change his crops to the best advantage.

The prairie soil, having never been cultivated, is so rich that for sixty years wheat has been raised in the same fields without any dressing or other enrichment of the land.

Here, too, the wheat reaches its perfection. There are three grains in the kernel, while farther south in the wheat fields of Minnesota and Dakota, there are but two. So thirty bushels of wheat can be harvested from an acre in Canada, when only twenty can be produced on an acre in the United States.

Some stalks of wheat have been found in the Peace valley with five grains to a kernel. This shows that even more than thirty bushels to the acre can be raised in this section of the Northwest. The grasshopper, the farmers' pest, is unknown near Peace River.

And now, following in a general way the South Saskatchewan River, we enter the loneliest region as yet crossed. For days and days the traveler gallops on, and still the same desolation and silence is about him. The horizon appears always the same, and always as far from him as at first. No living thing can be seen or heard.

The spirits of the gayest traveler sink beneath the awful loneliness of the place. It seems as if one might go on for ever and ever, with no change in his surroundings.

But at last we draw near the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, where we are to enjoy hunting the grizzly bear and the buffalo. The buffaloes used to range the prairie, but, since the settlers have come flocking in, the few which remain alive have retreated to the mountains.

The Rocky Mountains are as grand, in their way, as the Alps. They look like great tents tipped with white, and, in the sunset light, gleam beautifully with rose and gold. The Indian called them "The Gate of the World." He believed that the "happy hunting ground" lay just beyond them. The Indian of the plain would have been delighted to follow where we are going now, and to explore the land which lies beyond the "Gate of the World," — the country of British Columbia.

CHAPTER XII.

BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The Atlantic coast of Canada has several provinces, but the Pacific coast has only one. That is the province of British Columbia, which includes not only the mainland but also Vancouver Island.

Over thirty years ago, when the country was unsettled and almost unknown, the news spread like wild-

fire through Canada and the United States that gold had been found in the bed of the Fraser River. Instantly a great tide of immigration swept towards British Columbia, and soon, on every sand bar of the Fraser, might be seen crowds of eager men bending over their rude contrivances for washing nuggets of gold from the sand of the river bed.

The most beneficial result of the rush for gold was that the country began to be settled, and opened up for settlement. Farmers came in the midst of the gold fever, not to wash out the gold, but to plant the fields. The miners needed food, and so there was need of the farmers. Many of the farmers and miners remained after the mining excitement was over, and so British Columbia came to be settled.

There are five parallel ranges of mountains crossing British Columbia from north to south. Beginning with the east, they are the Rocky Mountains, the Selkirk Range, the Gold Range, the Cascade Mountains, and the mountains of Vancouver and Queen Charlotte's Islands. This last range belongs to an ancient mountain system of which a part has sunk below the sea. It protects the mainland from the chilly ocean winds.

The rain clouds from the Pacific Ocean let some of their contents fall on Vancouver Island and the Cascade Mountains. Then, rising higher in the air because of their lightness, they float across the great plain, and, meeting the cold, lofty summits of the Gold and Selkirk Ranges, all the rain they carry falls upon these mountains. Consequently, here is found the richest and most luxuriant vegetation.

Great forests of pine, spruce, hemlock, and cedar cover the slopes of the mountains. The ground, the rocks, and the trees, all have a coat of deep green moss, thick and soft as plush. Garlands of moss hang from the trees. It is beautiful to look at, but to penetrate one of these dense forests of the upper Selkirk is an exceedingly difficult undertaking.

Very little of British Columbia is as fertile as these mountains, where rain or snow falls nearly every day. The great plateau between the Cascade Mountains and the Gold Range is dry and barren throughout, except in the valley of the Fraser River. Low, rounded, brown hills rise in all directions, and the only natural growths are the coarse bunch grass and the cactus known as the prickly pear.

Enterprising farmers, by means of canals with which to draw water from the few streams, have made farms for themselves, upon which they have been able to raise fruits and grains. An acre of this land will produce from forty to seventy bushels of wheat.

The Fraser River, besides being the centre of the agricultural region, is also the chief means by which the inland towns communicate with the coast. Twice a week steamboats ascend the river for two hundred miles, while canoes can ascend three hundred miles farther.

The Gulf of Georgia, which separates Vancouver Island from the mainland, has been called the Mediterranean of America. A vessel could sail for a whole week through the Gulf, threading the narrow channels between the many small islands. The region is most

THE DOUGLAS PINE.

solitary. There is no sign of human life; nothing but lonely mountain peaks, glaciers, and deep forests. Far to the north lie Queen Charlotte's Islands, where a little farming is done. To the west stretches the wooded shore of Vancouver Island.

Only the shores of this island are known. The interior has been but little explored. It is known, however, that there are many mountains and vast forests of the Douglas pine in the centre of the island.

Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is situated on the southern end of Vancouver Island. It has a small, deep harbor, which is shaped like the letter T. Its narrow, channel-like entrance forms the stem of the letter,

and, in the wider part of the harbor, all but the very largest ships can anchor safely.

Victoria is a charming place, which seems more like an English town than an American city. The houses are not crowded closely together, but stretch along the streets in a leisurely, neighborly fashion, with large, pleasant dooryards and gardens. The modern improvements of gaslight and telephones have found their way to this remote spot, so that the astonished cornfields are illuminated and telephone messages fly across the vegetable gardens.

The climate is almost perfect. Instead of being the cold, bleak place we should expect it to be in winter, Victoria is very mild and pleasant. The thermometer seldom falls below twenty-three degrees in winter, or rises above seventy-two degrees in summer. The summer lasts from May to September.

Early May is enchanting. The sky is a beautiful blue; the warm sunshine begins to open the delicately tinted buds; the meadows are dotted with buttercups and daisies, and tall, scarlet lilies rise from the fields. Mild southerly winds prevail during eight months of the year, and altogether the climate of Victoria is wonderfully adapted to invalids.

The Indians are the laborers in British Columbia. They take the place and perform the general duties of the negroes at the South. They are the "hands" of the sawmills, the "crew" on the steamboats, and the "longshoremen" on the wharves. They act as teamsters and coachmen, while the women are employed as house servants.

The Indians of Vancouver Island are called Flatheads. They are so named because each Indian has a flattened brow, caused by his parents binding a board across his skull during infancy.

The houses in the Indian villages are not wigwams, but square or oblong huts with flat roofs. The walls and ceilings are of cedar planks, while the floors are of earth. Often several families occupy one house. The hut is then about eighty feet long and twenty feet wide. There are no partitions, but each family has its own fireside, around which it draws its few goods and about which its poor home life centres.

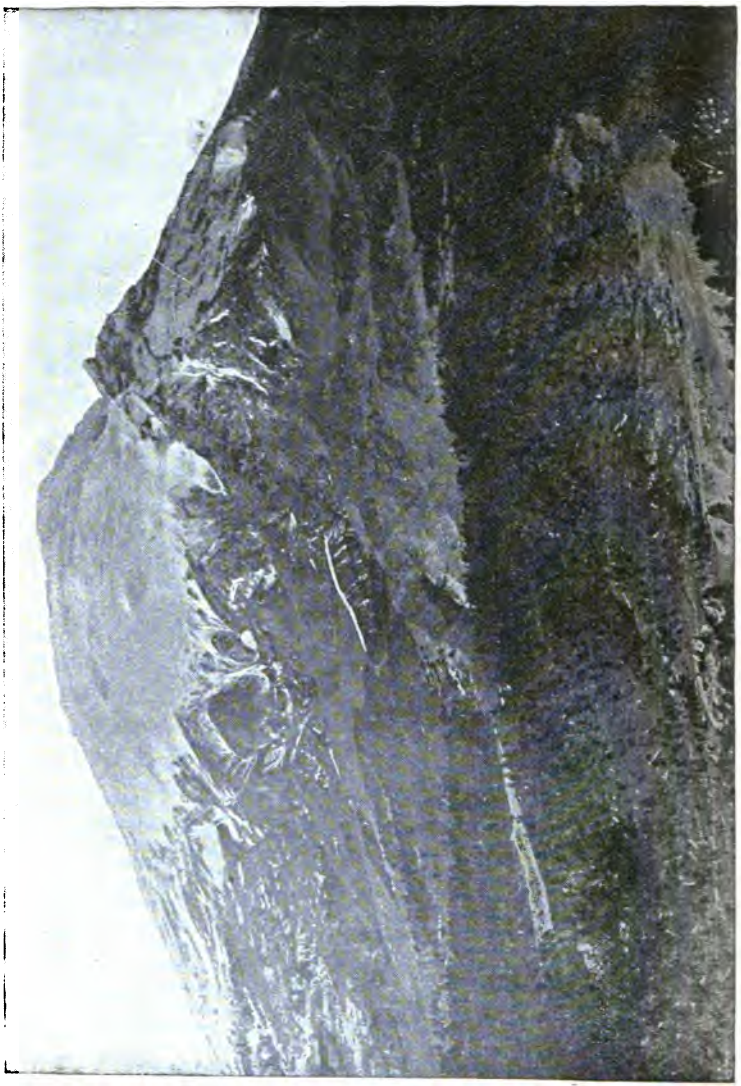
Many of the Indians of these villages are engaged in the seal fishery. The seals enter the Gulf of Georgia in March, and all through the spring the Indians are busy catching them, and the women are engaged in trying out the blubber.

The Indians formerly went to the sealing grounds in their canoes, starting at early dawn from the shore. Now schooners are chartered which transport both Indians and canoes to the scene of action. A few years ago two hundred thousand seals were captured, whose skins were valued at an average of one hundred dollars apiece. The schooners receive one-third of the seals taken by the Indians.

British Columbia has a great future before her. Although not an agricultural state, her forests and fisheries are unsurpassed. As for the mineral wealth, she has but to open one of her rich mines of gold, and men from the ends of the earth flock to her borders to build towns and cities and otherwise benefit her territory.

OUR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS.

MEXICO.



MOUNT POPOCATAPETL.

OUR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS.

MEXICO.

CHAPTER XIII.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MEXICO.

A part of the southern boundary of our country is the Rio Grande. Standing on the low, sandy shores of this great river and looking across its sluggish waters, you may see, high up on the opposite hillside, a white monument. This is a sign that all the land on the further side of the river belongs no longer to the United States, but to our American neighbor of the south, — to Mexico.

Mexico is about one-fifth as large as our own country. It lies between the great United States on the north, and the little states of Central America on the south. Its eastern shores are washed by the sparkling blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico; against its western shores roll the solemn surges of the Pacific Ocean.

Almost the whole of Mexico consists of a great table-land, shaped like a cornucopia. Its average height is about five thousand feet, and across it from north to south run many ranges of mountains. The principal

range is called the Sierra Madre. Single peaks of these mountains are fifteen thousand to eighteen thousand feet high, and snow rests upon their summits all the year round. There are valleys between these mountains which are sometimes green and fertile, but more often dry and dusty.

Toward the south two parallel ranges cross the plateau from east to west, at right angles with the Sierra Madre. Many of these mountains are shaped like cones, and have deep hollows in their summits. They are volcanoes, and some of them are still active. The City of Mexico is situated close by the more northern of these parallel ranges of volcanoes.

The plateau is not always of the same height throughout the country. It rises and falls, sometimes in a series of gradual slopes, sometimes in a number of abrupt terraces. From the United States boundary the plateau rises in easy stages to the City of Mexico. Roughly speaking, it may be said to rise about one thousand feet to each of the states between the northern border and the capital.

The central plateau of Mexico approaches close to the Pacific coast, to which it descends in steep, rocky terraces. From the nature of the shore one might expect to find many good harbors on this coast, but there are only two.

The plateau stretches eastward until within forty miles of the Gulf, where it stops abruptly. Consequently a railroad train going from the coast to the City of Mexico has to climb this immense cliff, eight thousand feet in height. The coast bordering on the

Gulf is very low and sandy. There are no good harbors, because sand bars, marshes, and salt water lakes line the whole shore.

Because of the hilly nature of the country, the rivers are short and navigable only a little distance from their mouths. There are two systems of rivers, — those of the Gulf of Mexico and those of the Pacific slope.

Most of the rivers of the Pacific slope are scarcely more than streams or brooks, and come leaping and bounding down the rocky terraces to the sea. Some have cut down into the plateau at least five hundred feet to make a channel for themselves. Far below, their waters can be heard roaring and chafing in their narrow beds.

The streams that flow into the Gulf of Mexico run slowly and sluggishly, and often seem to lose themselves in the sand. The Rio Grande is the largest river of this system, but it is like the others in being navigable only a few miles from its mouth. It has been said "to flow under its bed," because of the many sand bars and quicksands that appear on its waters.

There are but a few lakes in Mexico, and these are situated on the plateau between the mountains. Some are drained by rivers; but many have no outlet, and so become salt and continually diminish in size. There are several beautiful little lakes about the City of Mexico, which, by reflecting the snowy mountain peaks around them in their clear waters, greatly increase the beauty of the region.

The many states of Mexico may be divided into five groups. There are the northern states, where the dry,

dusty plains are overgrown with cactuses, and where the cattle and the cowboys range at will; there are the rich, silver-mining states in the centre of the country, clustering about Zacatecas and San Louis Potosi; thirdly, there are the states grouped about the City of Mexico, which produce maguey; fourthly, to the east of the capital there are the tobacco states on the Gulf; and lastly, to the southwest, the coffee and cocoa states.

With this general grouping clear in the mind, let us turn to a more particular study of Mexico.

CHAPTER XIV.

BY RAIL TO THE CITY OF MEXICO.

To an American boy, the passing of a railroad train is as common a sight as the floating cloud in the sky. He has been so accustomed to its whirl, rattle, and swiftness, that he almost forgets that there ever was a time when the steam engine was a new and wonderful sight. To the Mexican, the engine is still a marvel; for it is only within a few years that the useful "iron horse" crossed the Rio Grande.

The common people were much opposed to its coming. They even appealed to their gods to protect them against it. In one village, they bore their great stone idol to the track, and placed him between the shining steel rails, with his face turned forbiddingly in the direction of the coming train. They believed that he

would turn back their foe, and with shouts of praise they waited to see the engine crushed.

At length the train appeared in the distance, and breathlessly they watched its approach. To their amazement, it thundered by unhurt, and their idol, who was to have saved them from this smoky monster, lay shattered in a hundred pieces on the track.

This story shows what the steam engine is to do for Mexico. It is to overthrow all the narrow, antiquated customs that she has held for centuries. Her gates have been firmly closed to foreigners and foreign improvements, and only recently have they been slowly swinging open for the entrance of the steam engine, the telegraph, the electric light, and the other blessings of our day. Mexico is at last waking up, and it is the ringing of the engine bell that has been her summons to arise.

Railroads now extend to almost every part of Mexico. All the large cities are reached by one or more lines of railroad. The Mexican Central runs from the Rio Grande to the City of Mexico. Let us see what impressions of the country we may obtain, both from the car windows, and by stopping for a short time in one or another of the large cities on our way.

During the first few hundred miles, the landscape is somewhat dull and monotonous. Dark brown or grayish plains stretch away on either hand. Here and there may be seen tufts of coarse, green grass, or fleshy cactuses. A whirling sandspout is no uncommon sight.

The distant mountains furnish the only bit of color in this dreary spot, and they glow with rich tints of

yellow and purple. If we were to pass here in the rainy season, which lasts from May to October, the plain would be covered with coarse grass; but now the only fertile regions are where the water from some little brook is used for irrigation.

Nowhere does the railroad pass directly through a town or city. The town is always a mile away, and is reached by horse cars across the plain. Often, in the early sunrise and in the late sunset the towers and domes of the churches and the walls of the low stone houses are bright with pink and purple, or yellow and blue.

Many of the common people are seen clustering about the railroad station. Both the men and the women are exceedingly dark and plain. They have straight, dark hair and lustreless black eyes.

The men are dressed in coarse cotton trousers and jackets, and are wrapped in gay blankets. The blankets of the very poor are soiled and worn to tatters. The real pride of the Mexican is in his hat, and for this he saves his pennies until he is able to purchase a sombrero, with a high crown, wide brim, and elaborate decorations. The finer the hat, the better the man, according to the Mexican opinion.

The sombrero is of felt or straw, with a brim at least six inches wide. The edge of the brim is elaborately decorated with silver embroidery or silver buttons. About the crown is fastened a silver band and buckle or a cord ending in silver tassels. The cost of a sombrero is sometimes hundreds of dollars.

The outdoor garment of the women is a kind of blue

cotton scarf, which is draped about the head and shoulders. When a woman carries her baby, the scarf is arranged so as to form a kind of hood in which the baby is slung at the side, and partially supported on the hip. The little one looks very pretty, as it peeps with its bright eyes from the folds of blue drapery.

Often the woman carries upon her shoulder at the same time a water jar of dark red pottery. One would think the two burdens would cause her to bend and sway in her walk. But it is not so. She steps as freely and gracefully as if she bore no weight at all.

The little children, — how pretty they are! They have dark, lustrous eyes, rosy cheeks, and fine white teeth that gleam roguishly through the parting red lips. Dirty and poorly clad though they may be, they seem the jolliest, happiest, little people imaginable.

Now we are entering a more fertile region. Many fine plantations skirt the track. Each plantation consists of several ranches, all ruled over by one wealthy man. They sometimes contain more than two hundred square miles, and include hills, valleys, plains, and rivers. Small villages arise within the plantations; schools, churches, and sometimes hospitals, are built by the owner for the benefit of the workmen and their families.

As we whiz past the plantations, interesting glimpses are obtained of fields of waving wheat; flocks of silky white goats, driven by goatherds; and herds of sturdy cattle, followed by spirited horsemen, known as cowboys.

The ranches are of two kinds, — fenced and unfenced. When they are fenced, except at branding and driving

times, the work of the cowboy is not hard. Each has to take his turn at line riding, that is, he has to ride along the line of the fence every few days, to see that it is in repair. In these great ranches it is a work of days; and the cowboy, rolling himself in his blanket, camps at night where the twilight happens to overtake him. He sleeps under the open, starry sky, with his horse quietly grazing near.

When the ranches are not enclosed, the cowboys have to be continually alert that the thousands of cattle do not stray away.

The cowboy is a wonderfully fine rider. He and his horse are inseparable. The latter loves his master and obeys his slightest word. The life of the cowboy is a free, happy, outdoor existence; and he himself, mounted on horseback, in buckskin trousers, fine riding boots, and with a broad sombrero shading his dark face, makes a memorable picture.

Long lines of mountains, stained purple, gray, and yellow by the minerals upon their surface, have been running parallel to the track, although at a distance from it, so far during the journey. Now the mountains close around us, and we find ourselves moving in zigzag lines up their heights to the city of Zacatecas.

The great yawning mines and the small granite or marble posts which mark the limits of claims, all bear testimony to the fact that one of the great mining centres is close at hand.

Mexico is very truly said to have a backbone of silver, with ribs of gold. The Sierra Madre contains rich mines of silver through the greater part of its length.

A party of convicts hiding from justice were the first to discover this hidden wealth. They kindled a fire upon some boulders which they had used for making a rude fireplace. The fire so heated the rocks that gleaming veins of silver were revealed to them. With great joy they informed the government of their discovery, were pardoned, and made their fortunes. From that time, mining has been one of the chief sources of wealth to the country.

Suddenly the train stops on the summit of a hill; and, on the slopes of the opposite hillside, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, we behold the city of Zacatecas. The sunset light reveals its narrow, straight streets, bordered by low houses of but one story. The walls are of plaster, tinted bright blue, red, green, and yellow. The general effect of the streets, so far as color is concerned, is cheerful; but as the houses have no windows looking out upon the street, the blank wall, however brilliantly colored, becomes in time extremely monotonous and wearisome.

Above all the city towers the great cathedral, and high on a neighboring hill a cross is planted. Those who know, say that Zacatecas is very much like cities in the Holy Land.

All about the hills and valleys may be seen proofs of the great industry of the city. Mines open in the hillsides, and the tall, smoking chimneys of refining works tower into the sky. The refining works are well fortified, and capable of withstanding attacks of mountain robbers eager to reach the silver prize within.

As the night darkens, men laden with ore, and trains

of little donkeys bearing the same precious metal, pass by on their way to the city. Donkeys, or burros, as they are called in Mexico, are tiny little animals varying from the size of a Newfoundland dog to that of a heifer three years old. They have long ears and mild, patient faces. Everywhere in Mexico they may be seen carrying enormous burdens; and, indeed, they are often so hidden under their load that only four tiny, trotting hoofs and the tips of two ears are visible.

As we wander through the streets of Zacatecas, glimpses of beautiful gardens can sometimes be obtained through half-opened doors. The Mexican houses turn their most charming side inward. They are built in the form of a hollow square. In the centre, and protected by the encircling walls of the house, is the courtyard, upon which the windows look and the doors open.

A PATIENT BURRO.

This courtyard is a beautiful spot. It is thickly carpeted with green turf, with pretty paved walks encircling and crossing it. In the centre is the well, with a broad stone coping. Shrubs and brilliant flowers are to be seen everywhere, and the rippling of the fountain adds its charm to the lovely spot. Gorgeous parrots and sweet-voiced mocking birds hang in gilded cages amongst the foliage or against the gray wall of the

house; vain peacocks strut about; and a flock of gray doves now flutter overhead, and now swing slowly down to the pavement. Children prattle and run about; and the dark-eyed, languid women of the household either doze in the hammocks swung between the stone posts of the house, or busy themselves with their wonderful lacework, fine as a cobweb.

The next large city on the route to Mexico is Aguas Calientes, which means in English, hot springs. The hot springs for which the city is named and noted lie in the midst of a rich plain. Bath houses are built over the springs, and contain rooms fitted up for sponge, douche, and swimming baths.

The bather chooses the kind of a bath that he will take; and then he is shown into an apartment with high, stone walls, open overhead to the deep blue sky. The tank is often square, and is reached by descending a few stone steps. The depth and temperature of the water are arranged according to the wish of the bather.

The water, as it escapes from the bath house, runs through a walled ditch by the side of the road. The water in the ditch is about three feet deep; and here, at all times, may be seen crowds of men, women, and children enthusiastically washing their clothes. After they spread these on the grass to dry, they bathe themselves.

No one who has ever seen this busy scrubbing crowd could believe that the natural tendency of the Mexican was not toward cleanliness. The reason why his garments and himself are generally dirty is that water in most of the cities of Mexico is not easily obtained. He

has either to wait hours at the public fountain for a chance to fill his water jar or to buy water from the water carrier.

The poorer Mexican cannot afford to patronize the water carrier, and so goes unwashed. But wherever water is abundant and free, as in the city of Aguas Calientes, there the Mexican is scrupulously clean.

Guanajuato, one of the quaintest, most old-fashioned cities in the world, must not be passed by. It is one of the many mining cities of Mexico, and is situated in a ravine between lofty, upright cliffs. The houses are built on the sides of the cliffs, and cling to their faces, as frightened birds cling to the perpendicular bars of their cages. One is almost afraid to breathe lest the delicately balanced buildings should tumble into the valley below, a mass of ruins.

The streets are narrow, some of them not more than a yard wide. In some cases the people ascend from terrace to terrace by flights of stairs. The houses of the poorer class are built of coarse clay, and huddle closely together in the lower part of the town. The better class of houses are built of a kind of variegated stone which is found in the neighborhood, and are of many colors. Some are red, some green, others blue, and still others the color of chocolate.

This is one of the few cities in Mexico where the houses are more than one or two stories in height. Here they are of four stories, with a great court on the flat roof containing fountains and flowers. The effect of these lofty courts, or sky parlors, as they might be called, is unusual and very pretty.

In Guanajuato one is always climbing up or going down hill. Such interesting glimpses into the life of the city as may be obtained from different parts of the hillside! To the left is the courtyard of a pottery manufactory, where the graceful vessels of reddish clay glitter in the sunlight like rubies; directly below lies the green square of the central courtyard of the city, the plaza, as it is called, surrounded by the church and other important buildings; to the right a most curious sight awaits our attention. In an open courtyard many mules and Indians are marching about in regular order, trampling down a mass of clay two feet in depth.

What is the object of this slow, painful labor? It is to separate the silver from the clay. For three hundred years the work has been carried on in just this way. An attempt has been made to use steam power for this work, but it is so expensive and Indian labor is so cheap that the old-fashioned way is still followed. Week after week, year after year, the Indian toils on, with no more animation than if he were a machine, or the patient mule, his fellow laborer. He works until he dies, after a life shortened by his unhealthy toil.

The hills about Guanajuato, like those about Zacatecas and the other mining cities of Mexico, are tunneled by mines and capped by silver refineries. The mines can be visited, but it is a very tedious and dangerous undertaking.

Some workmen spend twelve hours a day in the mines — six hours in working and six in going down into the mines and returning. The vein in which the

men are at work is a three hours' journey from the clear sunlight and the fresh air.

Terrible dangers attend their daily descent. Shrouded in thick darkness, they move along on the edge of horrible precipices, scale rickety ladders which are not fastened to the terraces that they connect, and go through passages as narrow as the grave, — all with the knowledge that a false step means a fall of hundreds of feet, with certain death at the bottom.

We return to Guanajuato in a horse car drawn by mules. The driver is armed with a fish horn, with which he warns wagons and people off the track. Sometimes the blasts of the horn are very frequent, as the road from the mines is blocked with burros, carrying their usual miscellaneous burdens.

One is laden with leathern bags of silver ore; another carries nets of large oranges to be sold in the city at the rate of one hundred for seventy-five cents; a third bears a crate of live turkeys; a fourth, bags of charcoal; and, funniest of all, a fifth small burro carries, strapped on his back, an immense black pig, which keeps up a continuous squealing and grunting. The burro, however, does not seem to mind the antics of his animated burden, but, with hanging head, keeps doggedly on his way.

The fields around Guanajuato are fenced with the organ-pipe cactus. This prickly plant grows in long, close stalks which do, indeed, resemble the upright pipes of an organ. They are two or three inches thick, and, growing as they do from twenty to thirty feet high, they form a hedge so close and compact that one must

grow wings to pass the boundary at any spot, other than the gate itself.

The products of the different towns are offered for sale at the various stations on the road. In one place beautiful roses can be purchased at the rate of six cents for a bunch as large as the head. Pretty Indian baskets of grass, full of strawberries, are offered for sale at twenty-five cents apiece. But, alas, one finds that the Mexicans are frauds, so far as the trick of heaping the ripe berries temptingly on the top is concerned! Fully one-half of the basket is filled with cabbage leaves; then comes a layer of green berries; and, lastly, there are about twenty-five sweet, red, delicious berries, most artfully arranged.

At Queretaro the tourist buys opals. Handfuls of the uncut stones are passed in at the car window. Exclamations of wonder and delight follow; and, as the shining gems are shifted from hand to hand, taking lovely colors in the sunshine, the traveler's heart and purse are won, and he buys scores for a very small sum.

The opals are about the size of one's thumb nail, and are yellow, green, and red in color. They are mostly of inferior quality, and would rarely pay for cutting. Occasionally, however, a gem of value is discovered.

And now certain changes in the landscape show that the capital is near. The roads widen, the fields are greener and show a more careful cultivation, the villages and towns become more numerous, and the people crowd the streets more densely. Those great stone arches, running parallel with the track, are the aque-

ducts which supply the city with water from the neighboring hills.

Are those clouds high in the air? No; they are not clouds. They are snow-covered mountains, the great volcanoes of Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl; and below them, with its domes, turrets, spires, and the white walls of its many houses, shining in the southern sunlight, lies the very heart of all the country, the City of Mexico.

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE CAPITAL.

The City of Mexico is situated in the midst of a circular plain, thirty-five miles in diameter. The plain is surrounded by lofty mountains, the most conspicuous of which are Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl, the white volcanoes which lie to the southeast. On the surface of the plain of Mexico are several lakes, among which, in the very lowest and most marshy spot, is built the city itself.

The foundations of many of the houses are covered with water. As there is practically no drainage and very little knowledge of the laws of health, there would be many more deaths than there are, if it were not for the perfect climate and the healthful elevation of the city. Lake Chalco, the fresh water lake from which Mexico is supplied with water by aqueducts, lies to the south; and Lake Tuzcoca, a brackish pond with white, chalky shores, to the east.

Mexico is built in the form of a square, three miles on a side. The streets are all very straight, and run from north to south and from east to west. They are broad, well paved, and lighted by gas. Often the vista of a street seems to be filled by a great mountain, which appears close at hand, but is, in reality, miles distant.

The houses bordering the streets are generally of two stories, enclosing a courtyard. They have the usual pretty tints of red, pink, yellow, and cream color; but are unlike the houses we have noticed heretofore, in having a few windows with small balconies looking upon the street. On festive occasions these balconies, when filled with the brightly dressed women of the household, add much beauty to the monotonous street.

The ladies of the higher class do not wear the *reboza*, which is only for the lower class of women. They throw over their heads and draw over the lower part of their faces, up to their eyes, elegant Spanish lace scarfs. The young girls are charmingly pretty, with their slender oval faces, olive skins, dark eyes, delicate features, and little hands and feet.

Any of the principal streets will bring us into the Great Plaza. This is a large square garden, about which stand the Cathedral, the National Palace, and other important public buildings. The plaza is very beautiful with shady walks, brilliant flower beds, and stone seats where one may rest and enjoy the beautiful view before him.

The plaza is always a lively spot. The common people have many stalls here at which they offer for sale fruits, flowers, small sugar cakes, and the various hot

little dishes of which the average Mexican is so fond. Women sitting on the pavement beside a rude stone oven, will bake for you, while you wait, a hot cake the size of a lima bean.

At stated times during the week, the band plays in the plaza, drawing large crowds of this music-loving

THE CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO.

people. The various lines of horse cars start here, and the throng of worshipers entering or leaving the cathedral cross the plaza, which might be called the pulse of Mexico, so strongly does the city's life throb through it.

The Mexican cathedral with its twin towers and mighty dome, rises on the northern side of the plaza. It is the largest church in America, and is built in the

shape of a Greek cross. Its length, its greatest dimension, is over four hundred feet.

The cathedral was over one hundred years in building. We can easily believe that fact when we notice its great magnificence both within and without. The walls alone cost two million dollars. They are of granite, much carved and otherwise ornamented. Within this great shell there are many chapels. Three of them are so large that when the bronze doors connecting them with the main cathedral are closed, three large churches are formed in which services are sometimes held at the same time.

The dome is gorgeously painted with great figures illustrating Bible stories; the pillars of the altars are of clear, green stone, resembling malachite in color, while the altars themselves are one blaze of gold and silver.

The railings leading to the principal altar and surrounding it, are a very rich alloy of gold, silver, and copper. An offer has been made to exchange this railing for one of solid silver; but so rich is the present railing in gold, that those in authority have always refused the offer.

Everything about the cathedral bears testimony to its age and wealth. The priests have robes so rich and heavy in ornaments, so embroidered in gold and adorned with gems, that they can scarcely be worn. Everywhere are large and brilliant paintings, and the books are covered with fine vellum.

Without the church, at the foot of the western tower, half hidden under flowering vines, lies a heap of broken columns and curiously carved stones. Over them is

this inscription: "Stones from the bloody altar of Huitzilopolztli."

Nearly four hundred years ago, when the early Spanish discoverer, Cortez, came to Mexico, he found a heathen altar to the god of the Aztecs, where the Mexican cathedral now stands. The temple was cone-shaped, and about it wound a staircase leading to the altar at the summit. Up this stairway on great religious feast days wound long trains of captives taken in war. The priests received them, and, laying them one by one on the great sacrificial stone, tore out their hearts and held them high in the air as an offering to the stern god.

This sacrificial stone can be seen at the National Museum with many other relics of that ancient time. Here are the old idols, either whole or in fragments; and here is also the Calendar Stone of the Aztecs. This is a large, circular stone covered with characters so strange that, although many learned men have tried to decipher them, none have succeeded.

The eastern end of the plaza is occupied by the National Palace. This is a very long, low structure with many rows of windows. A part of the palace contains the private home of the President, and the rest is taken up by government offices. An observatory and the office of the weather bureau are also located in this building.

It is Sunday morning in the city of Mexico. From early dawn the church bells have been ringing. The Mexican bell ringers never move the bells themselves; they merely move the tongues. Consequently, the sound of the bell is not a deep, mellow roll as it is in

the United States, but a feeble little note very apt to be cracked.

The discordant sounds of the many bells might almost distract the traveler if it were not that the morning itself is beautiful enough to drive all adverse criticism away. The sky is clear blue, the sun bright, the trees and grass a vivid green, and the common people, on

THE NATIONAL PALACE, MEXICO.

their way to morning mass, look very clean in their freshly starched garments.

Mass is said in the cathedral every hour. All through the morning the great doors are opening and shutting after the entering and departing crowds.

After church many of the people proceed to do their marketing. South of the plaza is one of the principal markets of the city. We will follow the throng and see what a Mexican market is like.

Before us is a great, square, stone building entered by four doors, one in the centre of each side. Within is a large courtyard, only part of which is roofed. Open booths stand beneath the covered part of the courtyard; while those booths which are in the uncovered part, are protected by means of oblong pieces of matting, supported on poles. Beneath the mattings, the women and children sit on the ground and display their goods.

Here housekeepers can purchase all the vegetables, fruits, and meats necessary for an excellent dinner. Potatoes the size of walnuts, chile peppers, beans of every imaginable size and shape, gigantic squashes, tiny carrots and onions, all are arranged in tempting heaps on the ground. Luscious oranges and great sweet melons are piled up on every side.

Men with fowls in hencoops wander about the market, looking for a customer. A young Indian girl offers you a pair of live chickens, which she holds by the legs.

Some cooking goes on behind these stalls. The universal *tortilla*, both fried and baked, can be bought here. The silent, busy Mexican woman rolls and beats the flour into a circular shape upon a large, flat stone; then she drops it into a frying pan, occasionally dusting it with an herby powder, and dipping the fat over it. After a few moments it is cooked, and handed to the customer. Fowls stewed with chile beans, and beans cooked in various other ways, are also offered for sale.

The deep red Mexican pottery is displayed in a few stalls. The shapes are very graceful, and the ware appears strong; but it is, in reality, very frail and delicate. Here, also, the most beautiful flowers can be

bought for a few pennies. We see roses, pansies, heliotrope, and camelias of the most exquisite coloring.

The Mexican flowers are remarkable for the depth and intensity of their tints. The red is more vivid, the pink more dainty, the white purer, the yellow more glowing, than can be seen elsewhere. Then the flowers are remarkable for their size. The pansy is as large as a dollar, and a poppy would cover a dinner plate.

The growing plants are large in proportion. Think of geraniums the height of a tall man, and rhododendrons twenty feet high! These are not unusual cases, but customary sights; for the lovely flowers lavish their beauty all over this region, — calla lilies lifting their fair, stately heads from the ditch at the roadside, and poppies flourishing in neglected corners of the field.

After laying in a store of the various good things which the market affords, the Mexicans return to their homes, partake of a light noonday meal, and rest during the heat of the day.

Five o'clock finds nearly every one in the fashionable drive of the city. This is a broad road, three miles in length, leading southward to the Castle of Chapultepec.

At regular intervals in the road, circular flower beds are tastefully planted. It is the intention of the government to place a statue of some national hero in the centre of each flower bed, but as yet only three of the plots are thus adorned. The broad drive, winding about these eight circles, shaded by large trees and bordered by lawns and shrubbery, is a very attractive spot.

On Sundays the people of wealth and fashion drive here, while the poorer classes either walk in the park

or rest on the benches beside the road. Most of the carriages are elegant; the horses are fine, spirited creatures; and servants in livery attend the beautiful dark-eyed ladies, who are wrapped in lace mantillas. Horsemen curvet and prance along the drive, bowing low to the friends they meet.

Some of the horses have trappings fit for the steed of a prince. The saddlecloth is embroidered with silver, and edged with silver fringe. The saddle and bridle are heavily inlaid with silver; while the riding coat and sombrero of the horseman are richly ornamented with fringe, buttons, and cords of the same metal.

Three miles south of Mexico, at the end of the avenue, a mass of rock about two hundred feet high rises abruptly. On the summit of this gray rock is built the Castle of Chapultepec, which is reached by a road winding through the cypress grove at the base of the cliff up to its top.

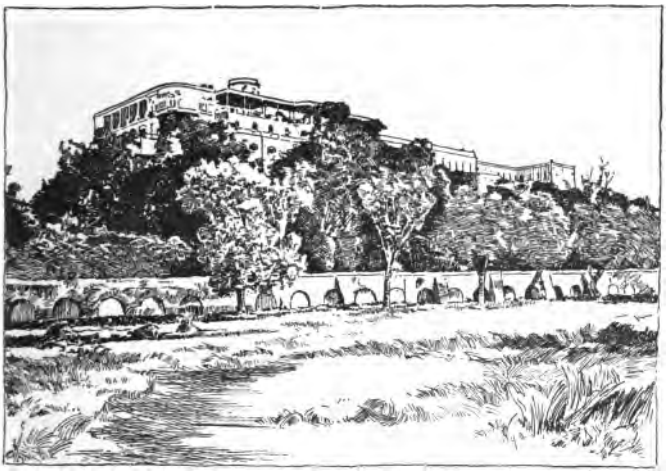
This cypress wood is very ancient. One tree, called Montezuma's tree, is over forty feet in circumference, and must be at least three centuries old. Clambering about the giant trunks, festooning the boughs, and linking cypress with cypress grows the gray Spanish moss. The drive through the shadowy wood up to the small, open hilltop is charming.

The Castle of Chapultepec is used by the president of Mexico as a summer residence. It has been redecorated and refurnished in the most exquisite taste. A part of the building is occupied by the Mexican military academy. There are three hundred boys at school here learning the art of war.

These slender, dark-eyed soldier boys show you a

tablet erected to the memory of the cadets who fell fighting against the United States troops, in the battle, during the Mexican War, that occurred at the foot of Chapultepec.

The young soldiers bore themselves like heroes; and their successors at the present day say, with flashing eyes, that if the regular troops had equalled these



THE CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

young volunteers in bravery, the United States would never have taken the capital.

The view from Chapultepec is one of the widest and most beautiful in Mexico. The whole circular valley is seen below, with its lakes, its richly cultivated fields, its canals, its stone-arched aqueducts, and the city itself at its centre. All around stand the mountains, with Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl highest of them all.

Iztaccihuatl means "Snowy Maiden," and, from some points of the compass, the snow upon her summit and the glaciers on her sides combine to look precisely as if a maiden, with clasped hands and closed eyes, were lying there in deathlike slumber.

Popocatapetl means "Smoky Mountain," and he, the Mexicans say, looks on in grim sorrow at the eternal slumber of the "Snowy Maiden." If you ask, they will tell you a little romance which has the two mountains for the hero and the heroine.

Sunday evening is spent by high and low in the plaza. The band plays sweet music, and the Mexicans stroll through the avenues, lighted by the moon, amid fragrant flowers and singing birds. Thus the day pleasantly ends. Sunday in Mexico is in fact a gala day.

One pleasant excursion from Mexico is up the Viga canal to the floating gardens of Lake Chalco. This canal connects Lake Chalco with the City of Mexico, and forms the highway down which the vegetables raised on the floating gardens are brought to the markets.

It is not a very agreeable section of the city where we embark. But our flat-bottomed boat is soon speeding over the water, propelled by the brawny arms of the Indian boatman. He is dressed in white cotton; and, squatting on the floor of the boat, shoving with the pole, now on one side, now on the other, he gives the boat a swaying movement which soon becomes very agreeable.

We pass many market boats piled with pale green cabbages, scarlet tomatoes, beets, and onions. Other boats are covered with the loveliest flowers. Poppies,

roses, and peonies lie about in light, sweet masses. The tinkle of a guitar comes softly over the water; a Mexican horseman gallops along the edge of the canal like a flash of silver; children of all ages and sizes, with dark eyes set in most serious faces, peer after us from the doorways of their rough clay cottages. After a thoroughly enjoyable row, we reach the floating gardens.

The ancient accounts say that these islands floated about the lake as freely as a boat that has shipped its anchor. That can hardly, in the nature of things, be true. But whatever the gardens did in the way of floating long ago, it is certain that to-day they are as firmly fixed as if they had dry land for their foundation.

Their foundation is in reality marsh land. On every tuft of land throughout the marsh, earthy matter from the water has been piled up, and fastened in place by means of withes, and long poles which are driven down, through the mud and water, into the solid ground beneath the swamp. Thus numberless little patches of garden have been made, which are interlaced by a network of small canals.

The gardens are kept green and fertile by water from the canals, which is dipped up in long-handled buckets. They are like a dream of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. These islands are as small and green as those of the North; but here every result is due to the art of man, while there, everything is the work of nature.

Such minute and careful gardening as is seen here! Every square foot is made to do its utmost. The gardeners are constantly in their boats, journeying from

island to island, planting, tending, gathering their crops, and then taking them down the Viga canal to the city markets.

Mexico is one of the best built cities in America. Perhaps to the newcomer the houses have a sameness and monotony at first; but the longer he stays, the better he likes the Mexican style of building.

The square, low houses seem made to last for generations. The walls of some of the houses are covered with brightly colored plaster, but most of them are of stone. On passing through the high-arched door, the court-yard is entered, with its flowers, fountains, and singing birds.

A stone staircase leads up to a gallery which runs around the second story of the house. Both staircase and gallery are covered and overhung with climbing vines. The rooms on the second story have glass doors opening upon the gallery. Both parlors and bedrooms are often upon this second floor. The lower floor of the house is used for the stables, kitchen, and servants' appartments.

The parlor of a Mexican house is large and lofty. The walls are frescoed, while the ceiling is simply a piece of cotton cloth, stretched very tightly from wall to wall and painted as if it were plaster. The floor has a handsome, thick carpet, and the furniture consists of the usual covered drawing-room set, consisting of a sofa, two armchairs, and six smaller chairs.

These are arranged with great exactness about the sides of the room. The sofa, which is the seat of honor and is ornamented with two large pillows, is placed at the

upper end of the room. At each end of the sofa stands an armchair, and the remaining chairs are arranged opposite one another at the sides of the room and closely pushed against the wall. Americans miss the pictures and small ornaments which make our houses so attractive and homelike.

The kitchen is the only room which has a fireplace, although the evenings and nights are exceedingly cold. You would hardly recognize the stove when you saw it. Imagine a square stone platform about four feet high, running across one end of the kitchen, and having large circular holes cut at intervals in the upper surface. This is a Mexican cooking stove, and into those circular holes the kettles are set.

Sometimes the cooking stove is only a foot or two high, and circular. When using this, the cook sits on the floor beside it; but when using the other kind, she stands.

The cooking utensils are very few and very simple. A large curving board or stone, on which the corn is rolled or pounded into meal, is the utensil most needed by the Mexican cook. Think of a broom being a rare article! One American woman says that she was obliged to wait six months before purchasing one. There were no stores in which one could be bought; they were to be procured only when the broom peddler went his irregular rounds. Meanwhile she had to borrow of her neighbors.

To look from one of the barred windows upon the street is always interesting. Horse cars drawn by mules, with dark-skinned drivers lustily blowing their

horns, dash by at intervals. The cars painted yellow are first class; those painted green are second class.

Now and then a cab appears in sight bearing a blue, red, or white flag. The blue flag means that it is a first class cab, for which one dollar per hour is paid. The red flag means a second class cab, which costs seventy-five cents an hour. The white flag shows the third class, and costs fifty cents an hour.

Occasionally a train of loaded burros passes slowly up the street. You would scarcely know donkeys were there, so completely are they hidden by their loads of hay and wood.

A water carrier comes along beneath our window. He is clad almost entirely in leather, and by means of a rubber band about the forehead, carries two great water jars, one before and one behind. They are so heavy that if, by any mischance, the leather supporting one of the jars, should break, he would be thrown to the ground by the weight of the other jar, falling either backward or forward as the case might be. When both are in place, they balance each other so perfectly that the man is held in an upright position. He makes his living by selling water from house to house.

Ice is purchased from Indians, who make frequent pilgrimages for it to the snowy mountains which surround the valley of Mexico. Here is a group of little children. They are poorly but cleanly dressed in cotton. The little brown arms and legs are bare; for, in most cases, the sleeves do not reach the elbow, and the skirts or trousers stop at the knee. Sometimes, however, long, narrow pantelets are worn, coming down to

the tiny, brown feet. They chatter, laugh, and appear to be as wide-awake to all that surrounds them as a similar group of United States children might be. It is only as they grow older that the Spanish indifference is apt to steal over them.

The Mexicans are very courteous and kind to one another in their homes, and their manner to strangers is perfect. They cannot be said to be an intemperate people; for, though the corner drinking shops are seen throughout the cities and are much frequented, travelers have again and again testified that they have never seen more than one or two Mexicans intoxicated.

And now, with a parting glance at the curious sight of a Mexican laborer carrying a piano through the streets with easy indifference, we must turn away and prepare for our journey from the city of Mexico into the hot regions of the country.

CHAPTER XVI.

DOWN INTO THE HOT LANDS.

Do you remember the five classes of Mexican states that were spoken of in the chapter called "A Bird's-Eye View of Mexico"? The third class of states were those around the City of Mexico, which produced maguey.

What is maguey? It is what is known in the United States as a century plant. To the north, south, east, and west of the capital are acres and acres, and even

miles and miles of maguey plantations. Think of long, straight lines of century plants, stretching away in all directions to the horizon. The plants have leaves growing with such regularity from the short, strong stems, that they look as if carved from clear, green marble. Some of the plants are full-grown, being eight or ten feet high; others are tiny plants, but two feet tall.

Now close your eyes and see if you can picture a maguey plantation to yourself. Take the one plant you have seen here in the United States, and multiply it hundreds of times, setting out the plants in a straight line till the farther ones vanish out of sight. Then place other rows beside the first row, and multiply them till the farthest of these too disappear. Glance your eyes over the whole and then you will have an idea of a Mexican maguey plantation.

The chief use of the maguey is to make pulque, a mildly intoxicating liquor which is drunk as freely in Mexico as milk is in our country.

The maguey is first set out as a tiny slip. It does not require much care, but grows quietly along from year to year, until, at the end of the seventh year, it is recognized as a full-grown plant, whose value is twelve dollars.

In the spring, between the closely growing leaves of the mature plant is seen a large fleshy cone. This contains the flower stalk and flowers. The Mexican planter cuts it out with his sharp knife, leaving a hollow, shaped like a bowl, in the heart of the plant. The sap fills this hollow so quickly that the juice has to be drawn out two or three times a day. A narrow tube-shaped gourd is

thrust into the hollow, and then by suction the juice is drawn up into a pigskin carried on the back of the gardener. A healthy plant yields from a gallon to a gallon and a half a day.

The maguey juice before it is fermented is called honey water. The pigskins are emptied into vats lined with oxen's hides, the coarse hair being turned inward. After the honey water has remained from ten to fourteen days in the vats, it becomes fermented and is changed to pulque.

The Mexicans are extremely fond of this drink. Ten thousand barrels are consumed daily in the city of Mexico. Under these circumstances it is remarkable that an intoxicated person is a very rare sight. The corner pulque shops are closed by law at six every evening, and at this early hour the drinkers go home to sleep off the ill effects.

The maguey plant has been said to give health, wealth, and happiness to the Mexican people. It is, in fact, as useful to them as the date palm is to the Arab, and the cocoa palm to the South Sea Islander. It is food, shelter, and fire.

The whole plant is used for fuel. The roots are boiled and form a healthful food. The leaves, when dried, are used to shingle the houses. They also are made into troughs into which water is poured to be frozen into ice. The evaporation of the oil from the cut leaves cools the water down to the freezing point.

The fibre of the maguey leaf is perhaps more useful than any other part of the plant. It forms a coarse thread from which cloth, twine, and an excellent rope

are made. The rope is braided into large, coarse mats, which are used in the homes of the poorer Mexicans as chairs by day and beds at night. These mats are carried to market, where they can be seen at any time, either carpeting the rough courtyard strewn with delicious fruits and vegetables, or upheld by slender poles to form a shelter for the merchant and his goods. Paper is also made from the fibre.

The prickly thorns edging the fleshy leaves make excellent nails and needles. Sometimes a thorn is torn off the leaf with a long fibre attached to it. What does that make? A needle already threaded, of course.

The sap, by a curious process, is made into pulque, as we have seen already. Hot pulque is thought to be an excellent medicine for coughs and lung troubles of all kinds.

A large white caterpillar often inhabits the plant. When cooked, the poor Mexican considers him as great a luxury as the Frenchman does a snail.

About six hours' journey in a southeasterly direction from the city of Mexico, is the city of Puebla, which is next to the capital in size. Many kinds of grain are raised in the neighborhood of Puebla, and the corn cribs and hayricks are built to represent small churches with spires and crosses most ingeniously formed.

Puebla is built of granite; but it might have been built of glittering marble, for near the city are two great mountains of the beautiful kind of marble called Mexican onyx. There is enough material in these marble mountains to have built London, Pekin, Paris, Vienna, and a hundred more cities of their size.

Much of this marble has been used for the interior decorations of the Puebla cathedral. This is a very beautiful building standing on the southern side of the principal plaza. The story is, that when the workmen paused in their work on the cathedral at the close of the day, the angels continued building through the night. This tradition gives the name of "the city of the angels" to Puebla.

Many consider this cathedral more beautiful than the Mexican cathedral itself. It is built of granite, and has a fine dome and a pair of towers.

Within, the subdued light gleams on onyx pillars richly decorated with gold and gems, and on altars decorated with onyx. At the foot of each altar is a large glass case in which rests a waxen image of some saint of the church, richly draped in gorgeous silks decorated with emeralds and diamonds. The bones of martyrs are said to be within the waxen images. Elegant carvings, fine portraits, and magnificent tapestry hangings can be seen in various chapels and halls of the cathedral; while on all sides are exquisite onyx decorations, which, in beauty and richness of coloring, cannot be anywhere surpassed.

Puebla has another name beside the "city of the angels." On account of its numerous manufactories, it has been compared with one of our important manufacturing towns, and called the Lowell of Mexico. Cotton thread, blankets, tiles, crockery, glass, soap, and matches are all made here.

The city is full of churches, schools, hospitals, and asylums. It is one of the cleanest cities in the world.

Every day the streets are swept and cleansed in the most thorough manner.

The streets look very queer to one from more northern countries. The gutter runs through the centre, and the street on each side slopes toward it. When one street enters another, there arises the problem as to how the gutter is to be crossed by foot passengers. For answer, little bridges are built; but, as these are always in the side street, the careless traveler is apt to step into the gutter on the main street, forgetting to turn toward the bridge. In South America we see many streets whose general plan is like these of Puebla.

About seven miles from Puebla is the pyramid of Cholula, a relic of the days of the Toltecs. The Toltecs were Indian tribes that inhabited this region before the Spaniards settled here. The pyramid looks like an ordinary hill, covered with the usual growth of shrubs and grasses, and capped by a small chapel. You would never think of calling it a pyramid, and yet it is.

Centuries ago, the Toltecs forced the captives they had taken in war to pile up brick after brick by hand, until they had made this pyramid, forty-four acres square at the base, one acre square at the summit, and about two hundred feet in height. The pyramid was built in layers; first a layer of sunburned brick, and then a layer of clay, and so on. The whole was sheathed in adobe, or clay. Time wore away the covering of clay; plants crept over the face of the pyramid; a layer of soil was formed; and soon Cholula became to all appearances an ordinary hill, studded with trees, covered with grass, and strewn with flowers.

The traveler climbs the winding path to the summit, and finds a beautiful view awaiting him. Four mountain peaks rise into the blue sky, — Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl in the northwest, Malinche in the northeast, and the volcano of Oriziba in the direct east. The view of Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl is more satisfactory from Cholula than it is from the City of Mexico. The plainest likeness of Iztaccihuatl to a sleeping maiden is seen here. Malinche, or Cortez's Mountain, is a dark, grim height on which not a tree, shrub, nor blade of grass will grow. Oriziba has the cup-shaped summit which always denotes the crater of a volcano, and is covered with snow.

All about the base of Cholula, and stretching far away, are green fields of grain, dotted here and there with villages and church spires. Perhaps it was the view from Cholula that first suggested the idea that it might have been built as a fortress or place of refuge for a community of farmers. In time of war, what place in all the country round could be so easily defended as this single elevation?

Some wise men hold this opinion; others believe that the pyramid was erected in honor of the Toltec god of the air. A little Spanish chapel which, though old, is kept in perfect repair, is situated on the level space at the top of the pyramid.

The railroad trip from Puebla to Vera Cruz is one of the most remarkable journeys in the world. The great central plateau of Mexico descends very abruptly to the lowlands of the Gulf. Within a very few miles, the railroad drops from an elevation of five thousand or six

thousand feet to an elevation of but a few hundred feet.

In making this descent, two engines are used, one at the front, the other at the back of the train. The track winds along the edges of fearful precipices, and crosses yawning gulleys by means of railroad bridges. And so the engine seems to climb up and down the faces of the steepest cliffs, like a fly on a wall.

It makes one giddy to glance from the window; and yet the wonderful beauty and the terrible danger fascinate the traveler and compel him to look. These upright walls to which the train is clinging desperately are covered with the most luxuriant growths and the fairest flowers. Tall rhododendrons almost strangled by ivy, jungles of ferns, and tangles of morning-glory blossoms appear.

There are many beautiful plants on all sides that we have never seen before. Here, is a tall shrub, like a lilac, with trumpet-shaped white flowers; there, is a clump of brilliant scarlet flowers lined with a soft pink. And look, look at the edge of the cliff! Delicate orchids with bright scarlet blossoms a foot long, are nodding at us. They are so near that we could almost pluck them, if the train would only go more slowly. But it speeds along at its own sweet will, which happens, in this case, to be a smart pace, and brings us safely down into the hot, moist air of the lowlands.

There are three regions in Mexico, — the cold region on the tops of the mountains, the temperate region on the great central plateau, and the hot region on the lowlands beside the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific coast.

So far, all our journeying has been in the temperate region. We are now entering the hot region for the first time.

The air is hot, soft, and damp. A light haze softens the outlines of the hills, which are cultivated to their very summits. The sky is generally overcast, and rains are very frequent. A spicy smell of sandalwood is in the warm air.

The thermometer, which stood at thirty-two on the plateau in the morning, registers one hundred and twenty-five degrees at night.

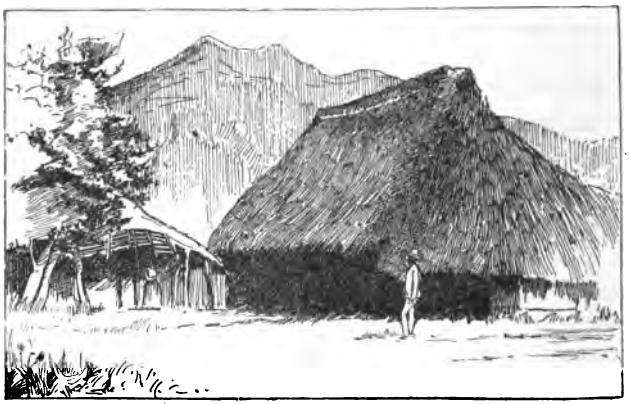
Through the warmest weather the workman toils unflaggingly in the fields. The Mexican is not by nature idle. He only lounges about when he has no employment. When he has work to do, he labors with the utmost devotion, never stopping to lift his head or turn his eyes from the task before him.

The lowlands are rich with large valuable trees, and beautiful with clustering vines and mosses. Bananas grow twenty-five feet high. Mango trees are commonly thirty to forty feet in height, and are covered with wisteria. The purple blossoms of the vines mingle prettily with the glossy leaves of the trees. Pepper trees wave their feathery foliage, and droop their bright red and pink blossoms above the canals.

Orchids raise their delicate heads from the branches of trees. Morning-glories and yellow jasmines in full bloom festoon the trees and shrubs near them. Ferns grow tall, as a tall man, and rose trees are twelve feet high, with stems five inches in diameter.

The huts are frail, slight affairs, suited to the warm

climate. They are built either of bamboo sticks or of reeds, and are thatched with palm leaves or cornstalks. The roofs are cone-shaped in order to shed the rain which falls so abundantly throughout this region. Before the cottage door, pigs, turkeys, chickens, and children play together. Men, women, and children are dressed in white cotton, and wear wide-brimmed shade hats.



A NATIVE RESIDENCE IN THE HOT COUNTRY.

The country about Vera Cruz is filled with coffee plantations. The coffee plant is from ten to fifteen feet tall. It has small, glossy, green leaves like the holly, and bears a bright red berry resembling the cranberry.

The coffee plant needs plenty of heat, shade, and moisture. To secure the necessary shade, the young plants are set out between rows of banana trees.

After the plants are five or six years old, they begin to bear fruit. The fruit is the size of a cherry. In the pulp are set two seeds.

The berries are gathered and placed on trays or mats, which are left in the open air for a number of days. After that, the seeds are separated by machinery from the berry, which has changed from a pulpy mass to a dry pod. The thin, membranous coating of the seeds is next removed, and then the coffee is ready for market.

Some coffee is superior to other coffee of the same kind, on account of a more fragrant aroma. This is because it has received more careful sorting and drying. If the Mexicans were more particular in their preparation of the coffee bean, the Mexican coffee would be inferior to none in the world.

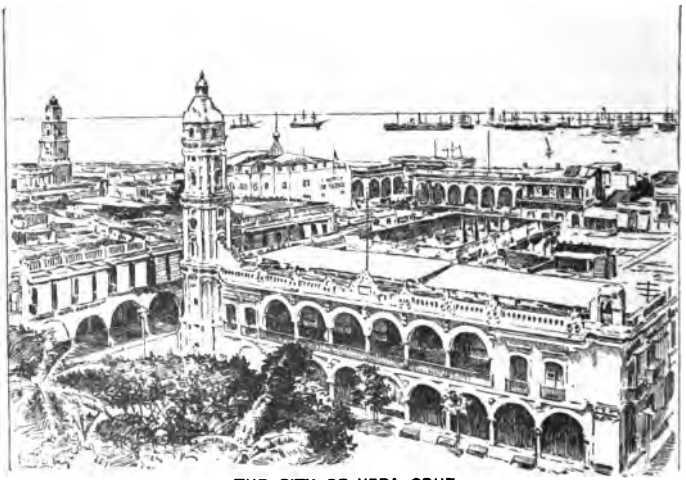
At last we have reached Vera Cruz, where our journey ends. This city is situated on the sandy shores of the Gulf of Mexico, among marshes and fever swamps. It has the name of having more horrible odors than any other city in Mexico, and that is saying much. Also, it is said to be the stronghold of the yellow fever and other kindred tropical diseases.

Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, many travelers enjoy Vera Cruz, and spend the summer months there for the sea bathing. The summer is the time of year when "Yellow Jack," as the yellow fever is called, is least prevalent.

The city is very much like other cities of Mexico in its general plan and style of architecture. The houses have flat roofs, with courtyards and stuccoed walls. The cathedral on the central plaza is haunted by vultures. Because they act as city scavengers, they are protected by law. It is a curious sight to see them perched on a lofty tower of the cathedral, with their

shadowy forms outlined against the faintly tinted sky of the tropical night. Their hoarse croak, as it is borne on the evening breeze across the plaza, has a ghostly sound.

The Gulf of Mexico is a beautiful sight in the evening, especially when lighted by a full moon. The waves rolling towards the shore look like molten silver,



THE CITY OF VERA CRUZ.

and every sailing vessel and little boat gleams with a new and marvelous radiance.

The best view of Vera Cruz is obtained while entering its wretched little harbor. The city looks very long and low as it stretches along the shore. It has almost a flattened appearance, as if some mighty force had pressed it downward into the sand. Much of the stucco work of the houses is of a bright pink color.

and this looks very picturesque against the yellow sand cliffs back of Vera Cruz. The effect of the pink and yellow city spanned by the cloudless blue sky is dazzling. The eye aches after looking awhile at the glaring tropical colors.

There are numerous delightful places that we might visit in Mexico. There are the tobacco and cotton plantations to the east and south; there is the town of Guadalajara, where they make pottery and feather work; and, lastly and most curious of all, there is that queer, unknown region of Yucatan where are strange, elaborate buildings, built by an ancient people of whose language and customs we know almost nothing.

Central America is a kindred country to Mexico, and there we shall doubtless find many customs and sights that will pleasantly remind us of our stay in Mexico.

OUR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

MAHOGANY LOGS.

OUR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TINY REPUBLICS OF NORTH AMERICA.

Southeast of Mexico, and occupying the narrowest portion of North America, are five small republics, — Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. These, with the English colony of British Honduras, form what is known as Central America.

With the single exception of San Salvador, each of the republics stretches from ocean to ocean. Each has therefore two coasts, one bordering on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific. On neither coast are there remarkably good harbors.

The Atlantic shore is low and sandy. One might expect to find harbors at the mouths of the rivers. But the rivers, flowing through sandy districts, usually form deltas; and their mouths, one by one, become choked with sand bars. One of the few harbors on the Atlantic seaboard is at Greytown, at the mouth of the San Juan River.

The Pacific coast of Central America, like the Pacific

coast of Mexico, is bold and rocky. There are no good harbors, but only a few sheltered bays; and even these are unlike the many deep, sheltered havens on our own Pacific coast.

The greater part of the surface of Central America consists of table-land crossed, in many directions, by ranges of mountains. This is one of the chief volcanic regions on the earth. Active volcanoes are found in all the republics, but they are particularly numerous in Nicaragua. Most of the western third of this state consists of a deep depression, which is filled by Lakes Managua and Nicaragua, and is of volcanic formation. Volcanoes lift their cone-shaped heights along the shores and from the centres of these lakes, while plains of ashes, lava, and pumice lie at the feet of the mountains.

The rivers may be divided into two classes, — those of the Atlantic and those of the Pacific slope. The first class are long and sluggish, often seeming to lose themselves in the sand. The second class are short and rapid. The two most important rivers are the Segovia and the San Juan. Both of these rivers work their way through the jungles of a genuine tropical forest.

In climate, productions, and people, Central America closely resembles Mexico. The two countries are own cousins. Both were inhabited by Indians and settled by Spaniards; and the similarity of the climate and soil have produced much the same results in the character of the cities and the customs of the people.

We are now approaching the Pacific coast of Guatemala. The ship which carries us anchors presently

about two miles from the shore. The coast consists of high bluffs, with a very narrow strip of sand at their base. The shore shelves so gradually that no ships dare approach within two miles of the land for fear of getting aground.

The cargo and the passengers have to be taken ashore in large boats called lighters. The sea has many cross currents and eddies, and the lighter often drifts from its course; but at last it reaches the base of a huge iron pier in safety. We strain our necks backward, and gaze at the top of the lofty pier. How are we ever to ascend it?

For answer, an iron cage is swung over the side of the pier and descends into the boat. We enter with the other passengers. The signal is given; the cage gives a tremendous lurch; every one shuts his eyes and clings with all his might to the bars of the cage. A few more terrible bumps, and then, to the great relief of all, the cage lands safely on the wharf. We are fairly in Guatemala.

The pier is crowded with boxes and barrels of merchandise, which have been brought by tramway from the city out to the far edge of the pier for exportation. Horses and cattle are also waiting here to be exported.

A derrick worked by a small steam engine is the means by which the loading is accomplished. The boxes and barrels are slung into a large bag made of rope, and are lowered into the boat. The oxen have a network of ropes fastened to their horns. It is a strange sight to see a kicking, struggling steer, swinging loose from the

side of the pier into the air. Horses are lowered more carefully in a kind of leather belt, which is fastened about the body.

The city of Guatemala is situated on the table-land some fifty miles from the coast. There are very few railroads in Central America, and, as many of the roads are narrow and poor, much of the journeying is on donkeys. The road to Guatemala is a fairly good one, however, and is generally traversed by stage. The stage is drawn by two mules and five burros.

The time of our trip is in the rainy season, and the roads are exceedingly muddy. Frequently the stage sticks in the mud and comes to a sudden standstill, to the extreme annoyance of both driver and mules. In the dry season the traveler is choked with dust.

Often we pause while a train of carts, coming down from the interior, passes by. These trains of ox carts are sometimes three-quarters of a mile long. The cart is made of very solid and heavy timbers. The wheels are rough sections of the trunks of mahogany trees, which are shaped by the ax to as perfect a circle as possible. They are five feet in diameter and seven or eight inches thick.

The oxen wear no yoke, but have the tongue of the cart fastened by straps to their horns. The drivers are dressed in cotton shirts and trousers. The shirts complete their dress suits. They put them on as they approach a town, but in the open country they wear simply the trousers.

Sending goods in this way is slow but safe. It is slow, because the drivers will not start on their journey

after a night's rest until all are ready. If one meets with an accident, the others wait until he is able to go on again. It is safe, because the drivers are exceedingly trustworthy. They always account for every ounce or pint that is intrusted to their care.

There is a planter who receives thirty thousand silver coins over the road every week during the coffee season. He says it is safer than if he carried it himself.

There have been, in all, three cities of Guatemala. The first was destroyed by flood, and the second, La Antigua Guatemala, by earthquake.

This was one of the first cities on this continent two hundred years ago. When Boston and New York were small villages, La Antigua Guatemala was the seat of many schools and colleges. It was only surpassed in riches and prosperity by two American cities, Mexico, and Lima in Peru.

The plains about Guatemala were once given up to the culture of cochineal. The cochineal is a tiny insect which feeds on a kind of cactus, called nopal. Just before the rainy season begins, the leaves of the nopal are cut close to the ground, and are hung up under a shed for protection from the rain. The insects are brushed off the nopal leaves with a dull knife, and are killed either by boiling or by baking.

Crimson dyes are obtained by boiling; blue and purple dyes by baking. The insects, when dried, look like a coarse powder. Though the culture of cochineal was once a chief industry of the state of Guatemala, of late years the cheaper aniline dyes have driven the cochineal out of the market.

The modern city of Guatemala is situated on a wide table-land. It is laid out with much regularity, and, as the houses are low, with central courtyards, it stretches over considerable space. Each street is paved, and slopes towards a gutter running through the centre. On each side is a broad sidewalk of flagstones. All the streets are very clean.

Fine aqueducts, built by the old Spaniards, keep the fountains supplied with water from the neighboring hills. In many of the Central American cities there are public laundries, where women and girls may be seen at all hours of the day washing clothes and chatting happily together.

Guatemala has the usual plaza, with a fine cathedral forming one side of the square. Here the band plays and the people promenade on Sundays, just as in Mexico, although Sunday is kept more strictly as a day of rest in Guatemala.

The stores might almost be called variety stores, on account of the many kinds of merchandise that they contain. At the same place one can buy almost every article of clothing and of food. Dry goods, hardware, glassware, canned goods, boots and shoes, all are to be obtained in one of these little corner shops.

The shopkeeper arrives at about eight in the morning. He opens the shop and takes down the shutters, which signifies that he is ready for trade. Toward the close of the rainy season, the rain comes in the daytime from eleven to one. Promptly at eleven, the shopman closes his store and goes home for a noonday nap. At one he returns, and the shop is open until four.

Guatemala and San Salvador are the most prosperous states of Central America. The presidents have introduced many modern improvements into the city of Guatemala, and, as the people still cling to many of the old customs, the new and the old ways are often closely contrasted. The telegraph and the telephone, the swift messengers of thought, pass through the same street as the laden Indian peasants, whose race has been used as beasts of burden for hundreds of years.

The Indian carries his load on his back in a pannier, which is held in place by a leather strap passing around his head. The Indian woman carries her load on her head. Some shrewd business men, in buying hay or wood, always purchase a man's load rather than a donkey's load. They usually find that they receive more by so doing.

Besides carrying a heavier load than a donkey or mule, the peasant accomplishes his journey in less time. He becomes so accustomed to walking under a heavy weight that, on returning home after having delivered his goods in the city, he often places a stone of some hundred pounds or so in his pannier, and trots off as briskly as if he felt no weight at all.

The peasant woman comes to market carrying one hundred pounds of vegetables or fruits upon her head, and a baby slung in a *reboza* upon her hip. Several children, varying from six to a dozen years of age, accompany her, carrying, as a matter of course, weights which a citizen of our own country would stagger under.

Honduras is the largest of the Central American

States, but it is the most thinly settled. It has a population one third that of Guatemala. The state is rich in gold and silver mines, and has a greater variety of medicinal plants than any other country in the world.

Why is it then that Honduras is a poor, bankrupt state? Simply because the people have not the energy to build roads.

There are only a few miles of carriage road in the country. All the goods which are brought into the interior are carried on the backs of mules or Indians. Carriages are unknown. They are classed with overcoats and chimneys as unnecessary articles.

There was a plan made once to build a railroad through a natural valley in western Honduras which two rivers had formed, one running north from Comayagua, and the other south. Work was begun on the line, but it soon ceased for want of funds.

The people of Central America lack business exactness. Rich men from abroad lend the country money to build a certain railroad. They begin to build with the best intentions in the world, when suddenly all their plans are changed. There arises a quarrel with a neighboring state or a revolution within their own borders, and the loaned money is taken to pay the expenses of the war.

Such measures, frequently repeated, have caused business men both in Europe and in America to distrust Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, and to regard business investments in those countries as unsafe. If the inhabitants would only build roads, so that machinery could be brought into the interior, the valuable mines

might be opened up and the country would prosper. But as none are built, industry is at a standstill.

Comayagua is the capital of Honduras, and is reached by a twelve days' ride over the mountains on mules.

Tegucigalpa is the largest and most prosperous city. It always has a bright and cheerful appearance. This is because the houses are painted white, green, pink, and red. Grass grows in the streets; and, although every street has a gutter through which water might pass to all the houses of the city, they are always empty, and the water is brought in jars from the valley one hundred feet below.

San Salvador, although the smallest of the states, is the most prosperous and the most thickly settled. The people of San Salvador are very industrious. They would be rich, if it were not for frequent outbreaks from the volcanoes.

Most of San Salvador is a plateau, two thousand feet high, with volcanoes scattered over it in clumps. Many of them are active, and fields of lava, ashes, and pumice stone are usual sights in the republic.

The city of San Salvador is surrounded by volcanoes on all sides but the south. There is one volcano which casts out smoke and fire every seven minutes. It has done so for over one hundred and twenty years, in fact ever since it appeared.

There was once a flourishing plantation where this volcano now stands. The owner had been away for a few months, and on his return he found, to his amazement, that he was the owner of a great volcano. His plantation had entirely disappeared. His servants told him a

marvellous story of the strange rumblings and quakings they had heard and felt; of the falling down of the farm buildings; of the flight of many of the servants; and, lastly, of the wonderful rise, which the bravest of them had witnessed, of an active volcano four thousand feet high. The sailors call this volcano the "Lighthouse of Salvador," for always, by night and by day, volumes of smoke and flame are pouring from the mountain.

Throughout San Salvador the buildings are low and unornamented. This is because they are frequently destroyed by earthquakes or other volcanic disturbances. The capital, San Salvador, has been rebuilt several times within the last few hundred years. With volcanoes popping up at a moment's notice in the centre of lakes or coffee plantations, the inhabitants do not have that trust in the permanency of their labor, which would lead them to spend large sums on the decorations of churches and other public buildings.

San Salvador is the only country in the world that naturally produces balsam of Peru. The balsam trees grow along the northern coast, called, in consequence, the balsam coast. Balsam is a kind of resin, which is used in making perfumery and some medicines.

Other exports are coffee, indigo, tobacco, sarsaparilla, india rubber, and sugar. The indigo of San Salvador yields a more delicate dye than that raised in Guatemala or in Bengal. It is therefore the finest in the world.

For the last sixty years Nicaragua has been going backward in wealth and population. Its commerce was

greater at the beginning of the century than it is now at its close. And yet the country itself is naturally very rich.

If the country is divided into three nearly equal parts, each part will have a fairly distinct character of its own. The western third of the state is very fertile; the central third consists of fine grazing land; and the eastern third contains large forests in which grow large numbers of valuable mahogany and caoutchouc trees. The reason the western part of the state is so fertile is because the upper soil is made up of volcanic products, including potash.

THE WATER CARRIER.

Eighteen volcanoes stand about Lakes Managua and Nicaragua, and several more rise from the centre of Lake Nicaragua. This is one of the fiercest volcanic regions in the whole earth.

In 1835, the eruption

of Coseguina, a volcano in the northwest, was one of the most remarkable the world has ever seen. For four days clouds of lava and ashes were cast from the volcano upon all the country round. Showers of ashes fell in Bogota, fifteen hundred miles away, in the West Indies, and in Mexico. The sea for one hundred and fifty miles from the coast of Nicaragua was covered with ashes; and ashes and stones fell upon the decks of vessels far out at sea. Smoke darkened the light of the sun in the neighboring states; and as for the poor Nicaraguans, they believed that the end of the world had come.

On the anniversary of its last eruption, the priests ascend to the summit of each volcano and pour holy water into its crater. This is called baptizing the volcano, and it is believed that this prevents eruptions from it.

The only highway in the country is one running from Granada on Lake Nicaragua through Managua, the present capital, to the chief seaport, Corinto. Along the road are small crosses, which mark the spot where some one is buried who was slain on the highway. It is true that, through revolutions and private quarrels, more blood has been shed in Nicaragua than in any other state of the same size in the world.

Over this road the ox carts journey. The noise of the men calling to their oxen and the sound of the wheels, which are never oiled, are so loud that they are heard fully half an hour before they appear in sight. Horsemen riding steeds as spirited and graceful as Arabian horses, pass at an easy pace; and the ever patient

Indian trots swiftly along with his enormous load, on the way to Managua.

This city has only of late years had the honor of being the capital. Lake Managua, with its beautiful shores surrounded by volcanoes, is east of the city, and coffee plantations are laid out on the hills to the west.

A large part of the standing army of the state is quartered in Nicaragua. There are three officers to every ten privates. The privates are all Indians. The uniform consists of a suit of white cotton drilling and a blue cap. One suit in every ten has stamped upon the back of the coat or trousers these words, in large, black lettering, — "Best Cotton Drilling XXXX Mills." The natives think this is a great ornament, and quarrel among themselves as to which is to wear the uniform thus decorated.

The eastern sections of Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica are covered with a dense tropical forest. Giant trees grow straight as a dart to a height of eighty feet. Rank after rank, file after file, they stretch away into the distance, their thick, matted foliage darkening the ground below.

One can neither see nor feel the ground for the dense undergrowth. Down here in the darkness there is a vigorous growth of strong, stout shrubs and plants. Here and there a pale vine reaches its slender climbers upward, lays hold of some low branch, and climbs in time above the moist darkness to the glad sunlight.

Many of the great trees are girdled by parasitic vines which, beginning in weakness to draw their life from the tree, have grown to such might that all the sap

which the faithful roots draw in for the nourishment of the tree, goes to feed them. And at last the patriarch of the forest dies, choked in their embrace. It is like the story of the chilled viper and the man. Even then the tree does not fall. It cannot. The surrounding trees are packed about it so thickly that it must still remain in its place.

Delicate air plants and orchids blossom on the lofty branches. Beautiful butterflies, with pale blue wings nine inches across, flit like flying blossoms through the wood. Gorgeous parrots scream harshly in the distance, and nimble monkeys scamper up the trees and then sit chattering and making mouths at one another.

There are dangers in this forest. Poisonous plants and stinging bushes close round on every hand. Flies, fleas, mosquitoes, scorpions, and centipedes are always ready to do their worst. The ground grows soft under foot. A swamp is near, where horrible snakes coil their slimy lengths in many an ugly fold. We have penetrated at last to the home of the mahogany tree.

The mahogany is one of the few trees in Central America whose foliage varies with the seasons. It is by this changing foliage that the Indian, from the top of some lofty tree, spies it out, and, with unerring judgment, leads the wood cutter straight toward it.

The underbrush is cleared away, the vines and lower branches are cut off; and then, after several hours of severe labor, the great mahogany comes crashing down. It is often seventy feet tall, and from eight to ten feet in diameter.

The log is squared with the ax, and then dragged

by oxen to the nearest river. There it is left to float, until the river in the rainy season rises and bears it down to more civilized regions by the sea.

The caoutchouc, or india rubber tree, also grows in these forests. In the spring time, when the sap is rising in the trees, expeditions are organized in Graytown and sent up the San Juan River to the india rubber regions. An expedition consists of from thirty to forty men, many of whom are forced to go on the trip because they are in debt to the rubber merchants who furnish them with their boat and provisions. They are commanded by a patron, or, as Yankee boys would say, a boss.

Each man carries a blanket, a small pillow, several pairs of sandals, and a great knife about three and a half feet long. The blade, which is from two and a half to three feet long, has a broad, heavy point resembling that of a butcher knife. This is a very formidable weapon, and, when armed with it, the rubber hunter feels safe, no matter how many snakes and wild animals he may encounter in the jungle.

The provisions consist of strips of beef, which are sold by the yard, barrels of flour, bags of beans and rice, bunches of plantains, lumps of chocolate, and brown sugar. The rubber hunter carries a gun and line; and, as the woods are full of small game and the rivers abound with fish, he always has a variety for his table.

When they arrive at their destination, the men proceed to build a camp by driving four forked stakes into the ground, and making a roof thatched with palm leaves. The camp is open on all four sides, and mosquitoes throng about at night. But the rubber hunter

protects himself against their venomous bite by rolling himself in his blanket. A rude fireplace is next set up. Having made these simple arrangements for his comfort, the rubber hunter is ready for work.

His dress is very simple. It consists of a pair of coarse cotton trousers rolled to the knee, a handkerchief knotted about his head, and leather sandals. Armed with his trusty knife, and carrying his bucket, he starts off on a three or four mile tramp to visit some tree whose position he has marked before. He cuts his way through the underbrush with the knife, all the way keeping a bright lookout ahead for snakes and other foes.

Arrived at the caoutchouc tree, he first strips it of clinging vines. Then, climbing to the lower branches, he slowly descends, making deep cuts into the tree, now on the right hand, now on the left. Each cut meets another at an obtuse angle, so that there is a connected series of troughs from the branches to the base of the tree. Into the lowest cleft the rubber hunter fits a bit of split cane, which serves the purpose of a small pipe to conduct the sap into the bucket placed at the foot of the tree.

The sap is now running into the bucket at the rate of four gallons an hour. A full-grown rubber tree holds about twenty gallons of sap, and will run dry in one day. The rubber hunter, having tapped about a dozen trees in the same neighborhood, has all he can do to run about emptying the buckets into large cans holding ten gallons each.

The cans are taken to camp, and the sap is strained into barrels. In Brazil the sap is hardened into rubber

by boiling it; in Central America the natives mingle the juice of a certain vine with the sap, which causes it to become hardened in a comparatively few hours. At first the rubber is white; but with exposure to the air it turns black, and takes the appearance with which we are familiar.

After two months the men return to the city, and receive the portion of their wages which is not withheld to pay their former debts to their employers. Then follows a time of extravagance and pleasure-seeking. They spend all they have earned, and as much more as their employers will lend them. At last, when they can borrow no more, they are driven through sheer necessity to undertake a fresh expedition up the San Juan.

Most of these rubber hunters are never out of debt. They are exactly like the majority of Central Americans. Each rank is continually in debt to the one above it. The peasant is in debt to the planter, the planter to the merchant, and so on. The stores and even the railroads are run on the credit system.

The people make a fatal error in never doing to-day what they can defer till to-morrow. The national vice of all these republics is indolence. *Mañana*, which means some other time, is the word on every one's lips. "The Costa Rican is always lying under the *mañana* tree" is a well-known proverb in these regions. It would be just as true a saying, if the word Nicaraguan, or native of Honduras, were substituted for the Costa Rican. That is what has made the people poor and the nations bankrupt.

Costa Rica is the Spanish for rich coast. The name

indicates what the Spaniards hoped the country would become. The coffee country is another name given to Costa Rica with more appropriateness, as coffee is the chief article of export.

The principal cities are Port Limon on the Atlantic coast, and San José, the capital. Port Limon is a small city of wooden and bamboo huts, bordered on three sides by forests, and looking out on the blue sea upon its fourth side. At noon it seems indeed a sleepy little place. Breadfruit trees and palms wave their great leaves dreamily; and the buzz of many insects and the wash of the level waves is very soothing.

But at morning and at evening Port Limon awakens into busy life. Here the outgoing ships are laden with coffee and bananas. A tramway runs from the wharves to the warehouses in the city and thence to the neighboring banana plantations. And, as a crowning proof of progress, Port Limon has a railroad into the interior, seventy miles long.

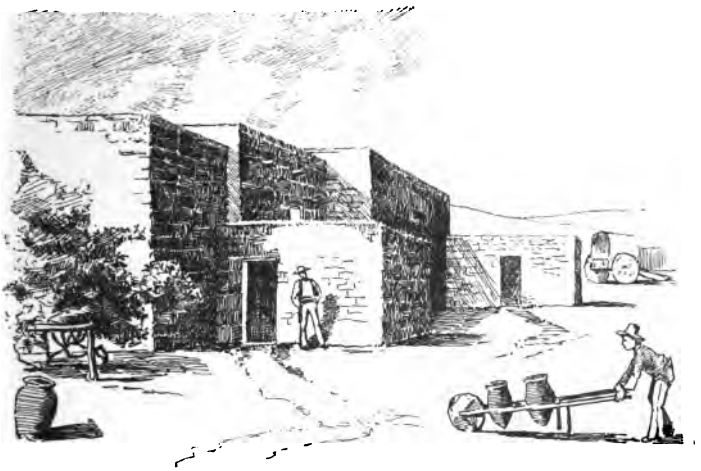
The coffee accumulates in the city warehouses; but the bananas must be picked at the very last minute possible. Just before a vessel is to sail, word is sent to the neighboring plantations; the huge, half green bunches are picked hurriedly; and, with the dew still upon them, are sent by tramway to the wharves.

There they are packed in the New York, New Orleans, or Liverpool steamers. Often there are six million bananas aboard a single steamer, but they are apt to spoil so quickly that only half the cargo reaches its destination in perfect condition.

San José is a pleasant little town among the high-

lands, with a ring of eight volcanoes about it. The houses of adobe are built only one story high in order to withstand slight earthquakes.

The people, like all the Central Americans, are extremely polite and courteous. The higher classes are well educated, and the peasants have a grace and sweetness of salutation that is remarkable. "May Heaven smile upon your errand," "May your patron saint pro-



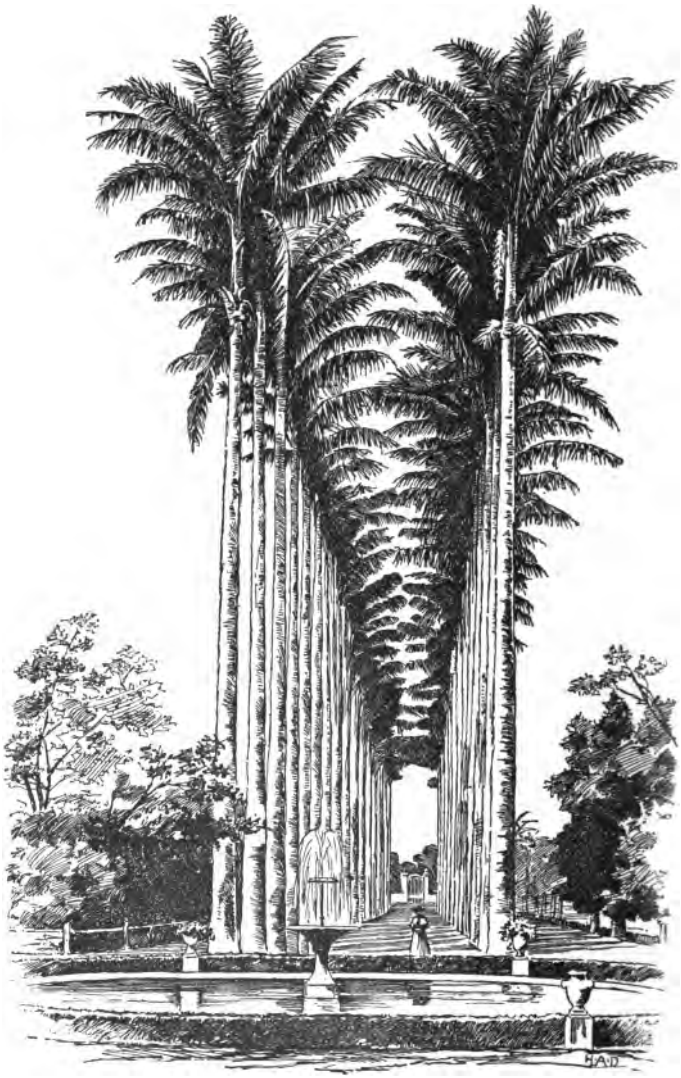
AN ADOBE HOUSE.

tect you," are some of their pretty greetings to strangers on the road. If a lady is with the party, the hat is removed immediately.

So you see that, as every one has some redeeming feature, there are even good traits about those intolerably idle people, the natives of Costa Rica.

OUR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS.

SOUTH AMERICA.



THE ROYAL PALMS, RIO JANEIRO.

OUR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS.

SOUTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SOUTH AMERICA.

To become acquainted with the last of our American neighbors we must leave our own continent of North America and enter another, the continent of South America. This is our most distant neighbor, yet still it is our neighbor; for the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, which separate us from the Eastern world, separate South America also from the East; and the two continents, North America and South America, clasp hands at the Isthmus.

Although South America was discovered and colonized at the same time as North America, there is not so much of it settled. Two-thirds of it lie within the torrid zone, and the hot climate causes such intense laziness in the people that miles upon miles of the continent have never been explored. Within the tropics the necessary fruits and vegetables grow with so little cultivation, that man can lead a life of perfect idleness. This bounteousness of nature, in the way of climate and food, is consequently not really a blessing.

South America is a great triangle. Its base lies toward the north, while its apex, Cape Horn, is toward the south. It is one of the smallest of the grand divisions, being smaller than North America and larger than Europe.

It resembles North America in having a great mountain system on the west, a smaller one on the east, and a large plain lying between them. The central plain has two slopes, a northern and a southern. The northern slope is drained by the Amazon and the Orinoco, and the southern slope by the La Plata. These are three of the greatest rivers on the face of the globe. Their branches reach into the remotest parts of the continent, and serve as highways where it would be impossible to build roads.

South America may be divided into six important regions. Two of these regions extend from north to south, and the other four extend from west to east. Beginning with the western coast, we find, first, the lowlands of the coast, and, secondly, the mountain region.

The lowlands of the coast vary in width from thirty to a few hundred miles. The central part of the coast is barren, but the northern and the southern parts are quite fertile.

Then come the mountain plateaus from which the mountain chains of the Andes rise. The Andes form one of the longest and grandest mountain systems in the world. They consist of many ranges, which sometimes run parallel, and sometimes cross one another and branch off to the right and left. There are clusters of

mountain peaks where the chains cross. Between the various ranges are lofty valleys, which offer fine sites for towns. Single mountain peaks, covered with snow, rise to heights of from twenty thousand to twenty-four thousand feet. Many of these mountains are volcanoes, and earthquakes are quite common near the Andes.

From the Andes, chains branch off and run towards the east, defining the other regions. The Parima Cordilleras, or Parima Mountains, are one of these branches. They separate the valley of the Orinoco from the valley of the Amazon.

The third region of South America is the llanos, or plains of the Orinoco. These are plains which are covered with grass and dotted here and there with clumps of trees. In the dry season, the sun bakes the earth so that seams open, and lizards and salamanders are seen basking in the warm crevices.

The fourth region consists of the forest plains, or selvas, of the Amazon. These are vast tropical forests, teeming with vegetable and animal life. Many large and fierce animals, and a few tribes of savages, find their homes within these forests.

The fifth region consists of the treeless plains, or pampas, of the La Plata. The country is covered with coarse grass and weeds. Thistles abound, and herds of wild cattle and horses find pasturage there.

The sixth and last region consists of the series of hills and valleys that roll away to the eastward through Brazil. The mountains are known as the Brazilian Mountains, and there is no sign of a volcano among them. The valleys and mountains toward the east are

wooded. Toward the west they give way to open plains, which become quite barren as the centre of the continent is reached.

With this general idea of the surface of the country, let us visit the individual states of South America, and observe the people in their homes and on the street. Let us notice how they dress, what they eat, what they say, and the cities they have built for themselves; in short, let us become so well acquainted, that, through our growing interest in them, we may be neighbors indeed.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC OF THE SOUTH.

South of the equator lies a country nearly as large as the United States, and quite as rich in mineral, vegetable, and animal wealth. This country is Brazil.

Within a few years the government has been changed from a monarchy to a republic. Its model is the Great Republic of the North, as the natives of South America call our own country. Its ambition is to be to South America what the United States is to North America.

Brazil may be divided into three regions. The first region extends from the northern boundary of Brazil to the tenth parallel of latitude, and comprises the selvas, or the region of greatest vegetable wealth. The second region extends from the tenth to the twentieth parallel of latitude, and comprises the gold and diamond mines,

or the region of greatest mineral wealth. The third region lies between the twentieth and thirtieth parallels, and is the cattle-raising region of the country. The first of these regions is low land, the other two are high land.

The first region comprises the northern half of the country of Brazil. Through it flows the Amazon River, the largest, though not the longest, river in the world. With its tributaries, it drains one-third of the continent of South America.

The head stream of the Amazon rises at the base of the Andes, only sixty miles from the Pacific Ocean. The river nearly divides the continent, and forms a wonderful water highway to the remotest spot in the centre of South America.

The Amazon is about four thousand miles in length. It has eight tributaries, each one thousand miles long; and it affords, with its branches, fifty thousand miles of water navigable for sailing vessels, and twenty-five thousand miles that are open to steamboats. The width of the Amazon in the lower part of its course is from two to ten miles. Its average depth is one hundred and fifty feet. It is over three hundred feet deep at its mouth.

Part of the Amazon Valley is covered with forests. The name selvas is applied to this wooded section of the Amazon Valley, which is fifteen hundred miles long and one thousand miles broad.

But these figures mean little. If you could only be transported to the very centre of the encircling forest, and stand on the shore of the mighty river, and gaze

and think until, in some little measure, you might begin dimly to comprehend its greatness and its might!

You have stood on the seashore and looked off across the waters in the direction where they appear to be unbounded by land. You have the same wide view from the bank of the Amazon, only the waters rolling by are of a yellowish color instead of the blue of the sea. Shade your eyes with your hand. What is that dim line on the very edge of the horizon? Perhaps it is the further shore of the river. No, indeed, it is but an island in the middle of the stream. The river reaches as far beyond your sight as that island is distant from you now. The width of the Amazon at this spot is twice as far as the eye can see.

This mighty inland sea extends a thousand miles westward to the base of the Andes, and a thousand miles eastward to where it flows into the Atlantic Ocean. All about you is the wonderful tropical forest, reaching seven hundred miles to the north and seven hundred miles to the south, five hundred miles easterly and five hundred miles westerly.

There are forests in Central America, but they are nothing when compared with the selvas. The Amazon, you will notice on the map, runs very nearly on the line of the equator. So day after day the great red sun pours its rays downward from the zenith, while columns of moisture rise from the river.

This excessive heat and moisture lead to a luxuriance of vegetation such as is seen in no other region of the world. In the eastern part of Brazil, wood that has been split and used for making fences shoots forth green

buds and leaves. Grass and creeping plants often spread from the edge of a pool, and so cover its surface that the traveler walks upon it as if it were solid ground, and is only warned of his blunder by seeing the ugly jaws of a crocodile rising through the green turf before him. Under such conditions of growth, it is not remarkable that the trees and the shrubs should be giants of their kind.

Enter the green gloom of the selvas and look about you. You are able to see but a few feet in any direction, so densely do the trees and vines grow on all sides. Unlike our northern forests, which open up a series of avenues or pathways to the feet of the traveler, this forest presents a blank wall to his eye, and clogs his footsteps with clinging vines and undergrowth. It is a labyrinth, a wilderness, a vast tangle.

Most of the trees are over one hundred feet tall. Many are twice that height. Here are sturdy giants forty and even fifty feet in circumference, and then again tender saplings that you can enclose with your hands.

The trunks of the trees are what the traveler generally sees, for the foliage is always far above and turned away from him, turned upward and outward to catch the sunlight.

It is an upward struggle to reach the light on the part of all. A young tree stands no chance whatever in the forest twilight near the ground. Its only chance is to crowd its stem upward between the great trunks that have worked their way up before it.

The young sapling has to struggle with and perhaps

push back and destroy a dozen other young trees. At last it penetrates the great roof of verdure that shuts in the lower forest, catches the first glorious burst of sunshine, and puts forth a shower of green leaves in answer to the light.

This upper world is a true paradise. Billows of green stretch away for miles; brilliant red, purple, and yellow flowers relieve the green; and birds, butterflies, and bees, riot in the sunshine, the fresh air, and the beauty. No one can know what the top of the Amazon forest is, unless he takes a balloon and sails above this wonderful upper world.

But as that excursion is hardly possible, the traveler must content himself with a study of tree trunks. Some grow smaller as they rise, some larger; some are girt with creepers so that they resemble a maypole adorned with ribbons; others are smooth as a polished floor. They vary in color from black, brown, and red, to yellow, gray, and white.

The parasitic creepers and vines run to and fro from tree to tree, looking like the cordage of a ship. They are so many and form so close a network that they might be said to resemble a cobweb. Some are as thick as small trees, and their winding, twisting growth makes them appear like snakes.

The trees here are covered with the most beautiful orchids, which grow on their trunks and branches. The colors of these orchids are not so delicate as they are brilliant. This is true of all South American flowers and birds. Some one has said that the whole country looks as if it were painted red and yellow.

The leaves of the trees vary in color from a pale green to almost a black. The ground in the forest is carpeted deeply with grasses, ferns, and matted vines.

The value of the vegetation of the selvas is untold. Here is found mahogany, rosewood, and tortoise shell wood, for the cabinetmaker; Brazil wood for the dyer; sarsaparilla and cinchona for the doctor; the cow tree for the Indian; and the india rubber tree for nearly every artist and tradesman.

There are as many different kinds of animals in the forests of the Amazon as there are different kinds of plants. Playful monkeys swing from tree to tree, chattering and grimacing. One kind of monkey uses his tail as an extra paw. He fastens it about a branch and swings by it, or uses it for clutching branches while passing from tree to tree.

The howling monkey is a very ugly animal. It is often heard in the forests at night, shrieking in a most unmusical manner. It is startling to hear a migrating colony of these monkeys give their cry.

Other strange sounds often echo through the forest. The jaguar roars, the wildcat yells, and then the whole woodland orchestra begins.

The chatter of the parrots is heard continually, and their bright plumage seems like sunshine in the shades of the forest. They and the humming birds, those gorgeous specks, are of all the colors of the rainbow.

The toucans are interesting and curious birds. They are afflicted with so huge a bill that they cannot build nests. So they select a convenient knot hole in a tree,

and there proceed to make a home for themselves and their little ones.

As you might suppose, the forests swarm with insects. There are large, lovely butterflies of the most beautiful tints, — such as pale blue and scarlet.

But most of the insects are not as harmless as the butterfly. Many are poisonous and dangerous. There are the flies, the ticks, — little creatures that bury themselves in the flesh of the traveler, — armies of stinging ants, and millions of mosquitoes.

The mosquitoes are the pest of the upper Amazon. The traveler has to protect himself by wearing mosquito netting over his head in the daytime. The poor Indian is driven nearly wild by them, and resorts to the most desperate measures to defend himself against his tiny foes. He buries himself up to the neck in mud, and then winds wet cloths about his head. Sometimes he builds fires close to his tent and tries to smoke the mosquitoes out. But the smoke is almost as injurious to the Indian as it is to the mosquito.

Besides the selvas, through which we have been wandering, there are submerged forests. To examine them a canoe and a guide would be very necessary. There are many channels parallel with the Amazon. Some are large enough to appear to be the main stream and to mislead inexperienced boatmen.

In the rainy season, when the Amazon rises, and all the main channels and tributaries share in its rise, the forests on its banks are flooded; and for several months only the tops of the trees appear above the surface of the river. As the boatmen steer by the banks, it is at

such times more difficult than usual to select the main stream. Small sailing vessels have sometimes left it and wandered for weeks amid the confusing lanes and avenues of the forest itself.

The Amazon has four large tributaries from the south. The Madeira is the largest. Its waters are yellower than those of the Amazon, because it carries more fine mud in solution.

Travelers often sail down the western coast of South America, and cross the Andes in the neighborhood of Lake Titicaca in Bolivia. The head waters of the Madeira rise in this region, and tourists frequently take canoes and Indian guides and float down this river to the Amazon.

The great obstruction to the peaceful sail is the falls of the Madeira. There are nineteen falls within two hundred and thirty miles. A few can be descended in the canoe, but in nearly every case, the cargo, and very often the canoe itself, has to be carried around the falls. Think how tedious it must be for a party to be obliged to move half a dozen canoes upon rollers, through a dense forest swarming with mosquitoes and other torments.

A single railroad of two hundred miles around the falls would be a great blessing. Several attempts have been made to construct such a road, but the place is so unhealthful that the English and German engineers and workmen die of malaria soon after entering upon their work.

There are many stagnant pools in the neighborhood of the falls, and malarial gases and vapors are always

rising from their surfaces. The workmen have endeavored to remove these pools by blasting rocks, but all to no purpose. The leading men sicken and die; then the remainder of the party lose hope and abandon the undertaking. Certain tribes of Indians could work here safely; but they are too lazy, and prefer their occupation of boatman to that of common laborer.

The valley of the Madeira is one of the chief rubber regions of the Amazon. The rude huts of the rubber gatherers stand in many places along the shores of the river. They are built of bamboo and thatched with palm leaves, or else they are made of mud.

There are two particulars in which rubber making in Brazil differs from rubber making in Central America. First, the sap is collected in small clay cups, one of which is placed beneath every cut in the trunk of the tree; and, secondly, the hardening of the rubber is effected by a different and curious process.

After having collected a large amount of sap in a great turtle shell, the rubber maker, with his pipe in his mouth and his turtle shell by his side, sits down before what looks like a large lamp chimney. It is really a small clay stove. The smoke coming from the top shows that there is a fire within.

The Indian takes a light wooden shovel, dips up some of the caoutchouc, and holds it over the chimney. The smoke and the heat harden the sap to rubber. The rubber is at first of a milk white color, but the smoke blackens it after a while.

When the first layer is hardened, the Indian dips up more sap and hardens that over the first layer; and so

on, until the rubber cake which he is making comes to the desired thickness.

The rubber shoes that were worn forty years ago were made by the Indians of the Madeira. They made clay moulds of the desired shape and size, dipped them repeatedly in the sap, and hardened them over the chimney. At last rubber shoes were made.

But some one may ask who could ever wear them, filled as they were with clay. The Indians managed that. They soaked the shoes in water until the clay softened and could be easily removed.

The largest tributary of the Amazon from the north is the Rio Negro. The waters of this river are of inky blackness, and can be distinguished from the yellow tide of the Amazon for some distance below the mouth of the Rio Negro.

There is one very singular fact concerning the Cassiquiare, a river north of the Rio Negro. Some months it flows into the Rio Negro, and is thus a tributary of the Amazon; and some months it flows into the Orinoco. The direction of its flow depends upon the rising or falling of the Amazon.

The rainy season south of the equator is from September to March. The largest tributaries of the Amazon come from south of the equator, and are much swollen during these months. Consequently the Amazon itself reaches its greatest height at this time.

Its surface is higher then than that of the Rio Negro, which at that time is lower than usual, because of the dry season prevailing in that part of South America north of the equator. The waters of the Rio Negro are

dammed back slightly by the flooded Amazon, and the waters of the Cassiquiare are so held back that they are even turned into the channel of the Orinoco.

When the rainy season prevails north of the equator, the Cassiquiare flows into the Amazon through the Rio Negro.

At the mouth of the Rio Negro lies the town of Manaos. This is not a celebrated or well known city as yet, but before long it will be.

Para, by reason of its position at the mouth of the Amazon and its greater nearness to Europe and the United States, will sooner or later surpass Rio Janeiro; and the prophets also say that Manaos is destined to surpass Para. Large steamers will then ascend the Amazon to the mouth of the Rio Negro, and be laden with the products that formerly were shipped to Para.

Manaos is the centre of the Amazon Valley, as St. Louis is the centre of the Mississippi Valley. It has rather a forlorn look at present. Most of the houses are dilapidated buildings of one story. Flocks of turkey buzzards perch on the ridges of the houses so constantly that the traveler often takes them for wooden ornaments.

There are one or two fine public buildings. There is a market house of zinc placed commandingly upon a bluff. And there is the foundation of a grand opera house of red sandstone, finer even than the one at Para. The structure is only ten feet high; for they have ceased working upon it, because the money has given out.

In all the business streets there is a constant smell

of rubber. The warehouses are stacked with great wedges and chunks of rubber, which resemble cheeses. Beside rubber, Manaos exports cocoa, sarsaparilla, Brazil nuts, fish, and turtles.

The turtles are very plentiful along the Madeira. When the natives find them upon the shore of the river, they turn them upon their backs and then they have them safe.

Brazil nuts are gathered by the natives. Often as many as nine little nuts are packed closely into one large shell. The hard shells sometimes fall upon the heads of Indians and kill them. The collecting of Brazil nuts for export is one of the many difficult and perilous tasks which the Indians of Brazil have to perform.

In descending the Amazon from Manaos, very few vessels are seen. This is because the river is so wide. Owing to the trade wind which blows continually from east to west, vessels can sail up the Amazon quite as fast as the current can carry them down. A schooner with furled sails would drift from the base of the Andes to the mouth of the Amazon in two months; and the wind would carry it nearly as far in the same time, on its return trip up the stream.

Obidos is situated on a bluff rising high above the Amazon, opposite the mouth of the Tapajos River. It is the centre of many cocoa plantations.

The tree from which chocolate and cocoa is obtained is thirty feet tall and resembles a cherry tree. A fleshy fruit from four to nine inches in length, and like a cucumber in shape, grows from the brown bark of the trunk and branches. From twenty to forty seeds,

shaped like almonds, grow within the fruit. These are the chocolate seeds.

They are separated from the pulp and dried in Brazil. They are then sent abroad to England and France to be farther prepared for the market. A thin and brittle shell covers each seed. This, when pounded into fragments, makes cocoa.

Near Obidos the Amazon widens, and appears even more stately than before. Wonderful forests skirt the southern shore. The impulse of the ocean tide, though not its saltness, is felt here. Finally the great island of Marajo appears, separating the Amazon into two streams, — the one south of the island being known as the Para River, and the one north still bearing the name of Amazon.

The Amazon River at its mouth is fourteen miles wider than the navigable length of the Hudson River. Before the coast of South America can be seen, vessels far out at sea are able to draw fresh water from the ocean. This fresh water comes from the Amazon.

Para, on the Para River, is seventy-five miles from the Atlantic. It is the great storehouse for the riches of the Amazon Valley. All the many vegetable products of the interior are brought in small vessels down the river, and are placed in warehouses, to be shipped in time to Europe and the United States.

Para is an excessively hot city. Blankets are unnecessary at night, and overcoats are only worn as a protection against the rain; but it rains here the greater part of the year. Scarcely a day passses without showers. They generally come in the afternoon.

The streets of Para are narrow, like those of all South American cities. Within a few years most of the principal streets of the city have been repaved with granite blocks. They now compare favorably with the streets of Boston and New York.

The better class of houses are covered with pretty blue and white tiles. The poorer houses are made of mud, which is often painted with bright colors.

Nazareth Avenue is one of the handsomest streets in Para. It is wide and well paved, has a line of horse cars, and is bordered by orange, lemon, banana, cocoanut, and silk-cotton trees.

The silk-cotton is a particularly beautiful tree. Its trunk, instead of tapering, grows larger as it ascends. Like the palm, it has a great tuft of leaves at the top. The tree yields a superior kind of cotton, which is as fine and soft as silk, but which cannot be woven into cloth on account of the shortness of the fibre.

Nazareth Avenue leads to an open square, where the public fountains are situated, and where colored laundresses and water carriers quarrel continually in loud and threatening tones.

The tropical forest surrounds Para on three sides, and many of the streets suddenly end before a dense tangle of trees, shrubs, and vines. Para is, after all, but a clearing in the wilderness. You would scarcely think so, however, if some evening you should visit its opera house, — the finest in South America.

It is built of brick, but has fine alcoves, supported by marble pillars, which run around three sides of the house. These alcoves are very convenient on rainy nights, while

the people are waiting for their carriages. The theatre hall is finely decorated, and there are, besides, airy corridors and a ballroom for promenading between the acts of the play.

The South Americans enjoy walking and talking at the theatre more than listening to the play. It has, therefore, become the custom to have the pauses between the acts very long, so that every one of the audience may have time to talk, walk, or partake of refreshments as he desires. Booths for the sale of ices, candy, and sweetmeats are near at hand, either just without or within the opera house.

One might think that with these many recesses the audience would attend to the opera when it is going on. But they do not. Their gaze is directed upon the house, and their talking is so constant and so loud that, much of the time, the actors cannot be heard. But the audience go away content; they have seen and been seen.

Both before and after the play the plaza before the opera house is a brilliant sight. The magnificent building is ablaze with lights. There are little stalls everywhere about the plaza. Bursts of music are heard, and carriages roll to and fro. Richly dressed men and women pass through the alcoves, and a crowd of the poorer classes of Para gaze upon and enjoy the spectacle from the plaza.

The common people can always be seen in the market. The market house in Para is built of stone, and is only partially roofed over. The stalls are loaded with flowers, fruits, vegetables, fowls, and fish.

Indian women and negresses preside over the stalls. The Indian women are remarkable for their silence. The negresses pass their time in laughing and chatting with one another. They are enormously tall and large. They wear turbans glowing with every color of the rainbow, and gold chains and rings; and the waists of their white cotton dresses are elaborately decorated with cotton lace. Their black eyes twinkle and their glossy cheeks dimple continually.

They are only sober when a priest appears in sight. In his dark robes he is a strong contrast to the brilliantly dressed Aunt Dinahs and Chloes, as he passes through the market, speaking kind words, both to them and to the silent Indians.

The coast from Para to Pernambuco is very low, sandy, and monotonous. Pernambuco is the third commercial city of Brazil. It is called the "City of the Reef," because five hundred feet from the shore, extending for several miles north and south from Pernambuco, is a great reef.

This reef is nearly covered at high tide. A solid sea wall, five feet high and ten feet broad, has been built upon it. Against this the breakers rage without disturbing the quiet harbor within.

The vessels in the harbor are drawn up in two lines, one by the reef and the other opposite, near the water front of the city, which is faced with fine cut stone. Ships too large to enter the harbor anchor outside the reef.

Pernambuco is the great sugar market of Brazil. It does not take long for the traveler to discover that fact.

The vessels in the harbor are being laden with sugar; the porters in the warehouses are tossing bags of sugar about; the oxen in the streets are drawing sugar; the mules and donkeys coming from the interior plantations to the city have panniers of sugar strapped upon their backs. The city streets smell of sugar, and the pavements are slippery with molasses.

Pernambuco would be a perfect paradise to those little boys and girls who wish that the world was made of sugar, so that they might nibble the upper crust. They would be happy indeed in this sugar city.

South of Pernambuco the coast becomes bold and rocky. Mountains begin to rise upon the plateau and to draw their faint blue lines along the far horizon.

Lying on the eastern side of the deep sheltered Bay of All Saints we find the city of Bahia. If it were not that the bay forms a perfect harbor, we should find no city here. Bluffs two hundred feet high skirt the bay, sometimes approaching to within two hundred feet of the shore, and then retreating ten hundred feet from it. The resulting beach is very irregular.

Bahia, like the distant city of Quebec, consists of an upper town on the bluffs and a lower town on the shore. The business quarter of the city is, of course, the lower town. One long street runs north and south beside the wharves, and between it and the bluff are as many more streets as can be crowded into the scanty space.

Some of the streets are wide and well lighted; others are only two feet wider than the street cars which pass through them. The people who walk in these streets have to step into doorways to allow the car to pass.

The warehouses are many stories high; the walls are painted white and yellow, and the roofs red. There are but few fine public buildings in Bahia, so that the view of the city from the harbor, though cheerful, is somewhat monotonous.

The merchants are chiefly interested in the exportation of coffee, tobacco, sugar, and diamonds. They dress

LANDING STEPS AT BAHIA.

in white, and carry umbrellas to protect themselves from the scorching rays of the sun.

The upper town, which contains most of the residences, is reached by several steep streets; by one wide, fine street with a gentle ascent for carriages; and by a steam elevator. The old-fashioned sedan chair is used by ladies in Bahia. A lady takes her seat in the chair and the curtain is dropped; then the servants seize the poles, or handles, of the chair, and in a very short time

they have climbed the steep street and have gained the upper town.

This section of Bahia contains the public buildings. The churches of Bahia are superior to many of the churches in the other cities of Brazil. They have beautifully frescoed ceilings, delicate wood carving, and marble floors. There is one church built of stone brought from the United States, as ballast, in ships that came to be freighted with Brazilian products.

On the edge of the bluffs is a large, neglected public garden. The avenues of palms and mango trees are exceedingly fine. Urns and statues are scattered about, and there is a broad promenade on the edge of the bluff, protected by a marble railing. The sunset view of the harbor is very beautiful; and, in the early evening, many people can be seen walking through this avenue, or resting on seats covered with tiles and decorated with shells, while the rosy, western light falls full upon their dark, sallow faces.

Bahia is the commercial city of the second region of Brazil, which is the region of the gold and diamond mines. Therefore it is only natural that the finest Brazilian diamond, the "Star of the South," should have been exported from Bahia.

The city also exports a superior kind of tobacco, which is quite as good as the tobacco of Havana in Cuba. On that account, cigars made from it are called Havana cigars.

Travelers always purchase feather flowers in Bahia. They are made by nuns in the convent, and are very beautiful. The brilliant or delicate tints of every flower

that grows in Brazil can be matched exactly in birds' feathers. With real flowers before them as copies, the nuns make lovely hyacinths, orange blossoms, violets, and roses, both full-blown and in the bud. It is only by smelling, that the real flower can be distinguished from the artificial.

Rio Janeiro is more beautifully situated than any other South American city. It is on the western side of the Bay of Rio Janeiro, which is large enough to contain all the ships in the world, and has been favorably compared with the most beautiful bay in Europe, the Bay of Naples.

BAY OF RIO JANEIRO.

The entrance to Rio Janeiro harbor is very narrow. It is between two rocky bluffs, the western one being known as Sugar Loaf on account of its conical shape. The waters of the bay are always as calm as an inland lake. With the exception of the narrow entrance, the harbor is surrounded by mountains.

The Organ Mountains lie to the north, the peaks of Corcovado and Tijuca to the west, and Sugar Loaf to the south. The mountains are lofty, while their sides are very abrupt and steep. Their sharp lines and frowning heights form a strong contrast to the narrow green plain lying between them and the bay.

The view of the bay and the city, from a vessel anchored in the harbor, is delightful. Many green islands dot the clear water. Some of them are large, and contain villages and farms; others are tiny, and have only the gray roof of a chapel rising from the midst of a small grove of trees.

The city of Rio Janeiro, like a long and narrow crescent, lies along the western shore. It is but half a mile wide, and is prevented by the mountains from growing any more in a westerly direction. It is nine or ten miles from north to south, and can still grow in those directions.

From the harbor, Rio Janeiro appears, in the morning sunshine, like a city of alabaster. With its brilliant white walls, and its dreamily nodding palms mirrored in the level waters of the bay, it is like a city in the Arabian Nights. But all admiration vanishes on entering the city itself. Rio Janeiro is terribly dirty.

A few of the streets are so narrow that no ray of sunlight enters them. They are hot and stifling. Foul odors and sickening gases arise from the open gutters which run through the middle of the streets. The slender trunk of a beautiful palm often stretches upward from a heap of decaying vegetables, seeming to bear its great green tuft of leaves up into a purer region than

the filthy streets below. Squalid beggars, and gaunt, wolflike dogs, are seen at the street corners.

Rio Janeiro is a series of disappointments. Its surroundings are perfect; but the city itself is unhealthy, situated as it is in the tropics, with but little attention paid to the most ordinary rules for city cleanliness.

Yellow fever and smallpox hold possession for one-half the year, and all the rich people have their summer homes among the mountains. Their houses which, if erected in the city, would form fine streets, are all in Petropolis or other mountain resorts.

The public buildings are of an inferior architecture, and are certainly in need of repair. But there is one place which never disappoints the traveler. Return to it as often as he may, it seems always as grand and marvelous as at first. This is the Botanical Gardens of Rio Janeiro.

They are some little distance from the city, at the foot of the peak of Corcovado, and are reached by the horse cars.

The glory of the Botanical Gardens is the avenue of palms. This extends for half a mile in a straight line from the entrance gate. Halfway down, the main avenue is crossed by another at right angles to it. Where the two avenues intersect, stands a fountain.

The trees are eighty feet high and three feet in diameter. There are about one hundred and fifty of them in the main avenue, and they stand thirty feet apart. As you walk down the gravel path, the trees before you seem to blend with one another, so that you appear to be inclosed in a gray-walled corridor, roofed with green.

There are other avenues shaded by trees in the gardens. In one place the paths are bordered for some distance by the same kind of trees; in another by different kinds; and still in another, by different varieties of the same species. The arrangement is varied in a thousand interesting and instructive ways.

Here is a large thicket representing a bit of tropical forest. It contains lofty trees, strangled in the wild growth of smaller trees, shrubs, and parasitic climbers and creepers. Humming birds poise their dainty little bodies above gay flowers; and bugs, bright as gems, are seen upon the glossy leaves. Everything is an exact copy of the primeval forests of this region.

Besides the plants of South America, tropical plants from all over the world are growing here. Only the Botanical Garden in Java has a collection larger than this of Rio Janeiro.

No one who visits the capital of Brazil must fail to ascend Corcovado. This mountain peak lies to the southwest of Rio Janeiro, and is over two thousand feet high. It is cone-shaped, and its walls are very steep, except on the side where the railway has been built.

The railroad is constructed like those upon Mount Washington and the Swiss mountains. The single car, which the engine pushes before it, is open, so that an ever-widening view is obtained during the hour's ride.

The track passes directly through a forest; and when the traveler's eyes are weary with studying the ocean and the plain below, he can feast them upon the graceful ferns and bright flowers which almost brush the track.

Half way up there is a fine hotel, where many merchants, flying from the pestilent city, spend their nights.

Beyond the hotel the ride becomes more dangerous, and, in places, it is worse than any part of the ascent of Mount Washington. If a rail should yield, a nail give way, or a stone be upon the track, car and people would be dashed to atoms at the foot of the terrible cliffs.

At length the engine pauses. The remaining few hundred feet must be climbed by the passenger himself. Hastening up the rocky steps, he finds himself on a walled platform, covered with an iron roof as a protection against wind or rain.

Spread out before him is the view, — one of the most wonderful that the earth affords. On a clear day, fifty square miles of ocean, bay, mountains, and plains are visible; and the great city, which, from a distance, appears always so beautiful, lies at his feet.

The compass and the variety of the sight are remarkable. It is no wonder that visitors to Rio Janeiro climb the Corcovado again and again to learn the changes in cloud and in sunshine of this world-renowned view, and to impress more strongly upon their minds its various features.

Negro water carriers, fish mongers, and dealers in poultry are seen upon the city streets early in the day. The fish dealers announce their coming by sounding wooden clappers. The poultry is carried about in covered straw baskets; and it is a funny sight to see a sober black face shaded by such a basket, through whose crevices chickens pop their heads. The knowing birds cluck

anxiously, and gaze around as if seeking to discover what is to become of them.

The beef and mutton is imported from Buenos Ayres, and what do you suppose is imported from the United States? Not Boston baked beans, but salt codfish. They actually prefer this dry salt fish to fresh fish caught in their own bay. A New Englander would hardly recognize his codfish by taste, for it is prepared, like many of the Brazilian dishes, with a great quantity of garlic and oil.

Let us see how a Brazilian living in the city of Rio Janeiro forty years ago, spent his day. He rose with the sun, ate a light repast of an egg, a roll, and a cup of coffee, and then went to his office in order to accomplish as much business as possible before the excessive heat of the middle of the day.

At twelve o'clock he opened his white sun umbrella, and turned his dark face homeward. On his arrival, breakfast was served. That was like a dinner, except that neither fowl nor vegetables appeared. It consisted of soup, steak or chops, omelette or salad, and cheese, sweetmeats, and coffee.

There is a Brazilian proverb that coffee, to be good, should be "black as night, and strong as death." Most of the coffee drunk in Brazil is of this kind. As coffee appears at all the meals, and is freely indulged in between meals, its effect upon the people is marked. Most of the men in Rio Janeiro can scarcely keep still. The muscles of their faces and bodies are always twitching, because of this indulgence in strong coffee.

The business man whose day we are following rested

until four o'clock, and then he returned to his office. He remained there till eight, when dinner called him home. In the evening he either visited the theatre or proceeded to the gambling table.

The wife of this merchant passed her day very quietly. At six in the morning she attended mass, and at seven returned to her home, where she remained for the rest of the day. No Brazilian lady ever appeared on the street in the daytime after half-past seven. Within doors she embroidered, dozed in her hammock, or peered through the blinds at the passers-by.

Sometimes she did a little shopping. She sent a servant to the stores for samples; and, after she had examined them and chosen what she desired, the servant returned the samples, and paid for what had been selected.

The evening was the happiest time of day for the poor, imprisoned lady. She then made a grand toilet, and, accompanied by her husband, went to the theatre or to an ice cream saloon.

Now all this is changed. The Brazilian merchants spend their days precisely as do the business men of New York and Boston. The women too are no longer close prisoners in their houses, but may be seen upon the streets in the daytime just as in our own country.

On leaving the city of Rio Janeiro, let us take a passing glance at the town of Petropolis. It is an hour's journey from the capital. The first half of the trip is upon a steamer, which crosses the beautiful bay to the northern side. There a very steep railroad takes the traveler right into the heart of the Organ Mountains.

Petropolis is very much like a Swiss village. It is situated in a lofty valley, surrounded by mountains. There are several swift rivers which rush through its very streets and are spanned at frequent intervals by wooden bridges. The summer houses and hotels are all very brightly and gayly painted. They have ornamental woodwork and little balconies and piazzas. The palace and beautiful grounds of the late emperor, Dom Pedro, can be seen here.

The third region of Brazil, the district lying between the twentieth and thirtieth parallels, includes the valleys of the Parana and Paraguay Rivers. It is well adapted to grazing. Large numbers of cattle and horses are imported from the Argentine Republic, and beef and mutton, hides and horns, will be among the future riches of Brazil.

Now, how does Brazil compare with our own country? Will it ever rival the United States in importance? It is quite its equal now, so far as natural wealth is concerned; but it is, and probably ever will be, inferior to the United States, so far as the people are concerned.

The United States is a nation of workers. The Brazilians, on account of their climate, are obliged to rest during a good part of the day, and, even in their working hours, they often toil but languidly. Foreigners who come to this country soon lose their energy, and drop into the listless habits of the natives.

One-half of Brazil is unsettled. Most of the region about the Amazon is an unbroken wilderness.

The healthfulness of the cities will be improved in time, but the climate of the country cannot be altered.

And so, as the greatest possible efficiency in a tropical country can never rival the greatest possible efficiency in a temperate country, I will venture to say that the Republic of Brazil can never excel the Republic of the Stars and Stripes.

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE LA PLATA.

Next to the Amazon, the largest river in South America is the Rio de la Plata. The name La Plata is only given to a very few miles of the river, — only to its very broad mouth, in fact. The Parana River unites with the Uruguay River to form the La Plata almost within sight of the sea.

The Parana is a fine, long river, rising in the mountains near Rio Janeiro. Its principal tributary is the Paraguay River, which stretches its long arms nearly to the Madeira River, as if the Amazon and the La Plata wished to greet each other.

The state of Paraguay is situated between the Parana and Paraguay Rivers; while to the south, between the Uruguay River and the ocean, lies its sister state, Uruguay. The third country included in the valley of the La Plata is the Argentine Republic.

The La Plata River has the widest mouth of any river in the world. Sailing across it is like sailing on a vast sea, so far as the distance of the shores is con-

cerned; but the estuary of the La Plata is not deep like the sea. It has many shallow places, and steamers and sailing vessels have to make their way with the utmost care.

The navigation of the La Plata, like that of the Amazon, is free to all the world. Steamers from every nation are seen upon its waters. In the harbor of Rosario, two hundred miles from the mouth of the La Plata, ships bearing the flags of England, Spain, France, and Germany are laden with hides, horns, and other products of the Argentine Republic.

There are two lines of steamboats on the La Plata, which make a poor little attempt at luxuriance. The cabins have plate mirrors, brass and gilt work, and plush furniture. The board furnished to passengers is excellent, for the lines of steamers are rivals, and each tries to excel the other in speed and in the excellence of its fare.

After leaving Rosario, the remainder of the trip up the Parana and Paraguay Rivers to Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, is not particularly interesting. Occasionally a band of Chaco Indians come riding along the western shore, and then there is excitement for a while.

All of these Indians, — men, women, and children, — are superb riders. They manage their horses with the queerest kind of a bridle, which confines only the lower jaw. Once they were very hostile to the whites and fought many battles with them, but now they are quite friendly.

Those that the traveler sees to-day ride their horses

down to the river's edge, hold out their hands entreatingly, and beg the steamer to stop that they may trade their goods to the passengers. Rarely, however, does the steamer pause for them.

The Chaco Indian catches fish in a very curious way. He shoots them with bow and arrow. Standing in water nearly up to his waist, the Indian watches his chance, and, as the fish goes swimming serenely along, he takes careful aim, and whizz the arrow goes, straight to its mark down through even four feet of water.

Asuncion is a city that has suffered much through war. Walking about the streets, you notice ruins everywhere. Here are fallen houses, charred, smoky, windowless buildings, and gaps in the streets where buildings used to stand.

Presently you come to a marble palace covering several acres by the side of the river, and showing, in the bits of carving and decoration which are unmarred, what its former beauty and magnificence must have been. Now, with its yellowed marble and broken windows, it looks like a hideous skull.

You ask a Paraguayan loitering near by, what building this is; and, taking his cigarette from his mouth, he tells you it is Lopez's palace. By questioning him further, you learn that Lopez was the tyrant of Paraguay. He forbade any one to leave the country, lest the traveler should discover how oppressed were his fellow countrymen, and return to raise an insurrection.

At length he plunged Paraguay into war with Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Uruguay. For years the plucky little nation fought on, until it had pledged

its last cent and given its last drop of blood in the cause of Lopez. The people did not love Lopez, but it seemed to them to be their duty to defend Paraguay against its enemies.

After six years Lopez was killed and the war closed. Nearly all the population had been destroyed by war and famine. The soldiers that were left had scarcely any clothing, and shoes had been an exceptional luxury for years.

This palace had been built just before the war, with money wrung from the Paraguayans. The interior decorations were gorgeous. Lopez's chamber was hung with priceless lace, fine as a cobweb, over red satin. The women of Paraguay are celebrated for this particular, delicate lace, and two hundred women were kept busy for several years in making what Lopez demanded for a single room. This palace and most of the buildings in Asuncion were either destroyed or mutilated in the war.

After the war, the able men whom Lopez had banished returned to their country, and, by making laws favorable to settlers, induced many people from abroad to settle in Paraguay.

The country is rich in forests and pasture lands. In its forests are found woods which are as rare and beautiful as those of distant China and Japan. There is also timber so heavy that it sinks in water. Both kinds of these rare woods will be of use to the world some day, when sawmills are clattering on the remote streams of Paraguay. But now the woodland silence is unbroken, except for the occasional step of a curious traveler.

The most profitable business in Paraguay is stock raising. The grass is fine and there are no frosts, as there are farther south in Uruguay and the Argentine Republic; so the cattle are finer and heavier here than in either of the other states.

The exports of the country are beef, mutton, wool, hides, and, last but not least, maté, or Paraguay tea.

The drink of the Brazilians is coffee. At all hours of the day they consume strong, hot, black coffee. But the people of Paraguay and all the other countries in the southern half of South America prefer maté.

This is a plant something like the holly. It grows to be about ten feet tall; and its leaves are four inches in length, with a rough edge. It is from the leaves that the tea is made.

When gathered, they are spread upon a framework of poles to dry. Then they are beaten to a fine powder, which falls upon the clay floor below in dry, light piles. The powder is collected and packed in bags made of undressed hides. The bags are hung in the sun, and shrink so much that the powder is compressed by the action of the leather into a compact mass. It is then exported from Paraguay into other countries of South America. None of it is ever sent to Europe.

The natives drink maté by sucking it through a tube. The common people use a hollow reed or a straw, but the wealthier class have their tubes of silver or gold. Glass ones are excellent, because of the ease with which they can be washed. The common people have the best of it, as the wooden tubes, unlike the metal ones, never burn the mouth. A group of natives pass the cup of maté

with the tube from one to another, but foreigners who like the drink always carry their own tubes in neat cases.

Paraguayan tea is very wholesome. It is cooling in summer and heating in winter. It tastes like catnip tea, and is rarely palatable at first. But with perseverance the taste for it can be acquired, and foreigners often become quite fond of it.

Nations are generally hurt by indulging in a national drink, but the Paraguayans form the single exception to the rule. They are benefited both intellectually and physically by the maté.

Paraguay is the home of the manioc plant as well. Manioc comes from the roots of the manioc plant, which are fleshy like those of the potato. The juice of the roots is deadly poison. Still you need not be afraid to eat manioc; for the poison is driven away by heat, and when once the manioc root is baked or boiled it is as harmless as any food.

Manioc flour is made by grinding the boiled roots of the plant. The flour is made into bread and cakes, and is as necessary to the Paraguayan table as is wheat flour to the tables in the United States homes. Tapioca is made by boiling the flour to a paste and then letting it cool. As the paste cools, the little pearls, or globules, are formed by crystallization.

One of the most enterprising states on the western continent is Uruguay. It is growing as fast in proportion to its area and population as the United States.

Every acre of land is productive. Aladdin's lamp could not bring to its owner a greater variety of fruits

and vegetables than can be raised in one single garden plot. Coffee grows beside wheat; tobacco, barley, and sugar cane spring up side by side; while apples, pears, oranges, and lemons can be gathered in the same orchard. In fact, almost every fruit and vegetable known in the world can find a home in Uruguay.

The grass is very nutritious. One acre of pasture land can support many more oxen than an acre in any other state where cattle are raised. It is hardly to be wondered at that its capital, Montevideo, is second only to Buenos Ayres in importance among the cities on the La Plata.

Montevideo is situated on a peninsula which forms one side of its harbor. The harbor of Montevideo is really only a fair one. But, in contrast to the wretched harbor of Buenos Ayres opposite, the Montevideo harbor is considered an excellent one by seamen.

Montevideo is the Spanish way of saying, "I see a mountain." The mountain which the traveler is supposed to see on coming to this place is a hill near the city, which is crowned by a fort and a lighthouse.

This lighthouse may be an exception to the rule; but it is a frequent complaint of seamen that the lights on this coast are not tended and kept burning with the perfect regularity of those on the shores of North America. The lighthouse keeper looks after his light when he has no engagement to go hunting or fishing, or is not too tired after such excursions.

The streets of Montevideo are wide, well paved, and parallel to one another. They are lighted by gas, and have many lines of horse cars running through them.

Some of the houses are only one story high, while others are two or three stories. They have flat roofs, which make them resemble Italian villas. Most of the architects and builders of Montevideo are Italians; and, as they plan and build, they unconsciously follow their national styles.

Flat roofs are a great addition to the houses. They are used as piazzas; and the families gather there in the evening to enjoy the fresh breeze from the sea. The fathers and mothers smoke their cigarettes tranquilly, the children play about or eat candies, while overhead the stars of the southern hemisphere burn brilliantly.

Montevideo is one of the healthiest cities in the world. Indeed, some enthusiasts have called it a veritable Arcadia. The sea breeze tempers the heat of summer, and the warm ocean current that bathes its shores, moderates the cold of winter. When it is not June, it is October; and when it is not October, it is June.

The only time that the weather of Montevideo is anything but delightful is when the winds from the Andes blow. These winds are called pamperos, because, sweeping down the slopes of the Andes, they blow across the pampas, or plains of the La Plata. They are very cold and penetrating, and are dreaded everywhere. They howl through the streets of the cities, catch up every wisp of straw and grain of dust, and fling them in the faces of the pedestrians.

Sailors fear the sudden gales that the pamperos bring. The passage from Cape Horn to the La Plata is always dreaded by seamen on this account. Even when not actually fighting the storm, the captain wears

an anxious face during this part of his voyage. He knows not what treachery the calmest skies may hide.

Montevideo, owing to its activity and industry, appears almost like a North American city; but it has a few characteristics which seem queer to a foreigner. The policemen are soldiers of the army detailed to this office; and, instead of clubs, they carry swords.

The courtyards of many of the houses are paved with knuckle bones, which are arranged in ornamental designs. The knuckle bones belonged to sheep; but the citizens, as a standing jest, try to make the traveler believe that these are the bones of the people killed in the many wars of the state.

Now let us turn to the most important state of the La Plata, — the Argentine Republic. Some years ago its southern boundary was the Rio Negro, and on the farther side of this river was a country called Patagonia. Recently Chile and the Argentine Republic divided Patagonia between them. The Andes were the dividing line. Chile took the territory to the west and a strip extending from west to east, just north of the Strait of Magellan. The Argentine Republic had the rest. Patagonia disappeared.

With its increased territory, the Argentine Republic is about the size of Mexico. It consists mainly of the pampas, or Plains of the La Plata, although there are some fine forests within its boundaries.

The pampas are covered with grass. One can ride for miles and miles without seeing a tree or even a bush. The grass when first springing up is of a clear, bright green; but as it grows taller, it changes to a

lighter, paler color. This is perhaps owing to the dust which settles thickly upon it at some seasons of the year.

In the eastern part of the Republic there is a rank growth of thistles. The thistles and clover spring up together; but the thistles soon outgrow the clover and rise to a height of ten feet, offering a thick, close, impenetrable barrier to any one trying to pass through. Later in the year they become thin and dry, and at last fall to the ground and die. Then comes the spring with the fresh clover and the new thistles, and the yearly round begins again.

Any one riding across the plains finds them very solitary at times. The only sound he hears is the occasional cry of a partridge or a hawk. The tiny mounds of the prairie dog dot the roadside here and there. Besides the dog, a solitary owl or a pair of owls generally live in each of these underground houses. Sometimes the owls are seen solemnly standing, one on each side of the doorway, guarding the house of their little host and friend; for the owl and the prairie dog really do form a warm friendship. Here is one of many stories that might be told illustrating that fact.

A party of hunters and their dogs were drowning out a prairie dog's home, and had just killed the little beast himself. The owl, who had been hovering over their heads, and uttering pathetic cries, on the death of its friend nerved itself for action. With a furious shriek, it descended upon a terrier who had been most active in the hunt, and, perched upon its head, it flapped its wings against the dog's face and pecked it with its beak.

It was driven away; but half an hour later, while the hunters were in a distant part of the farm, the bird appeared and renewed its attack. It was wild with grief and anger at the death of its small friend.

The plains of the Argentine Republic, like all the plains of the La Plata, are used for grazing. Millions and millions of horses, cattle, and sheep are herded here. The herdsmen who look after them are a strange, wild set of men. They are most magnificent riders, and their horses are perfectly trained.

Once a company of circus riders came to Buenos Ayres, and, after they had performed their usual remarkable programme, a party of herdsmen rode into the ring. They put their horses through the same antics that the circus riders had performed, and exhibited other feats that far excelled any that the professionals had shown. The discomfited company sailed away to Valparaiso, only to be again beaten on their own ground by Chilean horsemen.

The herdsman of the Argentine Republic, who corresponds to the American cowboy, is quite a picturesque figure. He wears large, loose, embroidered trousers, a wide sash wound several times about his waist, a broad-brimmed Panama hat, and a poncho.

The poncho is a curious but very useful garment. It is a blanket of the usual size, with a hole in the centre through which the head is thrust. The folds of the blanket fall about the arms and the body down to the knees. The arms of the rider are left free to handle the reins. The poncho serves as a protection from the heat of summer, the cold of winter, and sudden rainstorms.

The best ponchos are of a light yellow color, and are made of hair from an animal resembling the camel in shape. They are as soft as velvet and as firm as steel, and last for generations.

Such are the ancient ponchos; but to-day cheaper garments of cotton and wool are made abroad and exported to the valley of the La Plata. These ponchos answer every practical purpose, but they have not the value of the ancient garments. The Indians greatly covet the finer kind; and if the unsuspecting traveler should wear such a one among them, they would not hesitate to kill him in order to secure it.

The dress of the herdsman is often decorated with large silver buttons; but it is in the ornamentation of his saddle and bridle, that his true glory appears. Hundreds of dollars are spent upon the silver mountings and decorations of the saddle. Indeed, the saddle is the herdsman's bank; and, to keep it safe, he uses it as a pillow at night.

His immense spurs are of solid silver, even if the man himself goes barefoot. With his cigarette in his mouth, his short knife in his hand, and his lasso coiled at the pommel of his saddle, the Argentine ranchman is a wild, daring figure as he passes at a full gallop.

His home is a rude mud hovel of but a single room. There is almost no furniture. A horse's skull forms the only seat, unless you except the clay floor where the children sit or roll about. That little bundle hanging against the wall in a hammock of hide is the baby.

All the children are very healthy, for they live simply

on meat and water; and, being continually out of doors exposed to the tempests and all sudden changes of weather, they grow tough and hardy. As soon as a boy can toddle, he is given a small lasso, which he practises throwing at dogs and chickens. When he comes to be four or five, he is lifted on horseback; and the rest of his life he may be said to spend in the saddle. When ten years old, he is of use in driving cattle.

One of the interesting sights on a ranch is the branding of the cattle. The herdsman singles out a steer, and prepares to throw his lasso. This is a long line of raw hide with a noose at the end. The man gallops after the steer and, as he approaches, with unerring aim he throws the lasso, which instantly catches the fore legs of the beast and brings him to the ground. A second ranchman on the other side casts a lasso about the animal's head, and it is then powerless to defend itself.

The hot iron is brought and forced against the shoulder. The brand of the owner is so burnt into the skin that it remains upon the hide even after the animal has been slain.

Sometimes an ox is lassoed by the horns or by the fore legs; but whatever may be the aim of the hunter, he always hits the mark.

The bolas is another instrument by which the herdsman brings down the cattle. It consists of two balls of iron or lead connected by a leather thong about eight feet in length. The bolas is swung round the head, and then launched at the horns or legs of the animal. It winds around him so that he is powerless to escape the ranchman.

It is said that the herdsmen of the La Plata are the finest horsemen in the world. And they may well be so, for they eat, sleep, and spend most of their lives in the saddle. Then too, they are always racing with one another and playing games on horseback that are often very harmful to the horses.

There is one game called "crowding horses" which is terrible. Two ranchmen wheel off to a distance, and then ride furiously at one another, meeting with so terrible a shock that one or both of the horses is killed. But the men do not care. They merely remove their saddles to other horses and continue their amusement.

This gives you an idea of the number, and consequently small value of horses in the valley of the La Plata. A fine pair of carriage horses can be bought for one hundred and fifty dollars, and a saddle horse for forty.

Every one rides here. The menservants and maidservants have each their steeds as a matter of course. This is the country where the old nursery jingle, "If wishes were horses, then beggars might ride," really comes true. Here wishes are horses, and the beggars do ride.

It is no unusual thing for the traveler to be stopped by a man on horseback. He is naturally a little startled at first, but recovers his self-possession on hearing the supposed brigand whine out, while extending his palm, "A little money, kind sir, for the love of Heaven; I have eaten nothing for a whole day."

The horses are made to serve in unusual ways. They tread mud for bricks, and thrash out corn. A man in-

tending to spend the morning in fishing, saddles his horse and hastens away to the chosen stream. There he rides into the water, and, baiting his hook, calmly fishes from the back of his patient steed for hours.

The dairyman churns butter by means of his horse. He puts the cream into a leather bag, which he fastens by a thong to his saddle. Then he springs upon his horse, and canters off to the city six miles away over the pampas. The bag meanwhile bounds and bounces along the road behind him. When he reaches the city, he is able to sell butter to his customers; for the jouncing ride has turned the cream in the hide into delicious fresh butter.

You might easily guess what the chief exports from the Argentine Republic are. They all come from the pampas, and are as follows: mutton, beef, tallow, hides, and horns.

Much of the meat sent to Europe is frozen. The oxen are quartered, but the carcasses of the sheep are left whole. Both are hung up in buildings, the temperature of which is kept below the freezing point.

After a few weeks the meat is thoroughly frozen. It is then packed in the hold of a ship which has been specially prepared for its reception. The hold is arranged with layers of felt and double walls, so that an even, cold temperature may be preserved throughout the voyage. Although the ship passes the equator and remains many days in the tropics, the meat reaches the European market in perfect condition.

The merchants who manage this branch of trade meet with great success. They say that here on the pampas

there is food enough raised to supply the whole of Europe.

The Argentine Republic has often been likened to our own country. It is one of the most enterprising nations in South America; it has built many miles of railroads; and, when studied by districts, it bears a curious resemblance to the United States.

The northern districts raise cotton, rice, corn, and sugar cane, like our Southern States. Wheat and other grains can be raised in the southern districts, which correspond to our Dakotas and Minnesota. Altogether many close resemblances besides the form of government can be discovered.

Buenos Ayres has one of the worst harbors in the world. It is so shallow that no vessels can sail near the town. They are obliged to anchor six miles from shore; then large boats called lighters come to transfer passengers and cargoes to the land.

Sometimes the water is so shallow that even the lighters cannot approach the wharves. Then ox carts are driven out for a mile or so into the river to meet the lighters. There, while the water rises high about the wheels of the carts and the legs of the long-suffering animals, the cargo is transferred from boats to carts, and thus brought to shore. Occasionally indignant mules, pulling loaded carts to shore, are seen with all but their noses and ears covered with water.

The depth of the harbor changes with the changing of the wind. When the east wind blows, the harbor is flooded. When the pamperos come sweeping down from the Andes, the water of the harbor is blown out to sea.

Large ships have to shift their anchorage with nearly every change of the weather vane.

But, once ashore, the traveler cannot fail to admire Buenos Ayres. The wide streets are parallel throughout the city, and are laid out at right angles with one another. There are theatres, hospitals, churches, public libraries, and museums.

The banks and many of the business buildings are truly magnificent. The banks are built of marble, and are adorned with great marble columns, which cause them to resemble palaces, rather than buildings for the transaction of business.

All the modern improvements are here, such as the telephone and the electric light. American newspapers are readily obtained, and "Harper's Magazine" and "The Century" can be bought at any large bookstore. The citizen of Buenos Ayres prides himself on his knowledge of the United States, its growth, and its politics.

You may travel the length and breadth of South America and find no city so much like a city of the United States as Buenos Ayres. Here the people are really in a hurry; they seem to realize the value of time; and business is actually transacted in Buenos Ayres on the appointed day, instead of being put off through an endless succession of to-morrows.

The Argentine Republic has two provinces that are not yet thoroughly explored, — one to the north, and the other to the south. The northern province is El Gran Chaco, and the southern is the region formerly known as Patagonia.

El Gran Chaco is a wonderfully rich district, if all the reports of it are true. It abounds in rich forests and plains, and has valuable stores of gold, silver, and diamonds.

Patagonia is a great contrast to El Gran Chaco. It was not worth the trouble that Chile and the Argentine Republic took to secure it. The northern part of Patagonia consists of grazing lands, but the southern part is a dreary desert, inhabited only by the ostrich and a queer little species of antelope which is hunted for its skin.

The Patagonian Indians, before the division of their country between two civilized nations, often made raids into the Argentine Republic. They would drive their cattle northward as winter came on, and, leaving them feeding in the sheltered valleys of the Andes, would attack the ranches, steal the cattle, and send the ranchmen flying in terror to the capital. Year by year they penetrated farther into the Republic.

At last, the president resolved to bear this no longer. He had a wide, deep trench dug across the way by which they would return home. Then mounted ranchmen were sent to drive them back across the border. The poor Indians, riding at a gallop, fell into the trench and were killed or wounded. The few who escaped this terrible death were taken prisoners. So these border raids ceased.

The Indians of Old Patagonia are of two classes, — the Patagonians, or Horse Indians, and the Canoe Indians of Tierra del Fuego. The latter dwell in Chilean territory, and their many curious habits will be described in the next chapter.

The Horse Indians are very tall and strong. The old voyagers used to say that Patagonia was inhabited by "menne of that biggeness that it seemed the trees of the forests were uprooted and were moving away." This was exaggerated, of course, although nearly all the Indian braves are six feet in height. Their occupation consists in tending their herds of cattle, and in hunting ostriches, sometimes for meat, but oftener for feathers.

The South American ostrich, called the Rhea, differs from the African in a few points of anatomy and in having brown feathers tipped with white, while the African ostrich's feathers are gray. The Indians pursue them on horseback and catch them by using the bolas. They do not kill the birds unless they need food, but merely pluck the valuable feathers.

The eggs are always relished by the Indians. One egg contains as much meat as ten hen's eggs. Single eggs are often found upon the sand, but sometimes the Patagonian discovers an ostrich's nest, hidden beneath a bush, in a deep hollow of the sand. As it contains anywhere from ten to forty eggs, such a discovery is a fortunate one.

Sometimes a nest of young ostriches is lighted upon. The hunter is sure to kill them all, because the thirty tiny speckled breasts, when made into a soft, warm, beautiful rug, bring a good price in Punta Arenas, the only town in all this territory. Steamers rounding Cape Horn stop at Punta Arenas for coal, and the passengers are delighted to purchase these rugs as mementoes of the southernmost town in South America.

The dress of the Patagonian is a single garment made of the skin of the little antelope. His food is very simple, consisting of the meat of the horse and the ostrich, and ostrich eggs. He lives in a tent, although at some seasons of the year the weather is extremely cold. He has no education whatever. You would think this life miserable, but no doubt he is perfectly happy and contented.

CHAPTER XXI.

BEYOND THE ANDES.

In the year 1895, a railroad running from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean and crossing the lofty Andes, will connect Buenos Ayres, the chief commercial city of the Argentine Republic, with Valparaiso, the port of Chile. Few can realize what thought, labor, sacrifice, and life have been expended in the construction of this railroad.

The section of the line that crosses the Andes themselves is of course the most difficult part of the task. Slowly the builders on both sides of the mountains are approaching nearer and nearer, until at last the steel bands will knit together, and the oceans will be linked by an iron chain, the first which has stretched across this continent.

For some years the whistle of the locomotive has startled the grazing cattle on the pampas, as the train from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza went whizzing by.

But at Mendoza, at the foot of the Andes, the trains stopped. Any adventurous traveler who wished to cross the Andes, must hire a guide and mules with which to proceed on his way.

Let us suppose that we are setting out on such a five days' journey up and over the huge backbone of South America.

The little cavalcade moves briskly off. First in the procession comes the bell mule, which all the other mules follow; then three extra mules to be used to relieve the others; then the pack mule, poor fellow, with blankets, canned meats, preserves, and other necessities strapped upon his back and jutting out at many curious angles. The guide follows the pack mule, and the travelers bring up the rear.

The pack mule seems to be a lively fellow. He is continually straying from the path to crop some tempting bit of herbage. The sorely tried guide has to pursue him and bring him back to the path of duty. Then the burdens have to be readjusted; and, to keep the mule quiet while this new arrangement is being completed, the guide throws his poncho over the animal's head.

A mule thus muffled is a comical sight to those who look on. But the sudden darkness that has descended over him is no laughing matter to the mule. He stands very still, and, after the light of day is again restored, he goes on quite soberly for a time.

The dress of the guide resembles that of the ranchmen of the pampas. It consists of a wide-brimmed Panama hat tied under the chin, a large blanket, or poncho, wide trousers, leather gaiters, and enormous silver spurs.

The saddle is made up of many layers. First, come several sheepskins, upon which is settled the wooden framework of the saddle. To this are attached the stirrups, while over all are thrown several more sheepskins.

We can tell by the trappings of his mule that our guide is poor; for, if he were rich, the outer layer of his saddle would be a fur rug, and, instead of having clumsy wooden stirrups weighing as much as five pounds, his stirrups and part of his bridle would be of silver.

The bit for the mule is tremendously large and heavy. It weighs fully five pounds, and a reckless jerk might be enough to break the poor animal's jaw. Fastened to the reins is a long whiplash, which is of use when we meet a drove of cattle coming down the mountain side. A few stinging blows of this lash induce the slow, heavy beasts to keep their distance.

It is hardly safe to cross the Andes between April and October. Only mail carriers venture to cross during those months, on account of the danger from the storms and avalanches. December and January are the safest months for traveling.

The trail is not through an unpeopled desert as it once was. Every twenty miles or so there are railroad camps, full of the employees of the company which is laying the line.

These camps are mostly very wretched. Here is one situated on a sterile, brown plain, surrounded by towering mountains whose sides are as dry and brown as the plain below. The village is composed of a few dwelling houses, a brick oven, where most of the cooking is done,

and a miserable store, where meat and liquor can be bought. The one-story houses are of stone or clay, and are roofed with iron. There are no comforts, and barely the necessities of life.

Everything, even to the fodder for the horses, must be brought by mules over the mountains. Magazines and newspapers are highly prized by the few well educated engineers, who lead a lonely life in these villages, where the population consists only of rough workmen and a few Indian women and children. Travelers are always very welcome, and are treated to the best the place affords.

You would scarcely believe that, in ascending the Andes, the traveler would ride for a whole day through a district resembling nothing so much as the desert of Sahara. Not a single bit of green is seen. The sun blazes overhead; the rocks glow like molten lava; the dry, hot wind lifts the sand and flings it against his face. His lips parch, his skin burns, and his eyes grow bloodshot. He longs for water, and the sound of the fresh river, roaring through caverns far below, only increases his thirst.

Another stage of the journey brings us to several rivers. Owing to recent rains, they are oftentimes swollen so dangerously that the traveler now may have more than enough of the water which he yesterday so earnestly desired.

Narrow planks form the only bridge, but the mules cannot cross on them. The guide pushes the mules into the stream one by one, and they swim bravely over.

Then into the wilderness we pass again, higher and

even higher. But climb as persistently as we may, the mountains still loom above us, and darken the day by their gloomy shadows.

The way is unutterably lonely, too; only the regular telegraph poles give us confidence by assuring us that man has been here before. No sound is heard save the tinkle of the mule bell or the scream of the condor. The skeletons of oxen and horses lie along the road, and in some places the condors are feeding on their dead bodies. These birds are always fluttering and wheeling over the most dangerous passes, as if waiting for some unfortunate mule and his rider to go tumbling down the precipice.

The mule displays wonderful sagacity throughout the journey. He sets down his foot so cautiously, and holds to the scantiest foothold so tenaciously, that again and again the traveler blesses the sure-footed animal he rides.

Once two trains of travelers met in a dangerous place, where the mules could not pass one another. The mule upon which one of the guides was seated, turned round in a space about a foot and a half wide and retraced his steps until he reached a place of safety. There he waited until the other train had passed, before resuming his own journey.

The single charge the guide gives the traveler is not to jerk the bridle when in danger, but to let the mule act according to its own instincts. Every one will be safe then. In the lowlands the guide often abuses his mules and speaks roughly to them, but among the mountains his manner is entirely changed. He here

speaks to them in a soft, gentle tone, and they seem to enjoy the confidence which he places in them.

Dear, brown-coated, long-eared animals! They are a great deal better than they seem, or than the guide would let you suppose. The least that can be said in their favor is that they return good for evil.

The guide prefers that the highest part of the crossing should be made in the morning, as storms often arise in the afternoon. This morning's ride takes us over the divide of the Atlantic and Pacific slopes, which is fully twelve thousand feet high.

Some people, and even some mules, cannot endure the thinness of the air at this height, and, on being seized with violent bleeding of the nose or lungs, are obliged to hurry down the mountains. If they should persist in continuing their journey, they might die.

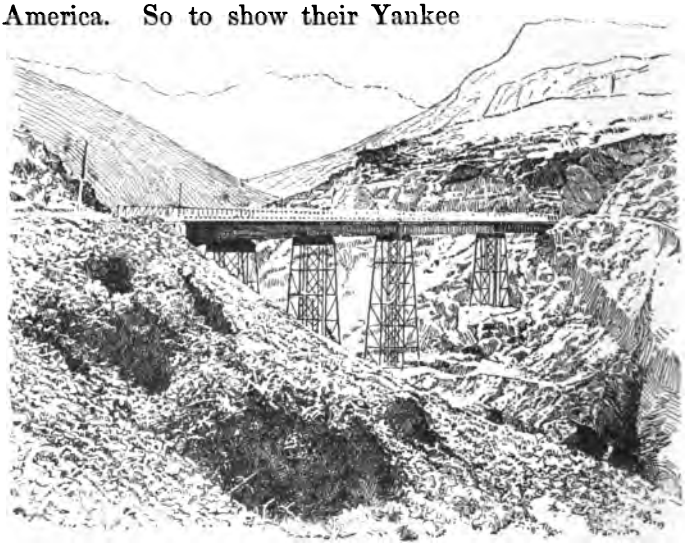
None of our party are thus afflicted; and we cross the watershed in safety, gazing with awe at the snowy summits and sides of the lofty mountains and at the many overhanging avalanches. Along the pathway are many rude, unfurnished caves, which have been erected as places of refuge for the mail carriers in times of sudden storms.

Sometimes a mail carrier is snowed up in one of these caves for weeks. He remains until his food is exhausted, when, though encountering great risks, he attempts to descend to the lower world once more. Sometimes he succeeds, but often he loses his way and perishes in the snow.

And now the beautiful panorama of the western side of the Andes opens before us. We hasten down the

steep descent and find ourselves in the little Chilean town of San Rosa de los Andes. From this place we may go by rail directly to Santiago, the capital of Chile, and thence to Valparaiso, the chief seaport.

The Chileans say that they are the Yankees of South America. So to show their Yankee



A RAILROAD BRIDGE IN CHILE.

spirit of energy and acquisition, they recently engaged in a war with Peru and Bolivia. Peru was beaten, and the Chileans extended their narrow strip of territory several degrees northward, taking in all the coast of Bolivia and a little of the coast of Peru.

Then, by a peaceable division of Patagonia with the Argentine Republic, Chile gained all the territory west of the Andes, Tierra del Fuego, and a bit of land north

of the Strait of Magellan. It is said that Chile wants to conquer that section of Bolivia and Peru that will give her the control of the upper springs of the Amazon. But at present she wisely remains content with her late conquests, as well she may.

As some one has said, the map of Chile at present "looks like the leg of a tall man, very lean, with a very high instep and several conspicuous bunions."

Chile is bounded on the east by the Andes, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. Her northern boundary runs well into the tropics, and her southern point, Cape Horn, is covered with snow and ice the year round. On account of its extreme narrowness Chile is not usually considered a large country, but it is, in reality, larger than any nation in Europe except Russia.

Chile has three regions, running more or less into one another, and yet on the whole fairly distinct. Beginning at the north, they lie as follows: the mineral region, the agricultural region, and the region of forests and fisheries.

The soil of the old coast of Bolivia is rich in nitrates, and these with the guano of Peru are exported by Chile. They bring in quite an annual income, and the government is using this money to build men-of-war.

The agricultural district is included within a few degrees of latitude. Chile consists of a long, central valley lying between two parallel and lofty mountain ranges, the Andes and the Cordillera. The Cordillera skirts the coast closely in northern Chile; but in southern Chile the range has been broken up into sections. The ocean has rushed in between these sections, and we

find remnants of the chain in the continuous line of rocky islands that follow the coast.

The central valley of what is called agricultural Chile was once a chain of lakes, such as is found between the mountain ranges of southern Chile at the present day. The water in the lakes to the north has been drawn off by volcanic action, and the deposit which the streams have brought down from the hills to the lakes is exposed. This makes a few fertile places, but generally irrigation has to be resorted to in order to improve the very poor natural soil of Chile.

Irrigation is managed in this way. The farmers of a certain neighborhood have a canal built. All along the canal, sluiceways are made which let thirty-five cubic centimeters of water per second pass off through channels into the fields to the right or to the left. Each farmer subscribes for one or more of these sluiceways.

He has a rough dam, which turns aside the water from the channel that enters his field, upon his land, at a particular spot. When every inch of ground there has been carefully watered, the dam is moved to another place, and a second plot of ground is irrigated.

Fine fruits, particularly grapes, are raised in abundance, and wines are made and exported. Some of the Chilean wines go to Europe, but most of them are consumed on the Pacific coast.

The agricultural district is also the region of many flourishing cities. There is space here to describe only two, — Santiago, the capital of Chile, and Valparaiso, its principal port.

Santiago is situated in the central valley of Chile, at

one end of a long, brown plain. Its climate is nearly perfect. It rains four months of the year, but during the remaining eight months the sun shines steadily with a mild warmth that is very delightful.

The sunrises and sunsets on the mountains are wonderfully beautiful. At early dawn the rosy light begins to play on the summits of the Andes; then step by step it creeps down the side of the mountain into the valley, until the whole city and plain are bathed in the morning glow.

The sunsets are even more beautiful; for sometimes a rainbow effect is produced, and lights of violet, blue, green, and red tint all the hills.

The light seems to linger longest on the snowy crater of Aconcagua, the highest volcano, not only of the Andes, but of the Western Hemisphere. Aconcagua is two thousand feet higher than the famous Chimborazo. Its exact height is twenty-two thousand four hundred and fifteen feet. No one has ever explored the summit, which is covered with a perpetual coating of glaciers and avalanches.

The city of Santiago is laid out as exactly as a checkerboard. The streets are the dividing lines, and the blocks of houses the squares. The houses are built low on account of the frequent earthquakes, and are seldom more than one or two stories in height.

The first story is built of stone, and the second story, if there is one, is of cane, plastered with mud and stucco, and colored with various bright shades of rose, blue, and yellow. Some recent houses have been built of stone and brick, clamped together with iron braces.

The houses of the wealthy are in the Spanish style, being built about square courts open to the sky.

The poor live either in tumble-down hovels in the centre of the town, or in cane huts on its outskirts. They have mud floors and very little furniture in their houses, and live upon beans, bread, and onions. Watermelons, which can be bought very cheap, are their only luxury. Santiago might almost be called the city of watermelons, as people can be seen eating them in public daily, and the rinds are thrown everywhere.

In the centre of the city is the plaza. This large, shady, grassy square has a bronze fountain playing on the summit of a series of terraces covered with shade trees and flowers. This ornamental centre of the plaza is locked at night, so that the flowers may not be stolen by the street boys. Thieving is one of the chief sins of the nation, and the boys only follow the example which their elders set them.

In the Peruvian war, the Chileans plundered the Peruvians most unmercifully. They sent off to their own country shiploads of statuary, bronze fountains and lamp-posts, marble seats, finely wrought silver railings, clocks, pianos, and furniture. And now the streets of Santiago are enriched by the very treasures which once adorned Lima and Callao.

The plaza is the centre of the life of the city. It is surrounded by the Cathedral, the Bishop's Palace, the City Hall, and a large number of shops and booths.

Early in the morning, women wrapped in black veils can be seen hastening across the plaza to early mass. A poorer class of women are sweeping the crossings

with willow brooms. On every street an impatient crowd are gathered about the "cow station." This is a platform on which a cow stands to be milked, at the request of any one who brings a cup or a bucket to be filled.

At the time of morning mass large crowds of servants are gathered about these stations, waiting for the daily portion of milk for the families which they serve. When one cow can give no more milk, another is driven upon the platform. As the trade continues all day, the owner of the platform must make considerable money.

Later in the morning cabmen stand by the plaza, inspecting all who pass, in hopes of a fare. Peasants from the country drive their heavy wooden carts through the street. These carts are drawn either by oxen or horses, and are piled high with fruits and vegetables.

The fruits are of two zones, owing to the proximity of Santiago to the mountains. One can buy strawberries, grapes, figs, peaches, pears, quinces, plums, cherries, oranges, lemons, and apples in the market place. And we must not forget to add watermelons. After the traveler has bought one, the market man or woman sometimes kindly allows him to eat it beneath the shade of the awning of the booth.

Donkeys often pass through the plaza laden with clover which covers them completely, so that they resemble moving haystacks. The street cars also start here.

The street cars have seats upon the roof as well as within the car itself. The seats on the roof are reached by a stair winding up from the back platform. They

command the view, of course, and are, moreover, half the price of an inside seat. The full fare is five cents.

The horse car conductor is, strange to say, a woman. All the conductors in Chile are women. They undertook this occupation when the men were away fighting in Peru and have retained it ever since.

The conductor wears a neat navy blue suit, a wide-brimmed straw hat, and a pretty white apron with pockets for tickets and change. Above her stand, on the rear platform, hangs a bag containing her luncheon, extra tickets, and money. She fills her office with much dignity and is, in every way, a success.

At night the plaza is liveliest of all. Gentlemen and ladies promenade through the walks, the band plays, and the shops exhibit their most tempting goods.

From eight to eleven in the evening is the time when most of the shopping is done. The women trip over from the plaza to inspect the stores and to buy beautiful laces, diamonds, and jewelry. The shops, which in the middle of the day are dull and slow, are now thoroughly awake and alive to trade.

Santiago has a very fine avenue for riding or promenading. It is three miles long and six hundred feet wide. Through the very centre of the avenue is a wide walk, bordered with several rows of poplar trees, and with statues of famous men dotting it here and there. On each side of the central promenade is a driveway one hundred feet wide.

The poplar trees, which are seen throughout Santiago, and particularly in this avenue, did not originally grow in Chile, but were brought from the other side of the

Andes. With them came, it is said, that strange disease, the goiter, in which the glands of the neck are very much swollen. Before the coming of the poplar, the goiter had never been known in Chile.

A drive along this famous avenue is always pleasant. Many fine residences line it on either hand. Among the different styles of houses along the way, one singles out gilded palaces, turreted Turkish residences, and gloomy Tudor buildings, that often look out of place in a land of frequent earthquakes. One can so easily imagine all those splendid piles falling and becoming a heap of magnificence. The low, broad Spanish house looks more enduring, and therefore more suitable.

At one end of the avenue is Santa Lucia. This is a great rock, which was once unutterably brown, barren, and unornamental. A wealthy citizen of Santiago spent his private fortune in improving it, and now it is the most beautiful feature of the prospect.

It is laid out with gardens and walks, which wind up to the summit. Here and there balconies and summer houses are erected, commanding a pretty outlook; while at the summit is a wide promenade and a small theatre and chapel. From this hilltop, the view of the lighted city by night is one to be long remembered.

The Horticultural and Zoölogical Gardens are situated at the other end of the drive. Chile brought an elephant and two lions from Peru, to add to her zoölogical collection. But the animals could not bear the change to a colder climate, and died.

Two hundred years ago, pirates thronged the high seas, and frequent fights took place in the Spanish main

between the high-decked galleons from Spain and mysterious black crafts which displayed a skull and cross-bones on their flags. In those days it used to be safest to build the capital city inland. That necessitated a seaport city for the capital, and so it came to pass that cities were built in pairs throughout South America. Examples of this are Caracas and Bogata, Callao and Lima, Valparaiso and Santiago.

Valparaiso resembles the city of Bahia in being a two storied town, one story being on the hills and the other on the narrow strip of seashore at their base.

The harbor is large and deep, but is opened so widely towards the north that for two months of the year it is quite unsafe. If a breakwater could be built across the mouth of the bay, it would render it one of the most secure harbors on the Pacific coast. But such an undertaking is impossible, as the water is over six hundred feet deep.

Within the sheltering curve of the hills, on the clear, blue waters of the Pacific, ships of every great nation, except the United States, float serenely at their anchors. The lighters and small boats of the harbor are very busy helping load and unload the larger craft. The wharves are fine, and the warehouses are of stone and roughly decorated.

A dark range of mountains follows closely the crescent outline of the bay. Many spurs, jutting from the range toward the bay, have their sides and summits thickly crowded with houses. The beach at the foot of the hills is, in places, so narrow that there is room for but one street. In other places the hills recede, leav-

ing space for three or four streets. This is, of course, the commercial part of the town.

The homes of the people are on the hills, and are reached by steam elevators, by stairways cut in the solid rock, and by streets so steep and winding that one can

THE PLAZA OF VALPARAISO.

well believe the tradition which says that in laying them out, the goat pathways were followed.

One reaches the summits with panting breath, and in descending from them, an alpenstock seems necessary. When the wind blows, pedestrians cling to the rocky sides of the way. Three horses are necessary to draw a carriage into the upper town.

The houses upon three of the hills are pleasant and well built. The poorer classes live upon the other hills.

Their houses are mere makeshifts, as they are built of driftwood, oil cans, sardine boxes, and anything that the poor people can find with which to patch up a dwelling.

Valparaiso, viewed from the harbor, is very picturesque. The houses appear to be perched so insecurely upon the hills that a slight shock might throw them over. By moonlight or by electric light, the city is enchanting. The patches of light and shade are arranged fantastically, and the lights of the vessels near the mouth of the harbor rise and fall with the motion of the dark water.

You would feel quite at home in the city of Valparaiso, as English is spoken by nearly every one. English merchants, booksellers, doctors, and grocers fill the city. There are several English newspapers. In fact, Valparaiso is, what the whole state of Chile is, an English colony.

The native of Chile is very proud of the leading place which his country holds among the other states of South America. He thinks the United States the only nation to compare with his. If you should tell him that it is the English who make Chile an enterprising nation, he would give you a terrible look out of his haughty, Spanish eyes, and perhaps draw that murderous Chilean knife, that he is only too ready to introduce into conversation on the slightest pretext.

But it is only the truth that you have spoken. The Chilean is incapable of any sustained effort, and the persevering industry that has brought the country to her present stand among the nations, has come from the foreign elements of the English and the Germans.

Everywhere, whether as sheep growers, owners of mines, or managers of large estates in the south, or as merchants and professional men in the cities, they are the leaders, and the ones who are moulding the nation.

The people of Chile are boastful and careless. Their shops are in utter confusion, and, in the large and valuable public library, the books are placed on the shelves with no attempt at classification.

They are very cruel by nature. They are most deadly foes on the battlefield; but their extreme cruelty is most commonly seen in their treatment of their horses. A horse is very cheap, it is true, but even that does not excuse his master for driving him until he drops dead.

Although the climate of Chile is like that of Washington, with many bleak and chilly days, a fire is never lighted in the homes of the people. They think it unhealthy. They go about thickly muffled in robes and overcoats, and, in most of the rooms, there are kept large foot warmers of wool and silk, into which the ladies slip their feet when seated.

The Chileans have blue noses and chattering teeth through several months of the year, but they seem to enjoy it. If they enter the parlor of a European, and find a blazing fire, they will leave the door open and create a draught in which they can sit and shiver.

Leaving now the agricultural and thickly settled portion of Chile, we enter the third region. Here the central valley is broken up into many lakes and bays. Fish are consequently plentiful, and many forests of fine timber skirt the edges of the water and the foot of the hills. There is, besides, an abundance of coal.

The islands of the coast are as yet unexplored, but they are believed to be of great wealth. Seals throng the shore, and the seal fishing is beginning to be profitable.

The Strait of Magellan is one of the most dreary and desolate places on the face of the earth. Lofty, snow-covered mountains tower on all sides of the strait. Sometimes the glaciers and snowdrifts can be plainly seen upon their sides; and then, again, dark clouds and mists hide them completely from sight. Sea captains dread the passage of this strait exceedingly, on account of its many cross currents and frequent storms.

There are one or two objects which show to the passing vessel that man has been here before. One is the post box. That is a tin box, fixed at a well known point of the northern coast, where letters, books, and papers, which have been read by the crew of one ship, are left for those of another. Each passing ship stops to leave mail for others and to get its own. Then, again, one sees a tree covered with wooden signs bearing the names of the vessels that have passed by.

The Indians who live in Tierra del Fuego are among the lowest people on the face of the globe. They are repulsively ugly and have very little intelligence. Although their climate is exceedingly cold all the year round, they have very scanty clothing. They wear simply a blanket of otter skin, and their boots and leggings are made of the same material. They row out in their canoes to passing vessels, to trade skins for whiskey and glass trinkets.

The good bishop of the Falkland Islands near by has

made some attempt to civilize them, but he has been able to accomplish very little.

Punta Arenas, the southernmost town in the world, was established as a penal station. It is a cold, dreary, stormy place, from which expeditions for hunting the ostrich set forth, and where farmers of the sheep plantations buy their scanty stores.

CHAPTER XXII.

PERU AND BOLIVIA.

Peru and Bolivia are two of the richest nations on the face of the earth, and yet to-day they are bankrupt. Peru owes millions of dollars that she will never pay, because she cannot lay hands on her wealth. It is locked fast in the hills, and needs the steel magnets of railroads to draw the treasures of gold and silver from their hiding places.

Hundreds of years ago, nearly all the country west of the Andes was ruled by a royal family, known as the Incas. They were a very superior race of Indians, of remarkable energy and executive ability. At their command, and by their directions, mines were worked, great highways were built, rich and magnificent temples were erected to their gods, and costly palaces were built for themselves. All this was done with marvellous skill, and with a display of riches such as the world will never see again.

They were a peaceful, intelligent race, and their rule was so excellent that it promised to be enduring. But suddenly there burst into their peaceful valleys a band of greedy, bloodthirsty men, who saw, with startled eyes, the great wealth of the Incas, and determined to possess it for themselves.

Then came a terrible time of robbery and murder. No one can estimate the wealth that Pizarro and his band found in Peru alone. It is said that he took ninety million dollars worth of silver and gold just from the temples. One of his lieutenants asked to have the silver nails in a certain temple they were plundering. His request was granted, and he received several hundred thousand dollars worth of silver.

The ruling Inca was captured, and Pizarro told the Indians they might ransom him, if they would fill a large room with gold. The faithful subjects did so; but the faithless Spaniard took their gold and killed their king.

The story of this period in the history of Peru and Bolivia is both sad and terrible. Peru was subject to Spain for nearly three hundred years. Then, in the first quarter of the present century, she, with the other Spanish colonies in South America, became independent.

When the boundaries of the new nations were settled, General Bolivar, the George Washington of these colonies, founded a new state, which was named Bolivia in his honor. That this new state might have at least a small piece of the seacoast, Chile gave up a little of her territory to Bolivia.

It seemed a worthless bit of desert land at the time,

but sixty years afterward vast deposits of nitrates, or salts, of great commercial value were discovered. Then Chile repented her gift.

In order to get back that territory, she made war on Bolivia. Bolivia called to Peru for aid. Peru responded, and for several years war was waged between Chile on one side, and Peru and Bolivia on the other.

The Chileans were terrible foes. They gave no quarter and took no prisoners; but cut the throats of the wounded, after the battle, with the short, sharp knives that were always at their sides.

The horror excited in the minds of the Peruvian and Bolivian soldiers by such ferocious deeds, led more than anything else to their defeat. For they were defeated at last, and Chile demanded that the coast of Bolivia, and all the coast of Peru containing nitrate deposits, should be given to her. She also demanded the guano islands off the coast of Peru.

This was outrageous. Guano had been exported as a fertilizer from Peru to the Old World for many years. On the income derived from this product, the Peruvians had been enabled to live for generations in perfect idleness and luxury.

If the guano and the nitrates were taken, all their means of support would be gone. Chile was robbing Peru and Bolivia of their ready money. This must not be, and both countries cried out against the national robbery. But they were beaten. The Chilean was within their gates; his knife was at their throats, and, with a despairing glance and cry for help to the indifferent and powerful nations looking on, they yielded.

And so it comes to pass that Peru is bankrupt. First, she lost the wealth of the Incas; then, when the guano was discovered, she felt so confident of a large assured income, that, instead of wisely saving the money from this source, she most recklessly spent it all, and more, too. Lastly, the deposits of nitrates were discovered; and then came war and the loss of everything. Peru to-day is overwhelmed. She sits in the midst of pillaged cities and ruined churches, helpless and hopeless.

If Peru were a young and vigorous nation, she might brace herself to meet her present difficulties; but she is old, with none of the free and confident assurance of a newborn country. Her people are luxurious and unable to adapt themselves to their present condition. What Peru now needs is new capital and new energy. Bolivia is better off than Peru; for it is a young nation, and has no very large debt.

By a recent contract, an English company is to complete the railroads which are unfinished, to build new railroads, to settle certain sections of the country, and to free Peru from her enormous debt. In return for this, the company is to receive the products of the mines to which the railroads are extended for a period of sixty-six years.

You may not think this a good bargain for the English company; but it is likely to be an excellent one. When once the railroads reach the mountains, the mines will be opened and floods of silver and gold will come pouring into their treasury.

But now let us study the Peru of to-day. It includes

three regions, — the barren lowlands of the coast, the mountains, and, beyond them, the table-lands where the upper streams of the Amazon rise.

The lowlands of the coast consist almost entirely of a barren, reddish brown soil. Here and there by the shores of some stream there is a patch of green; but nearly all the land which is used for agriculture must be irrigated.

Between the fertile regions stretch sandy deserts, frequently seventy miles in width. The sweeping winds whirl up sand into the form of crescents at irregular distances over the desert. The crescents are twenty feet high, and are constantly shifting their positions as the wind changes.

Sometimes the people in the villages bordering on the deserts hear distant music, strange and monotonous. It is the ceaseless sound that the particles of sand in constant motion make as they strike one against another.

The streams that water the valleys of the coast are of two kinds, temporary and permanent. The temporary streams come from the Cordilleras, or coast mountains, and the permanent streams from the Andes. Both are fed by the melting of the snow on the summits of the mountains.

The Andes are covered with snow all the year round, and so their streams are always full. The Cordilleras are lower mountains than the Andes. Their peaks do not reach into the region of eternal snow, and so, in the dry season, the streams flowing from the Cordilleras disappear.

It scarcely ever rains in this region. It drizzles

instead. The rainy season, so called, lasts from September to March, and during that time the sun is seldom seen. The days are damp and chilly, and the nights misty and drizzly. The rain that falls is really more like a dew, but a dew so heavy that the next morning the streets are muddy.

You remember that, in the chapter on Chile, it was said that the Spanish cities were apt to be built in pairs — the capital being situated inland for safety, and a smaller city being built on the coast to serve as its port. Lima, the capital of Peru, and Callao, its port, have been built in this way.

Callao is a discouraged city. Since the war its commerce and prosperity have flown to other places. The government of Peru has sold the harbor to a French company, who are making money by charging enormous dues on all vessels entering the harbor. In consequence of this, very few vessels come to Callao now. Where once a hundred ships rode at anchor, now there are scarcely a dozen. Very little business is transacted on the wharves or near the empty warehouses. It is hard times indeed for Callao.

There is a curious phenomenon connected with this harbor. Just before entering port, sailors are accustomed to make a special effort to polish up their vessels to an unusual degree of whiteness. Then, with pride in their hearts for their beautiful ship, they enter port.

The next morning after a ship has anchored in Callao Harbor, the sailors are amazed to find their spotless ship daubed from stem to stern, outside and inside, with a brown film. If this is not scraped off immediately, it

clings to the woodwork so tenaciously that it can with difficulty be removed.

This strange accident, which befalls every ship entering the harbor, is known as "the Callao painter." Who, or what is it? People used to believe that beneath the sea was an active volcano that threw up ashes upon the vessels. But now it is known that the brown film is sulphuretted hydrogen, a gas which is given off from springs beneath the waters.

Callao contains nothing that is especially interesting; so we will hasten to take the train, which, in half an hour's time, brings us to Lima.

Do you know, my reader, I think you could describe this city in many points quite as well as I could. From what you have read before of Spanish cities, you would know that in the centre of Lima is a large square, or plaza, and that about it are situated the chief public buildings, — the cathedral, the bishop's palace, the government house, and the principal shops. You would know that the streets are narrow and paved with pebbles, and that they are bounded on each side by low houses with flat roofs.

Now let me add the few touches that will change this general photograph of any Spanish city into the special photograph of the Spanish city of Lima.

The plants and trees surrounding the bronze fountain in the centre of the plaza are somewhat withered and faded. They seem to be continually thirsting for a drink of fresh water. The many little set paths of the plaza are neatly paved with pebbles.

That low, broad, green and white building, occupying

one whole side of the plaza, is the Casa Vert, or the green castle. It is the place where the Spanish governors used to live in the days when Peru was a colony.

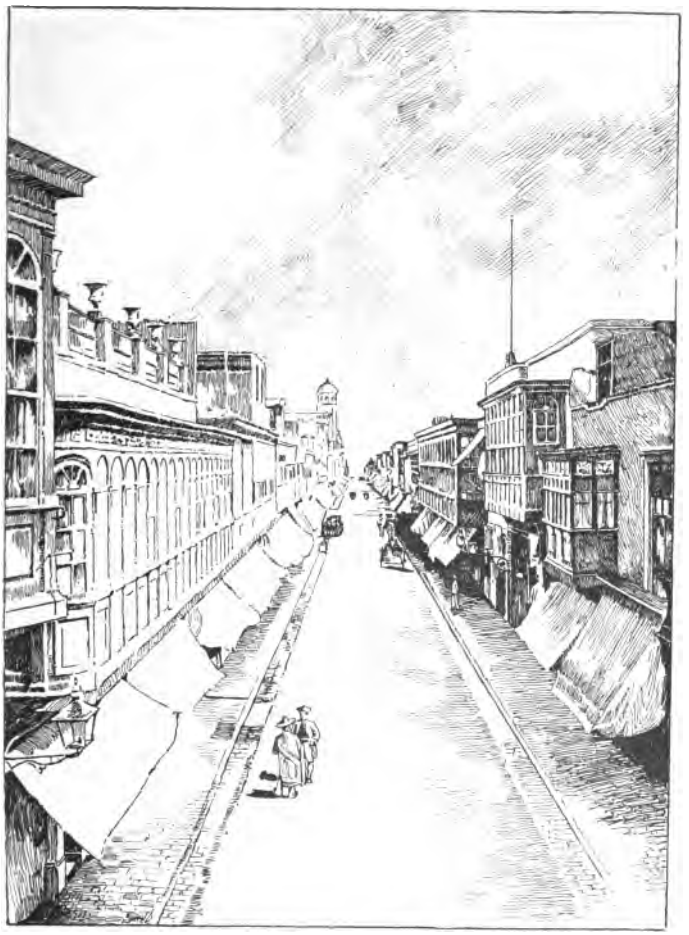
The cathedral is a patchwork building. The lower half is of marble yellowed with age, and the upper half is of brick and stucco. The stucco is painted to represent marble so skilfully that the careless observer would never guess the difference. The cathedral is raised six feet from the ground on a marble platform, and, with its Moorish towers and carved front, is a very handsome building.

Within, the decorations are in white and gold, and there are many little side chapels and shrines. The bones of Pizarro, who was murdered in the Casa Vert, can be seen in the crypt.

The roofs of the churches and houses in Lima are covered with a thin layer of mud. This prevents the dampness from penetrating the building. As it never rains in Lima, the earthen roof answers very well. But imagine the effect of a hard shower! The startled people of Lima would see their mud roofs and stucco walls crumbling before their eyes, and perhaps washed into the swift Rimac River, which runs through the city.

Besides the flat roofs which serve as piazzas or twilight promenades, the houses of Lima have oblong balconies inclosed with glass. These balconies project over the street at such regular distances that they furnish the sidewalk with an almost continuous roof, which must be very agreeable.

Everywhere in Lima are seen the marks of the Chil-



STREET SCENE IN LIMA.

ean cannon balls. Even the cathedral itself is badly marred. As for Casa Vert, that was regularly bombarded.

Most of the decorations of the streets and plaza were carried away by the Chileans. Bronze and marble fountains and statues, street lamps, trees and shrubs, lions from the zoölogical gardens, even silver altar railings from the churches disappeared. What they could not take away they destroyed.

Since the war, the wealthy class have been living on money obtained by pawning jewels, laces, and bric-à-brac.

If we should stand on one of the bridges across the Rimac, and study the people about us for half an hour, we should be amused and instructed. Within the many angles of the bridge sit the fruit sellers. They have delicious grapes, oranges, bananas, and peaches, which ladies in black robes and mantillas, returning from early mass in the cathedral, often stop to look at.

Who is this queer figure approaching us? He is the baker. A square canvas pannier full of bread and cakes is slung on each side of the donkey, and bags, hanging from the pannier, contain extra supplies.

The woman who sells the milk next appears. Her cans are strapped on each side of the saddle, and sometimes upon the saddle itself. The woman is often perched high in the air above the cans. She wears a broad-brimmed Panama hat like a man's. When she approaches a house, she gives a shrill call, and the servant comes running to the door.

Perhaps, if we lingered longer, we might see other

curious sights. A Chinaman, bearing baskets of fruit nicely balanced by a bamboo rod across his shoulders, comes silently along. Black-eyed little newsboys race across the bridge, calling out the names of their various papers in liquid Spanish. Shabby men take their post on the bridge and offer lottery tickets to the passers-by, murmuring their generous offers in a dull, monotonous tone. A water carrier, always an amusing sight, rides slowly by. He sits so far back on his donkey that it often seems as if he must fall off. Two casks, or barrels, occupy the saddle.

The flat roofs of the country houses, situated in the valleys west of the Andes, are not used as piazzas, like those of the city houses. They are covered with grass, and the cows or the hens live there all the time. The cow goes up to the housetop as a calf, passes her life there, is killed and brought down as fresh meat. The hens strut about, lay eggs, cackle, and go to roost, just as if they were living on the humdrum earth like other barnyard fowls.

Though the highest part of the Andes is in the state of Bolivia, yet the ranges in Peru are very lofty. The best idea of these mountains is gained by going over the Oroya railroad, which now runs to the summit of the mountains. It is to be extended into the third region of Peru, the region of the sources of the Amazon.

This Oroya railroad is a wonderful piece of engineering. The train zigzags up the mountain side, sometimes taking sharp, angular turnings, sometimes winding upward in long, sinuous curves. Now, five sections of the winding road are visible at once; and then

again, it vanishes from sight, and the train seems to be dashing against an impenetrable wall of rock.

A sudden turn is made, and all is darkness. We are in a tunnel cut through a spur of the rocky wall at an immense cost of time, patience, and money. Presently we enter the daylight again. One thousand feet below is a section of the road over which we have come. It is so directly below that, leaning from the window, we might drop a stone upon the track. Now the cars cross a chasm by means of a slender iron erection called a bridge.

The whole ride is one long to be remembered, for the mind is continually aghast at the great difficulties that have been overcome in the construction of the road.

The region west of the Andes is an unbroken wilderness, through which run many large streams and rivers. So rapid and strong is the tropical growth there, that, if a path should be made in the wilderness, in two weeks' time it would have entirely disappeared, choked up by the weeds and the bushes. The only way to open up the region is to set thousands of men at work there for months at a time. Then perhaps a clearing might be made and preserved.

The region would repay such effort, for it is exceedingly rich in cinchona, caoutchouc, and coca trees, and in palms. The leaves of the coca tree are chewed by the natives. They produce a drowsy effect, like opium. When the railroads are completed, it may be that these articles will be brought down to the Peruvian coast and exported.

The usual way of going from Lima to La Paz, the

capital of Bolivia, is to take the steamer from Callao to Mollendo. Mollendo is a little seaport town which might be looked upon as the port of Arequipa, the second city in Peru. A railroad starts from Mollendo, passes through Arequipa, and terminates on the western shore of Lake Titicaca.

The trip takes the traveler through deserts covered with sand, pumice, and volcanic rock. Here and there along the way is a green patch of country that is unspeakably restful to eyes weary with the blazing whiteness of the desert sand.

Arequipa is pleasantly situated on a green and fertile plain. Its ruined streets and the large rents in the walls of many of the houses show how violent the earthquake shocks have been.

The people of South America have several names for earthquakes, each a little stronger than the last. Thus they can express with accuracy the exact intensity of different shocks. Earthquakes vary from the merest tremble to the yawning of the earth and the swallowing of whole cities. Spanish America is full of terrible stories of houses destroyed without a moment's warning, and churches full of people buried in an instant.

After leaving Arequipa, the road begins to climb the mountains. Here, as well as on the Oroya railroad from Lima, may be seen wonderful achievements of engineering skill.

Flocks of rough sheep and llamas appear on the plains stretching away from either side of the car. The llama is a curious animal about as large as a yearling colt. Like the camel, he can travel for days and weeks

without water. He is scarcely ever seen to drink. His feet are formed so as to cling most tenaciously to the rocks, and he is thus enabled to pass surely over the roughest and most insecure places.

The llama is quite docile, and will carry one hundred pounds upon his back over the mountains. If more than one hundred pounds are strapped upon him, he lies down, and refuses to budge until he is relieved of the extra weight. The llama is covered with a warm, shaggy coat of wool, which is never sheared if the animal is used as a beast of burden.

Lake Titicaca, the terminus of the road, is reached at length, and we enter Bolivia. This republic may be divided into halves. The western half is mountainous, while the eastern half consists of high, well watered table-land.

Eastern Bolivia has many valuable productions. In which direction shall they be sent for exportation? Shall they go northwesterly down a tributary of the Amazon, and be shipped from Peru; or southeasterly to Buenos Ayres; or westerly to the Pacific coast?

The Bolivians have now no seacoast, and to send their products to the western coast would be to enrich the Chileans, whom they hate. That they will not do; and, as the eighteen rapids on the Madeira effectually bar the way to the northeast, the natural route to take seems to be that to the southeast across Argentine Republic. That state has recently awakened to the situation, and has sent men to survey the ground and project a railroad from Argentine Republic into Bolivia.

Western Bolivia contains the loftiest chains of moun-

tains in the whole Western Hemisphere. The Andes here spread out into five distinct chains, and one particular range has one of the grandest series of mountain peaks on the globe. First comes Mount Sorata, its height of twenty-five thousand feet making it the loftiest mountain in the New World. A little to the south rises Illimani Peak; and thus the line sweeps on until it reaches the giant sugar loaf of Potosi, the famous silver mountain.

Between the mountain chains are parallel valleys, mostly dry and barren. The valleys are drained by rivers which do not reach the sea; but, instead, lose themselves in salt lakes or salt marshes.

Lake Titicaca is the largest of these mountain lakes. It is also the largest and highest salt lake in the world. It seems very wonderful to come upon a large sheet of green water twelve thousand feet above the sea.

Small steamers navigate it, and run from port to port. The lake is shallower on its western shore, so steamers cannot be loaded in the harbor on this side. They anchor at some distance from land, and the rude canoes of the native Indians speed back and forth with the cargoes.

While sailing on the northern half of Lake Titicaca, we may lose sight of land; but in the southern half, the shore is always in sight. And an odd shore it is. On one side we pass the ruins of ancient temples of the Incas, and on the opposite shore are mud and bamboo villages. But above all, and always giving an unutterable dignity to the landscape, is the magnificent range of the Andes.

The Indians locate the garden of Eden, the home of Adam and Eve, on an island in the lake. They say that Father Adam and Mother Eve rowed from this island to the mainland. Once landed, they walked northward bearing a golden staff. When they reached a certain spot, they smote the ground with the golden staff, and told the awe-struck Indians to build their capital city in that spot. And so Cuzco was founded.

Landing on the southern shore of Lake Titicaca, we set out by coach over one of the old Inca roads for La Paz. This city has a curious situation. There are two valleys opening into each other. The first is dry and barren, the second is fertile. Of course any one would expect to find the city built in the fertile spot; but no, La Paz is situated in the barren valley, because some pope, who did not understand the geography of the region, chose the first valley in preference to the second.

The city nestles at the foot of an abrupt descent of twelve hundred feet. The level surface of the plateau of Lake Titicaca, over which we have driven, is broken just at this point. To approach the edge of the plateau and look downward upon the housetops of a city, when you had not believed there was one within miles, is surprising, to say the least.

Speaking of housetops, — there is not a chimney in La Paz. Although the weather is often quite cold, the people do not wish to heat their houses. The food is cooked by outdoor fires, which are laid against a wall and sheltered by a light roof.

La Paz is unlike other Spanish cities in having but half a cathedral. Only one story is completed, but that

is so beautiful that every observer regrets that lack of funds have obliged the Bolivians to leave it unfinished.

Whether he is pausing in the plaza before the cathedral, or visiting the market with its piles of Panama hats and ponchos, its fruits and vegetables, the thoughts of the traveler continually turn toward the remote golden age of the Incas, and the early days of the colony. That seems the real time, and these days of poverty the shadow.

Listen to this bit of history which sounds like a fairy tale. "In 1661 La Palata, the viceroy, rode from the palace to the cathedral on a horse every hair of whose mane and tail was strung with pearls, whose hoofs were shod with shoes of solid gold, and whose path was paved with ingots of solid silver." Isn't that splendor? And it only happened about two hundred and thirty years ago. Truly these days of poverty must seem very hard to poor, unlucky Peru and Bolivia, that still keep such proud recollections of their splendid past.

We can only, in leaving, wish them brighter days for the future.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN ECUADOR AND COLOMBIA.

We are once more in the heart of the Torrid Zone. The equator passes directly through Ecuador, and, on that account, the state was given the Spanish name for equator.

The coasts of both Ecuador and Colombia are low and sandy or marshy. The healthiest and most populous regions are on the plateaus among the mountains. Even though the blazing sun shines directly overhead, the great height of the plateaus makes them cool. Quito, the capital of Ecuador, and Bogota, the capital of Colombia, are situated on these table-lands, and therefore have delightful climates.

Guayaquil, situated on the Gulf of Guayaquil, is the seaport of Quito. There is nothing very new or unusual about this city. The houses are of bamboo and stucco work, chiefly in white and yellow. The lower story of many of the houses is used as a store, in which excellent articles are often displayed for sale.

Quito is one hundred and fifty miles from Guayaquil. Some of the journey can be made by train, but much of the way must be traversed on mules.

Oh, that mountain trip! If by any chance you cease pitying yourself, you straightway begin to pity the animal on which you ride. He stubbornly pushes on his way, wading mountain torrents, stepping cautiously along by the side of precipices, crossing bamboo bridges that tremble beneath his tread, scrambling through or sticking fast in marshes.

The road, which consists of an endless succession of holes about one foot deep, into which and out of which the poor donkey steps painfully, now enters a forest, — a perfect South American jungle, such as we have often glanced into before. But the creepers in this forest on the road to Quito are something very unusual. They wave from tree top to the ground, they run in parallel

lines along the way, they braid and festoon the trees and bushes together. Then, here and there in the mass of green, is seen a beautiful red flower, an orchid perhaps, with all the singularity of shape and delicacy of color that orchids possess.

Sometimes the journey to Quito is made by coach. The coach is like the New England stagecoach, and is drawn by three pairs of mules. The native drivers are not satisfied unless they are kept at a full run. To accomplish this, the drivers are continually shouting, blowing their horns or bugles, and whipping the poor beasts.

They carry two kinds of whips. There is a whip of ordinary length for the nearest pair, and a long-handled whip for the middle pair. The leaders are so far away that they cannot be reached with a whip. Instead, they are peppered and pelted with stones, which are kept in a box beside the driver.

If the coach is approaching a hill and the mules seem to be flagging, the driver dismounts, and, running beside them, cheers, scolds, and whips the poor, bleeding, panting beasts back into their former pace.

Quito is situated in a long, narrow valley, which runs northward from Peru to Colombia. This valley, which lies between two ranges of the Andes, is really an elevated plateau two miles high.

There are as many as twenty volcanoes within sight of Quito. The peaks of some resemble cones, while those of others are like domes. Chimborazo and Cotopaxi are the most famous volcanoes. Chimborazo is a snow-covered dome, with here and there a bare spot

on its sides from which the wind has swept the snow. Cotopaxi is a perfect cone.

The meadows about Quito are green and velvety enough for England itself. The hedgerows which separate the fields add to the English look of the scenery.

The streets are neatly paved and narrow, with very narrow sidewalks. They are swept and lighted in an unusual way. Each house owner is obliged to keep the street before his dwelling clean, and to show a burning candle at night. If he fails to do this, he is fined forty cents. In the central plaza, kerosene lamps are burned at the expense of the city.

The houses are painted white, with red roofs. They are low, and have little balconies projecting over the sidewalks. Does that remind you of any city we have lately visited? Yes, you are right. It is Lima.

Of course Quito has a large cathedral occupying one side of the plaza. It is more quaint than handsome. Its dome is covered with green tiles, and its doors are decorated with carvings and huge metal bosses, or projecting knobs.

The women can best be seen in the cathedral while morning mass is being celebrated. Everywhere on the stone floor are women, old and young, rich and poor, kneeling in prayer.

The young girls are quite short. They are dressed in red and blue dresses, black stockings, and black kid slippers with metal soles. The older women are dressed entirely in black. They wear neither gloves nor bonnets to church; but, instead, they wrap their heads and shoulders in mantillas. These are often of very rich

lace, handsomely embroidered or trimmed with silk and jet. The women have dark eyes, and beautiful dark hair, and nearly all of them look enchanting in their mantillas.

A housewife carries quite a load. She has a prayer book, a prayer stool or cushion, and, last but not least, the house key. As this weighs a pound, it is no small burden.

The dress of the men of Quito is so sombre and dignified as to be almost funny. It consists of a long, black frock coat, a tall, black silk hat, black kid gloves, and an ornamental cane. Their model is the European gentleman; but with their flashing black eyes, dark, pointed beards, and heavy cape overcoats, they hardly seem like either Englishmen or Frenchmen.

It is interesting to visit the market place, and see the display of grains, vegetables, and fruits. Here are wheat, barley, maize, beans, potatoes, oranges, and guavas. The market men are Indians in bright ponchos, who squat on the ground and offer their goods by the handful or basketful. Ounces and pounds, or their corresponding Spanish weights, are unknown in the market.

Quito is one of the chief religious centres of South America. Bells are ringing all day from the towers of the many churches and cathedrals, and priests and monks, passing through the narrow streets, pause to bless the kneeling people.

If the church bells made the only sound in the city, the traveler might endure it; but when to their jangling, the braying of military bands, and the calling of

bugles are added, pandemonium is the result. With aching head, the traveler shakes off the dust of noisy Quito, and hies him northward to Colombia.

The Republic of Colombia occupies the northwestern corner of South America. It includes the Isthmus of Panama and the two seaports, Aspinwall and Panama. But these towns seem to belong to all the nations of the world, rather than to Colombia. The ports which are, as the children say, "its very own," are Cartagena and Barranquilla.

Both of these cities lie upon the Caribbean Sea. Cartagena is very old, and Barranquilla quite new. Cartagena, and La Guayra in Venezuela were the ports from which all the wealth of the hills was transported to Spain. Millions of dollars worth of gold and silver were brought from the mountains of the interior, down the Magdalena River to Cartagena.

The king of Spain was desirous of keeping his treasure safe from the many pirates and robbers of the Caribbean Sea, and so he built a great wall around the city. The wall was so strongly built that it is standing at the present day, as firm as ever. It is of dark stone, is twenty feet high, and is so broad that forty horses could walk abreast upon it.

Cartagena stands on the eastern side of a large arm of the sea. During the greater part of this century it has declined in commercial importance, because the nearer entrance to its harbor has been choked up.

As Cartagena declined, Barranquilla grew in importance. Barranquilla is situated at the mouth of the Magdalena River. It was well placed for commerce,

and offered a fine harbor for ships. Cartagena was well-nigh deserted for a while.

But by and by a great sand bar was formed at the mouth of the Magdalena River, opposite Barranquilla. So its day was over. It was obliged to build a small town on the sand bar itself, where passengers and goods could be landed.

Within the last few years the old town of Cartagena has revived in importance. The obstacles to its trade have been removed, and once more it looks forward to prosperity in the near future.

Viewed from the sea, Cartagena is a pretty town, with its gray walls, yellow buildings, and near hills green with cocoa palms. The traveler will enjoy visiting many of the old buildings and subterranean passages of Spanish times, although his sentiment may be somewhat shocked to find palaces turned into tenement houses, and the Inquisition building become a tobacco factory.

Bogota, the capital of Colombia, is situated in the interior of the state, hundreds of miles from any other important city. It is indeed far from the centres of news and trade, as it is seven hundred and fifty miles from the seacoast, and four days' journey from the Magdalena River.

The usual way of reaching Bogota is by sailing up the Magdalena, and then following the trail to Bogota on mules.

The Magdalena is the chief river of Colombia. Its water is of a yellow hue, owing, as you know, to the fact that its current carries down a large amount of earthy matter on its way to the sea. Often this earthy matter

is deposited, and sand bars are formed in many places which choke up the course of the river.

During the dry season, navigation is impossible at night. The boatman is forced to anchor near the shore. But in the rainy season, when the river is swollen so that it floods the whole country and buries deep the troublesome sand bars beneath its foaming flood, steamers can, if there is a full moon, continue their course by night.

In ascending the Magdalena, its shores are lined with swamps for the first two hundred miles; next, come three hundred miles of low, alluvial plains, where the old plantations once flourished. They formerly yielded the country considerable profit; but when the slaves were freed, the plantations fell into decay.

The shores of the lower Magdalena are lined on both sides with alligators. There they lie, basking in the sun, in ranks so close that it seems possible to walk upon them for miles simply by stepping from back to back.

After the steamboat trip comes the mule ride, over the trail, up among the Andes. The trail is laid out in a very eccentric fashion. It makes sudden curves when there is no need for curves, and then again darts point blank up and over a steep mountain that might as well have been ascended on an easier slope. Some of the road consists of steep stone steps cut in the side of the mountain at an angle of thirty-five degrees. Up these steps the patient mules toil laboriously.

Through many climes and vegetations the traveler struggles, until at length he reaches his goal, the city

of Bogota, "half a mile nearer the stars than the top of Mt. Washington." In all directions over the wide plain on which Bogota is situated, are extensive views of mountains and lakes.

The architecture of Bogota, with the narrow paved streets sloping towards the central gutter, and the adobe houses of one, two, or three stories with shops upon the lowest floor, we are familiar with by this time. Plain as many of the buildings appear upon the outside, yet the furniture within is often surprisingly good.

Many of the houses have pianos, — pianos that have been brought over the trail for long distances on men's backs. How much do you suppose it costs to bring one from the coast to Bogota? One thousand dollars. And yet pianos are very plentiful here.

Horse cars imported from Philadelphia are used in the streets. They are brought from the coast in sections, which are carried over the mountains on the backs of Indians. A car wheel forms quite a load for one Indian; and he is so lazy and stops to rest and sleep so often during the day, that it is frequently a month before the wheel appears in Bogota.

Owing to such delays, it is some time before all the fractions of the car arrive; but when once the street car is set up it becomes a very popular means of conveyance. The fare is ten cents, and the cars are filled daily with dark gentlemen in white clothes and white straw hats, smoking cigarettes as they ride to their places of business.

Sunday is the gala day of the week. After attending mass in the morning, the people give themselves up to

enjoyment for the remainder of the day. They attend the market, the theatre, or the bull fights, or promenade in the plaza and watch their children flying kites.

The people of Colombia, like all the South Americans, have a great admiration for the United States. They even go so far as to celebrate our Washington's Birthday and Fourth of July.

The Isthmus of Panama is the narrowest part of the Western Continent. Vessels that sailed from Boston and New York to the gold coast of California in 1849 went around Cape Horn. That was the time when it was first proposed to cut a canal across the narrow part of the American Continent. Three different routes were suggested, — one across Mexico, a second across Nicaragua, and a third across Colombia at the Isthmus of Panama.

When the Suez Canal, connecting the Red and the Mediterranean Seas, was built by M. Lesseps, and the route to India was much shortened thereby, fresh interest and belief in the possibility of an American canal was aroused. Millions of dollars were raised to carry on the work, which was entrusted to M. Lesseps.

The actual digging was begun in 1881, and Lesseps promised that the canal should be completed in 1885. Soon he extended the time to 1888. At the present day nearly all the money is gone, and only one-tenth of the canal is completed.

The Isthmus, the cities of Aspinwall and Panama, and the stations along the route of the canal are in wild confusion. Machinery and tools lie about in all directions; rough dormitories for the workmen are half com-

pleted; and thousands of men of nearly every race and tongue throng the Isthmus.

The whole scheme has broken down. At the rate that the work has been progressing it will take over one hundred years to finish it. It will cost one billion dollars and the question is, whether the canal will pay for the immense expense of money, labor, and life. The region is unhealthy, and many of the workmen coming from the West Indies die at once. The African race endures the climate best.

Aspinwall is a town built upon a small, low island on the Atlantic coast. It is connected with Panama on the Pacific coast by a railroad.

The canal across the isthmus is the most gigantic failure of the nineteenth century. Whether it will be one of the gigantic achievements of the twentieth century, time will show. In the meanwhile, an American company has begun the proposed canal by way of Lake Nicaragua, and, at the rate their work is progressing now, they seem in a fair way toward success.

CHAPTER XXIV.

VENEZUELA AND GUIANA.

We have now reached the last state in South America that was settled by the Spaniards. This is Venezuela. The word Venezuela is the Spanish for "little Venice." How do you suppose Venezuela came by its name?

There is, on the northern coast, a large lake called Lake Maracaybo. It is perhaps more of a marsh than a lake, and houses are built in it, supported on piles driven into the bed of the lake. The water channels running between the lines of houses, reminded some imaginative person of Venice and its water avenues, and so the state was dubbed Venezuela.

Venezuela may be divided into three regions, — the coast, the mountains, and the plains of the Orinoco. The mountains raise their brown, barren summits so near the sea that the coast is but a narrow strip of marshes and swamps.

The mangrove is a most curious tree, which shoots off branches to the right and left that curve down to the ground and take root. This tree grows thickly throughout the swamps. Wherever the mangrove tree thrives, there is the home of fevers. And, in fact, these swamps on the coast of Venezuela form one of the most unhealthy regions in all South America.

The ranges of the Andes that run across the country to the south of the Caribbean Sea, are only one-half as high as the lofty ranges in Peru and Bolivia.

South of the mountains lies the valley of the Orinoco. It consists of a perfectly flat stretch of country, as large as the New England States with New York and Pennsylvania added. It is covered with strong, tall grass, and only here and there by the streams are there any trees whatever. These few trees are tall palms, which wave their great fan like leaves dreamily in the breeze.

In the dry season the sun shines upon the grass until it becomes a dry powder, which is blown about by the

wind. Clouds of dust whirl in all directions. The streams dry up, and many of the poor cattle and horses of these plains die of thirst.

Then, as the heat and dust are at their worst, there comes a blessed change. Clouds gather in the sky; soon the rain begins to fall, the brooks to gurgle, and the fresh grass to grow. Then, for a time, the wild creatures are happy indeed.

But, as the weeks go by, the streams leave their channels and overflow the whole country. Presently there are several feet of water flooding the plain. There is, at one place, an elevation of a few feet in the plain, which forms the watershed between the Orinoco and the streams flowing to the northwest. The cattle and horses which have taken refuge on this slight rise are safe, but those which have not are drowned. At one season of the year the poor beasts have too much water, and at another season too little.

After the Amazon and the La Plata, the Orinoco is the largest river in South America. You must trace its course on the map, and picture to yourselves the many streams that come dancing down the eastern slopes of the Andes to unite and flow across the level, grassy plains to the marshy coast and the open sea.

The earthy matter that the Orinoco carries along with it chokes its mouth, and so a delta is formed there. The main stream, through which alone the large vessels can pass, is the southernmost channel. Boats that do not sink more than ten feet deep in the water can use the upper channels. The delta is covered with thick forests, something like those of the Amazon. The trees

are covered, and well nigh smothered, with climbing vines.

After the delta is passed, in ascending the Orinoco, the trees vanish, and the lonely, monotonous upper course of the Orinoco begins. There are very few villages or cities on the bank, and a sailing vessel or a boat is a very rare sight.

Sometimes at night a great column of flame and smoke rushes across the plain, gleaming red and brilliant in the darkness. This is a fire which the owners of cattle have kindled. Every year they burn the grass in order that the next growth may be richer and better.

La Guayra, the chief seaport of Venezuela, has no advantage of position whatever. It looks as if it were forever sliding down the mountains into the sea. Its bay is so open that the great ocean swells make it one of the worst harbors on the Western Continent. Furthermore, the bed of the sea, a few hundred feet from the shore, slopes so abruptly that anchors are of no use; and in places where anchors do hold, the sand is apt to shift, so that they have to be raised and their positions adjusted every few hours.

La Guayra was crowded in here on the hillside, and along the narrow coast, to serve as the port of Caracas, the capital of Venezuela.

La Guayra resembles Valparaiso and Bahia in situation, although its harbor is not so good as either of theirs. The business blocks which border the single street are from two to three stories in height. The houses which straggle up the barren hillsides are lower, and have reddish brown roofs, which are the exact color of the hills.

The climate of La Guayra is exceedingly hot. It is so situated that it is sheltered from all but west winds, which are the warmest winds that blow. Still the climate is healthful, and the yellow fever is not more prevalent here than elsewhere. The one great scourge of La Guayra is fleas. Those troublesome little insects are everywhere; and every person, whether a native or a foreigner, is their victim.

There are three roads leading over the mountains to Caracas. First, there is the old footpath; second, the mule and wagon road; and third, the railroad, which has only been established of late years. An interesting little story is connected with the first two ways.

Over three hundred years ago when the English and Spaniards were bitter enemies in the Old World, their ships used to carry on war in the New. Whenever an English cruiser fell in with a Spanish galleon carrying treasures of gold and silver to Spain, she attacked and plundered it. The English have always been a nation of strong, fine sailors; and at this period there was among them a wonderful company of sea captains, so bold that they were often called sea kings.

Sir Francis Drake was the most adventurous of them all. He was really what we should call a pirate nowadays; but then people thought so differently that he seemed to the English nation one of their best and greatest men, and all his wicked deeds seemed heroic.

It is apt to make a difference in your opinion of a person whether he is acting for your side or against it. One very slight excuse for the lawless acts of the English was that the Spaniards were acting in the same way, whenever they got the chance.

On account of the Spanish and English pirates, the Caribbean Sea, or the Spanish main, as it was called, was much dreaded by all peaceful sailors. Such terrible battles as were frequently waged in this region! The war spread to the mainland; and whenever they could, the English would land and rob and burn a Spanish town. La Guayra was often taken; but the real wealth of Venezuela was not there, but in Caracas.

Sir Francis Drake determined to attack the latter city. He heard that a great party of men were being fitted out in Caracas to come and meet him. Judging correctly that they would come by the wagon road, he secured a guide, who led him and his men by the old Indian footpath to Caracas.

All the able-bodied Spaniards were away, marching down the wagon road; so the capital was defenceless. Drake's band burned, robbed, and killed, and finally returned by the same path to the seacoast, bearing immense loads of gold. The wily Englishman was more than a match for the Spaniards.

The usual way of going to Caracas at the present time is by the railroad around and over the Andes. Recall the account of the railroads in Peru, and you will have an excellent idea of the difficulties and dangers of the way. The Caribbean Sea is in sight through most of the journey, and the views are all wide and interesting.

Caracas is situated at the northern end of a narrow valley. Its climate is almost perfect. Though so near the equator, it is cool and pleasant because of its high and breezy situation among the mountains.

One old Englishman, who has been a minister to many capitals of Mexico and South America, when relieved from his duties on account of age, preferred to make his residence in Caracas, rather than in any English or other Spanish American city with which he was familiar. He said it was a paradise on earth, and that he preferred to spend his last days there.

The streets of Caracas are narrow, but unusually clean. The houses are of one story, and, what is a little unusual, their roofs are peaked. The most attractive part of the homes are the inner courts, which are adorned with flowers, plants, and shrubs. The strong odor of tuberoses is often wafted through an open doorway out upon the street.

Caracas was the birthplace of General Bolivar, the liberator of Spanish America. The whole city is filled with mementoes of him. Squares and streets bear his name. The Plaza Bolivar lies before the Yellow House, as the home of the president is called.

This plaza has for its chief ornament a fine statue of Bolivar riding a prancing horse. There is also a bronze column marked with the single word "Washington." The father of our country is much honored in South America, and everywhere streets and shops bear his name.

The Westminster Abbey of Caracas is an old cathedral which has been selected for this purpose. In the place of the altar is a magnificent monument to Bolivar. It is of marble, and bears a life-size statue of the general, surrounded with various figures of beautiful women, representing plenty, justice, and other qualities. An

elegant chandelier hangs over the tomb, candelabra are placed on each side, and near by stand a line of book-cases, containing the books of all languages which have been written about Bolivar.

Free schools and telephones have been lately introduced into Venezuela. Both the white and black races attend school, and, so far, the blacks have shown themselves the quickest and the readiest to learn.

The women appreciate the telephone. It is a great privilege to them, in their secluded lives, to be able to do shopping, and to talk with one another over the wires.

The Venezuelans are exquisitely polite. It is almost embarrassing to an American, used to the incivility of the clerks of his own country, to find a storekeeper thanking him for permission to show goods, and bowing him out, whether he has purchased or not, with gracefully expressed wishes for his health and happiness.

Guiana is not independent like the other states of South America; it is composed of the colonies of three European nations, — England, Holland, and France. There are many penal settlements along the coast and upon the neighboring islands, where European and African convicts have been brought from time to time.

At first the convicts are under more or less restraint. But after two years of good behavior they are allowed to send for their families, and are allotted a tract of land. Thus they become settlers.

Of late years most of the French convicts have been sent to New Caledonia, an island in the Pacific Ocean, where the climate is better adapted to Europeans than is that of Guiana. The African convicts are still sent here.

From the very nature of the several colonies, it follows that men of all colors, nations, and tongues are found in Guiana. English, French, Dutch, German, Portuguese, Italian, Chinese, negroes, natives of Palestine, of India, of the West Indies, and of the Azores, all may be seen in the streets of Georgetown and Cayenne. There have been also very many Hindoos here since the freeing of the slaves. Laborers have been difficult to hire, and the Hindoos have come to satisfy the demand. So it is not an unusual sight to see a great East Indiaman, carrying hundreds of coolies, entering Georgetown harbor.

The coast of Guiana presents a great contrast to that of Venezuela; because, instead of shelving abruptly down, it slopes away so gradually into the ocean that the whole shore is lined by sand banks and marshes.

The country is very flat. It is almost like another Holland. It has to be protected from the sea and the rivers in many places by dikes; and tall palms and the chimneys of sugar manufactories tower above the flat surface of the country, as the lofty windmills do on the level meadows of Holland. Indeed, both Paramaribo, the capital of Dutch Guiana, and Georgetown, which was once owned by the Hollanders, resemble the Dutch cities in many ways.

The streets are prim and clean, and have canals running through them. The houses are placed with their gable ends toward the street, are painted white, and have peaked roofs and queer little dormer windows.

Georgetown is situated at the mouth of the Demarara River, close by the sea. The climate is so moist and

hot that it seems as if one were in a perpetual Turkish bath. The Europeans wear the thinnest clothing, and live through the hot day in the hopes of a cool breeze at evening. Ice is imported from the United States. It is a great luxury, and costs two cents a pound.

One of the most charming walks in Georgetown is along the sea wall. This is a broad dike separating the city from the sea. It is wide enough for seats to be placed upon it, and long enough to serve as a delightful promenade. A carriage road closely follows the sea wall, and, at one point in the driveway, a band plays on certain days in the week.

No one who has not lived through an intense tropical day can realize how refreshing the evening breeze seems, how beautiful the stars look, or how soothing the music sounds to the European who is forced to stay day after day in a climate so unnatural to him.

One celebrated botanical curiosity can be seen near Georgetown. In an unused canal east of the capital grows the immense, rose-colored lily, called the Victoria regia. Its blossom is two feet across. Its leaf is four feet in diameter, and can support an Indian baby laid upon it.

Sugar, rum, and molasses are the chief products of Guiana. Its coasts and rivers are bordered with sugar plantations, which, being situated in the lowest part of the country, are generally surrounded by dikes. A plantation forms a small kingdom by itself. It is not so very small a kingdom either; for it frequently contains as many as two thousand acres, which are tilled by twelve hundred laborers.

Paramaribo, the capital of Dutch Guiana, is situated ten miles from the mouth of one of the many turbid streams of this province. It is a silent, sleepy place, that in some ways calls to mind Amsterdam or Leyden.

The houses have high pitched roofs covered with tiles, dormer windows, and old-fashioned Dutch stoops, or porches, at the sides of the houses, where the family can gather to enjoy the refreshing breeze of the evening. The doors are painted green, and have bright brass knockers.

The streets are quiet. There are no rattling horse cars, and but few hackney coach stands. A silent canal flows through the centre of the street; there are no sidewalks, and the road is paved with sand and bits of shells, which glitter dazzlingly in the brilliant sunshine.

We might believe we were in dear old Holland, if it were not for the dense, tropical forest of waving cabbage and cocoa palms across the river, and the negroes in their cool, white clothes. The negro women carry great piles of dishes or jars upon their heads, with as much graceful ease as do the Indian women.

Cayenne, the capital of French Guiana, is built upon an island, only fifteen feet above the level of the sea. The houses are scarcely visible from the ocean on account of the many shade trees of the city.

The glory of Cayenne is Cabbage Palm Square. This is a group of palm trees, rivaling in grandeur and beauty Palm Tree Avenue in the Botanical Gardens of Rio Janeiro. There are five hundred palms of an average height of eighty feet. They are planted in eight rows, about twenty feet apart. With their upright, straight

trunks, they look like the regular pillars in some great hall, such as the temple of Karnac at Thebes. Each trunk is surmounted by a perfect crown of leaves.

There is one tree which is the great curiosity of the square. It is a double palm tree. At about twenty feet from the ground the trunk divides, and two perfectly healthy shafts rise sixty feet in the air; each is topped by a fine crown. The tree is the wonder of all who see it.

Whether whirling over the city streets, or perching in these palm trees, the vulture is the commonest object in the streets of Cayenne, unless we except the French soldier, who, in blue coat and white hat, daily fills the city with life and merriment.

In the interior of Guiana some gold has been found, and now that machinery has been introduced, the people are beginning to mine in earnest. No one can tell what buried wealth may be hidden in the unknown central districts. Perhaps there may be as much as ever Sir Francis Drake and other Englishmen took from the Spaniards in those fierce conflicts in the Spanish main. Who knows? We must wait and see.

INDEX.

Abraham, Plains of, 97, 106.
Aconcagua, Volcano of, 277.
Aguas Calientes, 161, 162.
Amazon River, 220, 223, 224, 228, 229, 231, 233, 234, 250, 275, 291.
Andes, The, 220, 224, 256, 268, 269–273, 275, 291, 297, 301, 314.
Annapolis Basin, 33.
Arctic Current, 17, 18.
Arequipa, 299.
Argentine Republic, 248, 249, 257, 263–265, 300.
Aspinwall, 308, 312, 313.
Asuncion, 250, 251.

Bahia, 238–241, 282.
Barranquilla, 308, 309.
Basilica, The, 102.
Becker, Mrs., 77–79.
Bogota, 208, 282, 304, 309, 311, 312.
Bolivar, General, 288, 319, 320.
Bolivia, 274, 275, 287, 289, 290, 297, 299–303.
Bonsecours Market, 41, 43.
Botanical Gardens, Rio Janeiro, 243, 244.
Brazil, 212, 222, 237, 248, 249.
Brazilian Mountains, 221.
British Columbia, 15, 143–145, 147, 148.
Buenos Ayres, 246, 255, 264, 265, 268.

Callao, 278, 292, 293.
Canada, Dominion of, 13, 14, 49, 50, 130, 131.
Canada, French, 108–119.
Cape Breton Island, 16.
Cape Diamond, 98.
Cape Eternity, 92.
Cape Horn, 256, 267, 275.
Cape Trinity, 92.
Caracas, 316–319.
Carnival, 50, 51, 58, 62.
Cartegena, 308, 309.
Cartier, Jacques, 91, 93, 94.
Casa Vert, 294, 296.
Cassiquiare, 231, 232.
Cathedral, City of Mexico, 167–171.
Cayenne, 321, 323, 324.
Central America, 197, 198, 200, 204, 213.
Chaco Indians, 250, 251.
Chalco Lake, 166, 176.
Champlain, 95.
Chapultepec, Castle of, 173–175.
Chile, 257, 274–289.
Chimborazo, Volcano of, 277, 305.
Cholula, Pyramid of, 186, 187.
Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, 47.
Columbia, 304, 308–313.
Comayagua, 204, 205.
Convent of Gray Sisters, Montreal, 47, 48.
Corcovado, 242–245.
Coseguina, Volcano of, 208.
Costa Rica, 197, 204, 209, 213–215.
Cote Scaurp, 32.
Cotopaxi, Volcano of, 305, 306.
Cuzco, 302.

Detroit River, 75, 76.
Drake, Sir Francis, 317, 318.
Dufferin Terrace, 99, 100.

Ecuador, 303–308.
El Gran Chaco, 265, 266.
Erie, Lake, 75, 77.

Flatheads, 148.
Forests of Northwest Territory, 121.
Fort William, 70–72.
Fraser River, 144, 145.
Fredericton, 29.
Fundy, Bay of, 33.

Galinée, Père, 76, 77.
Georgetown, 321, 322.
Georgia, Gulf of, 145.
Grand Falls, New Brunswick, 30.
Gray Sisters, Convent of, Montreal, 47, 48.
Graytown, 197, 211.
Guanajuato, 162–164.
Guatemala, 197, 198, 201, 203.
Guatemala, City of, 200–202.
Guayaquil, 304.
Guiana, 320–324.
Gulf Stream, 17, 18.

Ha Ha Bay, 92.
Halifax, 33–35.
Honduras, 197, 203, 204, 209.
Hudson Bay, 13, 136, 137.
Huron, Lake, 73–75.

Ice Palace, 51, 52.
Incas, 287, 288.
Indian trapper, 137, 138.
Iztaccihuatl, 166, 175, 176, 187.

La Guayra, 282, 308, 316–318.
La Paz, 298, 299, 302, 303.
La Plata, 220, 249, 250, 256, 260, 262.
Labrador, 15.
Lachine Rapids, 36, 85.
Laurentian Mountains, 14, 38.
Lima, Peru, 201, 278, 292–294.
Llanos, 221.
Lopez, 251, 252.
Lorne, Marquis of, 70.

Mackenzie River, 14.
Madeira River, 229, 230, 233, 249, 300.
Magdalena River, 308–310.
Magellan, Strait of, 257, 274, 286.
Managua, Lake, 198, 207, 209.
Managua, City of, 208, 209.
Manaos, 232, 233.
Maracaybo, Lake, 314.
Marajo, Island of, 234.
Market, Mexican, 172.
Maynard, John, 77.
Mendoza, 268, 269.
Mexico, 151, 153, 155, 157.
Mexico, City of, 152–154, 166, 167, 178, 201.
Mexico, Gulf of, 192.
Mexican Market, 172.
Michigan, Lake, 74.
Minas Basin, 33.
Montcalm, General, 97, 100, 104.
Montevideo, 255–257.
Montmorency Falls, 65, 89, 107.
Montreal, 35, 36, 51.
Mound Builders, 72.
Mount Royal, Montreal, 38–40, 54, 63.

National Museum, 170.
National Palace, 167, 170.
Nelson River, 14, 136.
New Brunswick, 14, 16, 25, 31.
Newfoundland, 15, 16.
Newfoundland, Banks of, 17.
Niagara Falls, 79–83.
Nicaragua, 197, 198, 204, 206–209.
Nicaragua, Lake, 198, 207.
Northwest Company, 70, 71.
Northwest Territory, 15, 132.
Northwest Territory, Forests of, 121.

Notre Dame Cathedral, 38, 46, 85, 102.
Nova Scotia, 14, 16, 25.

Obidos, 233.
Ontario, Lake, 83.
Ontario, Province of, 50.
Organ Mountains, 242, 247.
Orinoco River, 220, 231, 314–316.
Oroya Railroad, 297, 298.
Ottawa, City of, 86.
Ottawa River, 85, 120.

Pampas, 221, 257–264.
Panama, 308, 312, 313.
Panama, Isthmus of, 312, 313.
Para, 232, 234–237.
Paraguay, 249, 251–254.
Páraguay River, 248–250.
Paramaribo, 321, 323.
Parana River, 248–250.
Parima Mountains, 221.
Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, 86, 88.
Patagonia, 257, 265–268, 274.
Peltrie, Mme. de la, 103, 104.
Pernambuco, 237, 238.
Peru, 274, 275, 287–298.
Petropolis, 247, 248.
Pizarro, 288, 294.
Plains of Abraham, 97, 106.
Plaza, Grand, 167, 168.
Popocatapetl, 166, 175, 176, 187.
Port Limon, 214.
Potosi Mountain, 301.
Prince Edward Island, 16.
Puebla, 184–186.
Punta Arenas, 267, 287.

Quebec, City of, 89, 95–97, 105.
Quebec, Province of, 45, 50, 108.
Queretaro, 165.
Quito, 304–308.

Restigouche River, 31.
Rideau Hall, 86, 88.
Rimac River, 294, 296.
Rio de la Plata, 220, 249, 250, 256, 260, 262.
Rio Grande, 151, 153, 155.
Rio Janeiro, 232, 241–247.
Rio Janeiro, Botanical Gardens of, 243, 244.
Rio Negro, 231, 232, 257.
Rocky Mountains, 143.
Rosario, 250.

Saguenay River, 90, 91.
St. Clair Lake, 75.
St. Clair River, 75.
St. John, City of, 25–27.
St. John River, 25–28, 30, 31.
St. Lawrence River, 14, 36, 38, 40, 43, 68, 89, 90.
St. Mary's River, 73.
St. Peter's Church, Montreal, 46.
San José, 214.
San Juan River, 197, 198, 211, 213.
San Salvador, 197, 203, 205, 206.
San Salvador, City of, 205, 206.
Santa Lucia, 281.
Santiago, 274, 276–282.
Saskatchewan River, 141, 142.
Selvas, 221, 224–228.
Sierra Madre, 152, 158.
Snowshoes, 54–56.
Sorata, Mount, 301.
South America, 219, 220.
Sugar Loaf, 241, 242.
Superior, Lake, 68, 69, 72, 73.

Tadoussac, 90, 91.
Tapajos River, 233.
Tegucigalpa, 205.
Thousand Islands, 83, 84.
Thunder Bay, 70.
Tierra del Fuego, 266, 274, 286.
Titicaca, Lake, 229, 299–302.
Tuzcoca, Lake, 166.

Ursuline Convent, 97, 103.
Uruguay, 249, 254–257.
Uruguay River, 249.

Valparaiso, 268, 274, 282–284.
Vancouver Island, 143–146.
Venezuela, 313–320.
Vera Cruz, 187, 190–193.
Victoria, City of, 146, 147.
Victoria Bridge, 36, 42.
Vega Canal, 176, 178.

Winnipeg, City of, 134, 136.
Wolfe, General, 96, 100, 106.

York Factory, 136, 137.
Yucatan, 193.

Zacatecas, 154, 158–160, 163.

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